Vol. XXXVI. No. 142 *June 1947*

STUDIES

An Irish Quarterly Review

I.	Smith O'Brien and the "Secession"	*Denis Gwynn*
II.	Leon Bloy the Prophet	*Shane Leslie*
III.	Toynbee's "Study of History" ...	*Michael Tierney*
IV.	Frederick Faber	*Elizabeth Belloc*
V.	Irish Bardic Poems—No. 82 ...	*Lambert MacKenna*
VI.	F. J. McCormick: An Appreciation ...	*Gabriel Fallon*
VII.	Thomism and Modern Science ...	*J. A. Teegan*
VIII.	Birds of the Countryside	*P. G. Kennedy*
IX.	Utility and Tradition	*Ludwig Bieler*
X.	Currents and Cross-Currents in France	*S. J. Brown*
XI.	Dictionary of Irishmen in France ...	*Richard Hayes*
XII.	Alasdair MacDonnell	*David Kennedy*
XIII.	Reviews of Books	

Dublin—The Educational Company of Ireland Limited
London and St. Louis—B. Herder
Melbourne—William P. Linehan

Editorial Offices: 35 Lower Leeson Street, Dublin

Single Copies - - - - 3s. 6d. net
Annual Subscription, post free to all countries, 15s. net
Subscriptions are payable in advance

Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office in St. Louis

Colάiste na h-Iolsgoile, Gaillimh

Tá Cúrsaí iomlána i nGaedilge le fagáil sa gColáiste seo ar Laidin, Gréigis, Riomhaireacht, Tíreolaíocht, Stair, Seandálaíocht, Tráchtáil, Cuntasaíocht, Geilleagar, Oideachas agus Fisic Tuisgnamach.

Tá Cúrsaí iomlána i mBéarla le fagáil sa gColáiste seo ar gach Dáimh léiginn dá mbaineann le Iolrgoil Náisiúnta na h-Éireann.

Taisgeann an Coláiste Scoláireachta coitchiannta ar fiú £1,000 sa mbliadain agus ten a coig sin cuiteann £1,000 i n-aithid, gach bliadain, le h-agaid Scoláireacht do Gaedilgeoiri ar an nGaedealtacht.

Taisgeann an Roinn Oideachais Roinnt Scoláireacht gach bliadain, le h-agaid Gaedilgeoir ar an nGaedealtacht. Is fiú £110 an bliadain gach ceann aca. Na Mic-léiginn ar a mbronnfar na Scoláireachta seo, ni mór doib a beit 'na Mic-léiginn sa gColáiste seo.

Tá gach caoi agus deis ann le labairt na Gaedilge do cleachtad taob istig agus taob amuig den Coláiste.

Tuilleam eoluis le fagáil ó Meadhánaide an Coláiste.

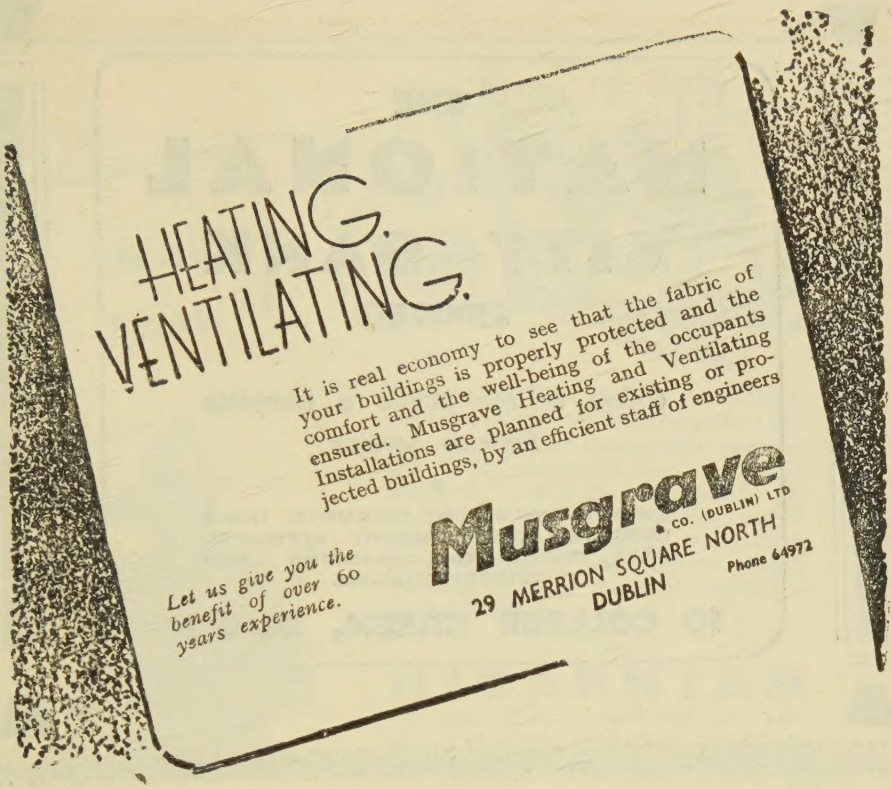
PROVIDENCE WOOLLEN MILLS

FOXFORD, CO. MAYO, IRELAND

Offer the greatest variety of pure woollen goods ever produced by an Irish mill–viz. Blankets, Rugs, Ladies' and Men's Wear, Scarves, etc.

INQUIRIES SOLICITED

Telephone No.: "Foxford 4."
Telegraphic Address: "Providence, Foxford."


HEATING.
VENTILATING.
It is real economy to see that the fabric of your buildings is properly protected and the comfort and the well-being of the occupants ensured. Musgrave Heating and Ventilating Installations are planned for existing or projected buildings, by an efficient staff of engineers
Let us give you the benefit of over 60 years experience.
Musgrave
& CO. (DUBLIN) LTD
29 MERRION SQUARE NORTH
DUBLIN
Phone 64972

Coláiste Ollscoile, Corcaigh.

(Ollscoil na h-Éireann)

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, CORK.

Lán-cúrsaí i gcóir Céimeann agus Dioplómaí inr na h-ádbharaibh seo:—

Arts	*Celtic Studies*	*Medicine*	*Dentistry*
Science	*Law*	*Education*	*Commerce*
	Engineering	*Dairy Science*	*Music*

Is féidir Cúrsaí áirithe do dhéanamh tré Gaeilg.

Cun lán-eolas ar Scoláireachtaibh agus ar Chúrsaí d'fhágáil, ní foláir gach leicir do fheóladh cun an CLÁRADÓRA.

Oibríodhacht compóirdeach le fhágáil san **HONAN HOSTEL** ag fearaibh Caitliceacha agus i **LA RETRAITE** ag mnáibh Caitliceacha. Tuairisc iomlán orthu san le fhágáil ó'n gCoimeádaidhe agus ó'n Abbmáthair fé seach. Is féidir fheisirn liorta do lóistimh ceadaighthe d'fhágáil ach a long ó Rúnaidhe an Choláiste.

Some Courses can be taken through the medium of Irish.

For particulars as to Scholarships and Courses all communications should be addressed to the **Registrar.**

Comfortable accommodation is provided for Catholic men in the HONAN HOSTEL and for Catholic women in LA RETRAITE. Particulars may be obtained from the **Warden** and **Rev. Superioress** respectively. A list of approved Lodgings can also be had from the **Secretary** of the College.

THE

NATIONAL CITY BANK

LIMITED

•

Offers to the public a complete Banking Service

•

CURRENT AND DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS. HOME SAFES FOR THRIFT DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS. BILLS DISCOUNTED. EXECUTOR AND TRUSTEE BUSINESS.

10 COLLEGE GREEN, DUBLIN

THE

PATRIOTIC Assurance Company Ltd.

FIRE, ACCIDENT, WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION, BURGLARY, PLATE GLASS MOTOR, &c., &c.

Registered and Head Office **9 College Green, DUBLIN, C1**

CAPITAL FULLY PAID £150,000

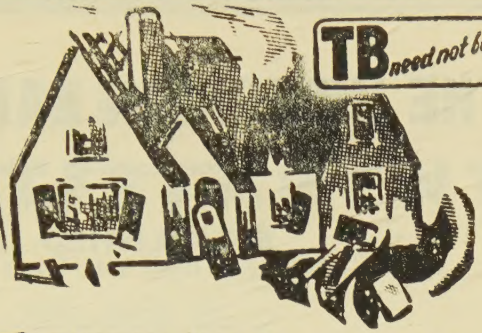
DIRECTORS

THOMAS GEOGHEGAN, Esq., F.C.A., CHAIRMAN
Rt. Hon. EARL OF WICKLOW
Major T. D. HALLINAN
F. CYRIL MARTIN
GEO. W. VERDON Esq., MANAGING DIRECTOR
T. H. CORRIGAN, SECRETARY

Low Rates of Premium and prompt and liberal Settlement of Claims

The position of the Company is amply secured independent of Capital

PROPOSAL FORM AND ALL INFORMATION ON APPLICATION TO COMPANY'S AGENTS OR TO THE COMPANY



Who knows?

This could be YOUR house. Little things neglected often result in big tragedies ; and fires arise from mo t unexpected sources—and at most unexpected times. Are YOU prepared for such an eventuality? Or would its occurrence ruin you financially? Save yourself unnecessary trouble and worry by insuring your property with a company of sound financial standing—an Irish Office

The

HIBERNIAN

FIRE AND GENERAL INSURANCE CO., LTD.

46-49 *DAME STREET, DUBLIN*

O'Keeffe's

THE NATIONAL BANK

LIMITED

ESTABLISHED 1835

34 COLLEGE GREEN
DUBLIN

CAPITAL £7,500,000.

13 OLD BROAD STREET
LONDON, E.C.2

EXECUTOR and TRUSTEE

Appointments accepted as Executor and Trustee of Wills, Trustee of Settlements, Trustee for Debenture Holders, etc. The Bank will act jointly with another Executor or Trustee if desired and will have regard to the wishes of customers in the employment of Solicitors and other professional agents.

INCOME TAX

Expert attention given to Repayment Claims, Returns for Assessment, etc.

FULL INFORMATION MAY BE OBTAINED FROM ANY BRANCH OF THE BANK OR BY DIRECT APPLICATION TO ITS PRINCIPAL OFFICES

THE HIBERNIAN BANK LIMITED

Incorporated in Ireland

ESTABLISHED 1825

CAPITAL subscribed	...	**£2,000,000**
Paid-up	...	**£500,000**
RESERVE FUND	...	**£750,000**

HEAD OFFICE

COLLEGE GREEN, DUBLIN

SEVEN DUBLIN BRANCHES

Over One Hundred Branches and Sub-Branches throughout Ireland

The Bank undertakes the Recovery and Adjustment of INCOME TAX

The Bank also undertakes the Offices of EXECUTOR AND TRUSTEE

LONDON AGENTS

LLOYDS BANK LTD., 72 LOMBARD ST., LONDON, E.C.3.

THE NEW TESTAMENT

A new edition of the DOUAY VERSION
with notes by

Dr. J. P. Arendzen, D.D., Ph.D.

¶ Whereas the New Testament will always be "new," the modern reader needs an up-to-date commentary to make it come all the more vividly alive. This has been done by the notes of the eminent biblical scholar, Dr. Arendzen.

¶ Readers who are attached by usage or sentimental reasons to the Douay version of the New Testament, or may wish to have an opportunity of comparing it with, and studying it in relation to later versions, will find here an attractive presentation of the text, set in a type designed to give the utmost clarity.

¶ The New Testament is here arranged so as to be read as an ordinary book. The verses are grouped into paragraphs, according to the subject-matter and only enumerated in the margin, so that the page is restful to the eye and reads smoothly.

¶ It is printed on Bible paper and set in Plantin, a large, clear type, pleasing to the eye and easy to read; and attractively bound in two styles.

Cloth binding 7/6 **Strong rexine binding 10/6**

Sheed & Ward Ltd
110/111 • Fleet • Street • E•C•4

UNIVERSITY HALL, DUBLIN

FOUNDED AND DIRECTED BY THE JESUIT FATHERS

University Hall is maintained exclusively as an academic residence for students who are pursuing their studies in University College, Dublin. The buildings stand close by the site of University College. They can accommodate seventy students—an academic community sufficiently large to furnish opportunity for the mutual culture in social intercourse which is among the most important advantages of university life and is an essential factor in university education.

TERMS

There are three Terms in the year: Michaelmas Term, from the beginning of the Session till the Christmas Vacation; Hilary Term, between Christmas and Easter; and Trinity Term, from Easter till the Summer Vacation. The opening and close of Terms coincide with the opening and close of Lectures at University College, Dublin.

FEES

The Residence Fees are Thirty Guineas a Term: or, for the Academic Year, £90 if paid in advance.

Parents residing abroad can make special arrangements for Students' vacation expenses.

Applications for admission and inquiries for further information should be addressed to THE PRESIDENT
University Hall, DUBLIN

LORETO HALL

77 St. Stephen's Green, Dublin

Loreto Hall is a recognised House of Residence for Women Students attending the Lectures of University College, Dublin. Chapel attached. Daily Mass, Annual Retreat. The Terms include Tuition by Resident Staff. Ideal situation in close vicinity to University College.

For Prospectus apply to THE PRINCIPAL

Clongowes Wood College

NAAS, CO. KILDARE

The College is situated about eighteen miles from Dublin, in the midst of extensive and well-wooded grounds of over six hundred acres in extent, of which large portions have been laid down for Cricket, Tennis, Football and other outdoor games. It is conducted by the Jesuit Fathers, and the system of education is based on those sound Catholic principles which have directed Jesuit education during four centuries.

Boys are prepared for the Universities, Professions and Commerce by way of the examinations of the Department of Education, Matriculation, Solicitors' Preliminary, and other examinations.

Very extensive additions to the Buildings have been made. These include large and airy dormitories, giving each boy a spacious cubicle with running water (h. & c.), fourteen large, well-lighted class-rooms, science halls, study hall, etc.—all equipped in the most modern manner.

The Junior boys, from the age of ten, have their own study, playrooms, playing fields and dormitories. They have the benefit of female attendance.

For terms apply REV. RECTOR, S.J.

BELVEDERE COLLEGE

DUBLIN

Day School under the direction of the Jesuit Fathers

I. PREPARATORY SCHOOL for Boys between the Ages of Nine and Twelve.

II. INTERMEDIATE SCHOOL, where Boys between the Ages of Twelve and Eighteen are prepared for the Certificate Examinations and the Matriculation, N.U.I.

For PROSPECTUS apply to **THE RECTOR**
who is at home daily for interviews between 11 and 1 o'clock.

LORETO COLLEGE

Coláiste Muire (A School)

All Subjects through the medium of Irish

Central heating. :: Outdoor games. Pupils are prepared for the Intermediate, Leaving Certificate, Matriculation, Music, and other Examinations.

For terms apply—MOTHER SUPERIOR

53 ST. STEPHEN'S GREEN
DUBLIN

THE PRACTICAL SCHOOL

CONVENT OF ST. LOUIS
RAMSGRANGE, WATERFORD

Under Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction

THE SCHOOL FOR FARMERS' DAUGHTERS

TRAINED AND SPECIALLY QUALIFIED TEACHERS APPOINTED AND PAID BY DEPARTMENT.

THIRTY FREE PLACES AVAILABLE EVERY YEAR, GRANTED BY DEPARTMENT.

PRACTICAL INSTRUCTION IN MILKING, DAIRYING, POULTRY-KEEPING, COOKERY, DRESSMAKING, HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY, LAUNDRY WORK, HORTICULTURE.

Full Particulars from THE SISTER IN CHARGE

FURNITURE
. *of* .
DISTINCTION

NEW, SECOND-HAND, ANTIQUE
AT MOST MODERATE PRICES

LAWLOR, BRISCOE & CO. Ltd.

M.I.A.A.

34 & 35 LOWER ORMOND QUAY
DUBLIN

Crowning achievement

We are proud to present the new Pye 15a Radio, completely new set developed since the war. It is not a rehash of an old production of war-time research and is sold at a price which lifts it above comparison.

It will cost you only £15 against the British price of £18 15s., including purchase tax.

Such a low price has been made possible by three factors :

1. Better organisation and increased efficiency in the new Pye factory now that workers are properly settled down.
2. The big cut Pye have made in their own profits in order to secure big turnover.
3. The fact that the retail trade has with courage and foresight also accepted a lower profit for the same reason.

Ask to hear this wonderful set at your dealers : you will agree that it is a very brilliant achievement.

PYE (IRELAND) LTD.

MANOR WORKS, DUNDRUM, CO. DUBLIN

SOME RECENT IRISH PUBLICATIONS

An Lámh Foluighte
Proinsias Ó Mulcaha

A translation from the Welsh of E. Morgan Humphrey's fine detective story, *Y Llaw Gudd.* **1s. 3d. net.**

An Leaca Bán
Seárlas Mac Spealáin

A fine Irish rendering of Alice M. Cashel's novel, *The Lights of Leaca Bán.* Grand entertainment from cover to cover. ... ... **3s. net.**

Béarsaí "Dá Chíc Dhanann"

The collected poetic works of Diarmuid Ó Muimhneacháin (*"Dhá Chích Dhanann"*). ... **2s. 6d. net.**

An Troman Blát-Ghealach
Micheál Mac Anduin

An excellent translation of Kenneth Sarr's beautiful fairy tale, *The White Bolle Trie* ... **1s. 9d. net.**

An Chathair seo 'Gainne
Cathal Ó Sándair

Short stories of life among the people of Dublin. ... **6d. net.**

Stair na Róma
An t-Athair Seán Mac Craith

A translation of Robinson's *A History of the Roman Republic.* A book which should be of great aid to teachers of history. **7s. 6d. net.**

Obtainable through any bookseller or direct from

Foilseacháin Rialtais

3-4, Sráid an Choláiste, Baile Átha Cliath

An Gúm

THE DUBLIN REVIEW

The DUBLIN REVIEW begins a new series next month: the eighth in the course of its 100 years of life. Each has been an adaptation to new needs and circumstances, but each is linked to the rest by a tradition which has never faltered.

It might be thought that the war had done away with the quarterly style of publication, as with so many other features of civilized life in this country. But the calmer judgment and the longer view become more important in the degree that they become more difficult, and so the *Dublin* addresses itself to an old task in a new way.

It will be its purpose to mark out the position and trend of politics in the widest sense, to emphasize the main lines of the European tradition, to indicate the relevance of neglected Catholic thinkers of the past, to evaluate philosophy and letters of the present.

This may seem an ambitious programme, but there is no other on which a Catholic review of the *Dublin* tradition can embark with a sense of responsibility.

To make the best possible use of paper and talent the *Dublin* will appear, for the present, thrice yearly instead of quarterly. The size of each issue will be considerably larger than of late years, and a price (7/6) has been fixed for each issue which will enable writers to be properly compensated for their work.

In this first year of the new series, there will be no extra charge to actual annual subscribers, but all new and future annual subscriptions will be 21/-.

Mr. T. F. Burns is assuming editorial responsibility on behalf of the publishers, as Mr. T. S. Gregory has had to relinquish the post through pressure of other work.

Write for Prospectus to:

28 ASHLEY PLACE, LONDON, S.W.1 & 22 D'OLIER ST., DUBLIN

STATIONERY OFFICE, DUBLIN

HISTORICAL PUBLICATIONS

Calendar of Ormond Deeds. Vol. VI., 15`4-1608. Edmund Curtis. Being the Mediaeval Documents preserved at Kilkenny Castle .... £1 1s. 0d.

The Chronicle of Ireland, 1584-1608. Sir James Perrot. An account of the customs and habits of the Irish and events of the period .... 12s. 6d.

Irish Monastic Possessions, Extents of. Newport B. White .... £1 1s. 0d.

Calendar of Orrery Papers. E. MacLysaght, M.A. Relates to the period from the Restoration to the outbreak of the Williamite War .... £1 1s. 0d.

Civil Survey. Vol. VII. 1654. R. C. Simington. Dublin County. £2 2s. 0d.

A Census of Ireland, c. 1659. S. Pender, M.A. From the MS. preserved in the Library of the Marquess of Lansdowne £2 2s. 0d.

The Tanner Letters. Ed. C. McNeill. Documents of Irish concern included in the great manuscript collection of Dr. Tanner, Bishop of St. Asaph, 1732-35 £2 2s. 0d.

Corpus Inscriptionum Insularum Celticarum. Vol. I. R. A. S. Macalister .... £2 2s. 0d.

Catechismus of Theobald Stapleton. Reproduction of an Irish-Latin Catechism published in Brussels, 1639 15/-

The Shapland Carew Papers. A. R. Longfield, M.A. Rentals, Accounts and other papers of Carew family. 17th-18th century 15/-

Analecta, No. 16 (March, 1946). Miscellaneous papers, including an account of the medieval texts preserved in the 13th century Black Book of Christ Church 7/6

(Postage extra—about 9d. for each Vol.)

Catalogues, giving full details of these and similar publications, free on application to:

GOVERNMENT PUBLICATIONS SALES OFFICE, 3 & 4 COLLEGE STREET, DUBLIN

The Irish Messenger of the Sacred Heart

Published Monthly. Price 2d. by Post 2½d.

Annual Subscription 2s., 6d. Post Free.

Annual Subscription to MESSENGER and MADONNA when sent together 4s. Post Free

MADONNA

Published Monthly. Price 1d. by Post 1½d.

Annual Subscription 1s. 6d., Post Free.

The Catalogue will be sent gratis and Post Free on request

timéire an chroide naomta

Published Quarterly. Price 2d., by Post 2½d.

Annual Subscription 10d., Post Free.

OFFICE OF THE IRISH MESSENGER

5 GREAT DENMARK STREET, DUBLIN

Stained Glass Artists
Sculptors
Church Decorators

EARLEY & CO.

Camden Art Studios

UPPER CAMDEN STREET
DUBLIN

TELEPHONE 51303 ESTABLISHED 100 YEARS

The
Catholic Charities Review

A Monthly Magazine which discusses the Facts, Problems and Methods of Charity and Related Social Questions.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION FIVE SHILLINGS

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF AMERICA
WASHINGTON, D.C., U.S.A.

The Irish Digest

¶ The Irish Digest presents each month a pageant of Irish life and Irish ideals, brightly condensed from the best that is being written in books and periodicals at home and abroad, by Irish writers or about Ireland.

¶ *Here is a Digest with a difference. Send it to your friends and relatives abroad.*

¶ SUBSCRIPTION RATES
1 year, 12/6, 2 years, £1/1/6d. Your own and a gift subscription for one year — £1/1/6d. All post free.

¶ MONTHLY—ONE SHILLING

Printed by CAHILL & CO., LTD., *Parkgate Printing Works, Dublin*
Published by C. J. FALLON, LTD., 109, *Marlborough Street, Dublin*

EMERALD SCHOOL READERS

A NEW SERIES

Introductory Book
Beginners' Book
Preparatory Book
Junior Book

Fully Sanctioned

FRENCH

FRENCH GRAMMAR AND COMPOSITION
By Very Rev. J. A. MORAN, S.M., B.A.

MON LIVRE DE FRANCAIS By Rev. J. DAWSON, S.M. (New Revised Edition)

ENGLISH

SPELLING BOOK
FIRST ENGLISH GRAMMAR
LESSONS IN GRAMMAR
ENGLISH GRAMMAR
POEMS OF IRISH HISTORY
GENERAL INFORMATION

ALEX. THOM & CO. LTD., Publishers, CROW ST., DUBLIN

NEW BOOKS

NOW READY.

MARRIAGE BEFORE AND AFTER

REV. ROBERT NASH, S.J.

An excellent guide to behaviour for young people just married, or about to be, by the author of *Label Your Luggage, Send Forth Thy Light,* etc. He writes with deep understanding of the many problems that face the newly married of to-day. This book will be equally valuable to parents and teachers.

7/6 nett.

NOW READY.

COMPANION TO THE STUDY OF SHAKESPEARE: MACBETH

REV. REGINALD F. WALKER, C.S.Sp., M.A.

A textbook certain to be of interest to students and teachers of English Literature and to all who wish to study their Shakespeare from the point of view of the philosophy content.

In face of the present urgent need of harder, deeper thinking on the great problems of life and human conduct, valuable work can be done through the medium of Shakespeare ; for in his works the precious heritage of the Catholic thought of the Middle Ages is lastingly enshrined.

There is no other text available in which a Shakespearean tragedy is analysed scene by scene and the philosophical issues elucidated on the level of the average Leaving Certificate student, and the great principles emerging marshalled in such a manner as to provide the student with a permanent equipment of intellectual armour against current errors in thought and living.

2/- nett.

ON SALE.

ST. AUGUSTINE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Edited by VERY REV. JAMES DUFF, M.A.,
Vice-President, St. Patrick's College, Maynooth.

An abridged form of the original Latin text of the Confessions, edited with an introduction and critical commentary. The student of Latin is presented with the life-story of St. Augustine as told by himself in a recital of unrivalled interest and abiding charm. " . . . . never before have we had in English such complete and satisfactory notes on the Confessions as these."—*Irish Press.*

8/6 nett.

READY SHORTLY.

An O'CONNELL SYMPOSIUM *by prominent Irish writers with* PROFESSOR MICHAEL TIERNEY *as general editor will shortly appear*

Published by :

BROWNE AND NOLAN LIMITED

Dublin Cork Belfast

SMITH O'BRIEN AND THE "SECESSION"

BY PROFESSOR DENIS GWYNN, D.LITT.
University College, Cork

THE critical period between the death of Thomas Davis in October 1845 and the death of Daniel O'Connell in May 1847 presents some difficult problems for the historian. It includes the collapse of the Repeal Association as an effective political force and the rise of the second phase of the Young Ireland movement, in which Gavan Duffy formed a new group—consisting chiefly of very young men—to carry on the programme of national revival which had been undertaken by Davis and himself through the *Nation* newspaper. A general impression has arisen, out of the acute controversies concerning the period, that Young Ireland quickly gained the support of all the best elements in the country and that O'Connell's name and influence were rapidly discredited. A prejudice, amounting almost to contempt and repugnance, has been created against Daniel O'Connell; and the only basis for the attacks which have given rise to it is to be found within this brief period. Indeed we must reckon the period at little more than eighteen months, if we take account of the fact that Daniel O'Connell left Ireland for the last time early in February 1847, being then a complete physical and mental wreck, to start on the final journey to Rome, which he was unable to reach before he died. It is true that his first open disagreement with Young Ireland, when he made his celebrated assertion that "I am for Old Ireland," occurred in June 1845, when he lost patience with Davis (after a great deal of provocation behind the scenes) in the debate on the Colleges Bill. But that was on the distinct issue of religious education.

The general campaign of invective and accusation against O'Connell concerns the "Moral Force resolutions" and the secession of the Young Irelanders late in July 1846, after Meagher's speech in defence of the Sword. Both John Mitchel and Father Kenyon, who are the chief authors of the attack on O'Connell, write with such prejudice and exaggeration of language that they simply cannot be trusted as reliable witnesses. But Gavan Duffy, in his carefully documented narratives, does try conscientiously to be fair to those whom he criticises. He is unfair only in so far as he practically ignores the fact that O'Connell's brain was by this time deeply and increasingly affected by the disease which resulted in his death. But even Duffy, with every intention to be fair, could scarcely fail to overstate his case. He was avowedly writing to vindicate the honour of his own friends, who had been as unjustly misrepresented up to that time as Daniel O'Connell has been since. He explains at the outset: "Of the period which I am now about to describe a fixed idea has got possession of the public mind—that certain immature politicians

. . . . . broke away from the veteran leader of the Irish people, set up a theory of physical force in opposition to his constitutional doctrines, and having unfortunately got the lead, led the country to disgrace and disaster." [1]

It was Smith O'Brien's misfortune that, with no previous experience of the popular movement, he was suddenly called upon to play a conspicuously prominent part while it was involved in these dissensions. In nearly twenty years of active public life, O'Brien had kept deliberately outside parties and had won himself a unique position as an independent representative of his own county. But within a few months after he joined the Repeal Association, in protest against the Government's prosecution of O'Connell for seditious conspiracy, he had to assume the responsibilities of acting as O'Connell's deputy; was obliged to consult and compromise on almost every question that arose; had to enforce discipline and party loyalty even when he agreed with those who criticised; and had even to accept some responsibility for collection of the party funds which he had for long regarded with suspicion. In that most difficult position it was perhaps a help rather than a hindrance to him that his upbringing and life as a county landowner had kept him so far aloof from the popular movement that he scarcely had any social contact with Catholics. So he was at least exempt from the suspicion of having his own favourites or family or local ties. But instinctively he turned to the young men, whose earnest idealism and industry and distaste for rhetoric were qualities which he admired and shared.

Davis as a young Protestant who had become a Repealer soon confided in him completely, and became his most intimate link with a movement of which he had so little practical knowledge. The many letters he received from Davis and his friends gave him a clear insight into the impatience and disappointment of the young men, who could never disagree openly with O'Connell's leadership except in the General Committee. They saw that O'Connell's old courage and skilful leadership were disappearing since his imprisonment; and O'Brien as an older man must have noticed, more readily than they did, the physical symptoms of O'Connell's mental decay. O'Hagan had remarked it even so far back as the trial early in 1844. In his address at the O'Connell centenary long afterwards he said: "I believe that fatal disease was upon him during the trial. His brain had possibly been affected by the unexampled excitement he had undergone. When he spoke on his own behalf the old fervour had departed, the old mastery was no more." When O'Connell died in Genoa the post-mortem examination convinced Dr. Lacour[2] that he had been suffering for at least two years from softening of the brain, which produced his "uncertain gait and failing intellect". The young men were unlikely to have diagnosed

[1] *Four Years of Irish History*, 1.
[2] *Young Ireland II.* 82.

such troubles at this time. But Gavan Duffy had shared O'Connell's imprisonment in Richmond Jail for three months; and he had become aware that the lonely old man had been during that time "labouring under the most distracting influence that can possess a man of his years—a passionate love for a gifted young girl who might have been his granddaughter".

It was in these complicated and discouraging circumstances that the young men turned to O'Brien for leadership and sympathy. When O'Connell actually nominated him as deputy leader during the State trial and his imprisonment, O'Brien formed a series of committees which gave them the scope they had so long desired, and his natural gift for organising and directing team work delighted them. Moreover he sympathised fully with their anxiety over the senile decay which was afflicting O'Connell's leadership. He exhorted them to be more scrupulous in considering O'Connell's wishes while he was in prison than they need have been if he were in control. But he agreed fully with the young men's insistence that the General Committee ought to have virtually the responsibility of a Cabinet under O'Connell's supreme leadership. And he gave full support to Davis in organising the Eighty-Two Club, which Davis shrewdly aimed at establishing as a sort of Senate exercising real authority in the national movement. Membership of the Club was to be regarded as a high honour, conferring certain obligations of public service, and it would be closed to the party hacks and worn-out officials who were able to exercise an overpowering influence in the Association. O'Connell accepted the presidency of the Club, but it was O'Brien who took the chair at the first meeting in Malahide Hotel which launched the project. Davis himself, in consultation with O'Brien, had designed the ornate and expensive uniform. Members were required to possess themselves of a uniform before they could be formally admitted. Davis had a real flair for psychological propaganda, and it was he who devised the spectacular effect when Smith O'Brien, surrounded by the whole Club in their striking uniforms, administered the Repeal Pledge in the Rotunda and presided on other great occasions. O'Brien had no natural gift of oratory, but he could be an effective platform speaker; and when he wore the Club's green and gold uniform, his "tall striking figure with a well-poised head" contributed handsomely to the proceedings.

But the sudden death of Davis deprived O'Brien of his most intimate friend among the younger men, and within a few months his position had become very isolated. Dillon also had been consulting him constantly; but Dillon developed lung trouble and had to spend the winter in Madeira to recuperate. The two lawyers John O'Hagan and John Pigot had to leave Dublin for professional work in London; and Duffy, whose young wife died within a few days of Davis, was left practically alone to carry on the programme of Young Ireland. O'Connell had resumed the titular

leadership since his release from prison; but once the Colleges Bill had been passed in the summer of 1845, he retired for a long autumn holiday at Darrynane; and from that time onwards the leadership of the movement devolved upon his son John. The physical decay of the old man's brain had already set in, and the young men had been increasingly discouraged and exasperated by his indecision and timidity. For O'Brien the situation was even more discouraging than for them; he had cut himself off from his former personal and family associations to join a popular movement which was apparently disintegrating. But he could not intervene, having so little personal experience of nationalist politics, in the deepening rift between the young men and O'Connell's son who was now acting in his father's place. While O'Connell himself rested in seclusion at Darrynane that winter, O'Brien remained at his home in county Limerick. Gavan Duffy describes the position :— [1]

> In the absence of the legitimate leaders, Mr. John O'Connell was in undisputed control of the Association and was deliberately destroying the labour of years and the hopes of a generation. He played the part of dictator at that time with a dogmatism which his great father, after a life of public services, rarely assumed. At every meeting the chair, which used to be an object of honest ambition, was occupied by some of his private retinue; and at every meeting there was some personal conflict or some gross violation of the neutrality on which the Association rested.

Duffy was left almost alone to find and organise a new group of men to replace those who had been dispersed, and he was naturally disappointed by O'Brien's unwillingness to take a more active part against John O'Connell. When Davis died, Duffy turned instinctively to O'Brien and wrote to him: "What you can do for him is to put yourself at the head of a movement which a multitude of men are anxious to make, to give him a monument, a statue, and a portrait." And long afterwards, describing the situation at this time, he writes :— [2]

> Smith O'Brien, who still held aloof from identification with Young Ireland, might be counted on to resist any specific abandonment of the fundamental fact which held the national party together, but he was constantly absent and had apparently relinquished to Mr. John O'Connell the initiative and the control which he had been accustomed to exercise.

Yet, in spite of all his care to avoid becoming involved in the dissensions which he felt he could not properly understand, because of his different antecedents, it was Smith O'Brien who precipitated the open collision between O'Connell and Young Ireland—by his refusal to withdraw from the pledge which he had publicly given that he would not serve on English business at Westminster. And only a few months afterwards it was he, still seeking to avoid giving any cause for an open rupture, who led the young men out of Conciliation Hall in protest against the closure of

---

[1] *Young Ireland*, II, 195.
[2] *Four Years of Irish History*, 3.

Meagher's celebrated speech in defence of the sword, and so took the decisive step which produced the Secession.

It was Davis who had proposed, some six months before he died, that the Repeal members of Parliament should as a body withdraw from Westminster, thereby anticipating the Sinn Fein programme of Arthur Griffith some sixty years later. Doheny[1] asserts that the proposal "received Mr. O'Connell's entire approval". Their abstention was soon brought formally before the House of Commons by the Radical Hume, who argued that the House should require their attendance. Hume held that the authority of the House must be impaired if the deliberate abstention of members were tolerated. The Repeal Association then appointed a sub-committee, with Doheny as chairman, to consider whether Hume's claim could be safely defied. All but one, after examining the precedents, shared Doheny's view that it would be extremely dangerous to challenge the constitutional rights of Parliament. But Daniel O'Connell himself unexpectedly took the opposite view and, in spite of protests, announced that he would test the matter at his own risk. A fully organised challenge was then decided upon with great enthusiasm, and it was agreed that Smith O'Brien should go to London, where his defiance of the House would be most conspicuous, while John O'Connell was to stay in Ireland and test his right to remain among his constituents. Before long they were both summoned by name, in the ordinary course, to attend as members of the select committee on Railways. Both sent formal replies. John O'Connell wrote a deliberately truculent refusal: "I certainly will not suffer that portion of the people of Ireland who have entrusted their representation to my charge to be further mocked at and insulted in my person." Smith O'Brien gave a reasoned explanation of his attitude. The letter is much too long to quote more than a few paragraphs: "Experience and observation," he said, "have at length forced upon my mind the conviction that the British Parliament is incompetent, through want of knowledge if not through want of inclination, to legislate for Ireland, and that our national interests can be protected and fostered only through the instrumentality of an Irish legislature." To his constituents alone did he regard himself as being responsible for the performance of his parliamentary duty. He continued:—

> Desiring that none but the representatives of the Irish nation should legislate for Ireland, we have no wish to intermeddle with the affairs of England or Scotland, except in so far as they may be connected with the interest of Ireland or with the general policy of the empire. In obedience to this principle I have abstained from voting on English and Scotch questions of a local nature, and the same motive now induces me to decline attendance on committees on any private bills, except such as relate to Ireland. I am prepared to abide with cheerfulness the personal consequences which may result from the course of conduct which I feel it my duty to adopt. . . . .

[1] *Felon's Track*, p. 74.

Davis was still alive when these letters were dispatched at the end of June 1845. They raised an issue which the House of Commons had not yet considered seriously, and the session passed without any action being taken. O'Brien had returned to Ireland, while O'Connell and his son had gone over to London, before the question arose again in the early months of 1846. On arriving in London O'Brien was astonished to find that the O'Connells had now accepted the customary summons to serve on the committees of the House. To O'Brien it always seemed unthinkable that a pledge once taken should be disregarded, even for the strongest reasons. In this case it was O'Connell himself who had urged a defiance of Parliament after the legal sub-committee of the Repeal Association had advised that it would be too hazardous. O'Brien's position was the more embarrassing because the performance of his own pledge must imply an open rebuff to O'Connell as leader of the movement. Moreover the fact that both O'Connell and his son had yielded to pressure from the House of Commons made it impossible for O'Brien's deliberate protest to succeed. The alternatives were either to resign his seat and withdraw from the movement, within less than a year after proposing the famous Repeal pledge at the Rotunda meeting, or to carry out his announced purpose of refusing to serve on a House of Commons committee.

No one who knew his unflinching character can have doubted what his decision would be. An issue of the utmost constitutional importance had been raised, and the House of Commons could not ignore it. An exchange of letters followed in which the Chairman of its Selection Committee, with a " consideration and moderation " which impressed Doheny himself, " warned, counselled and remonstrated " with him in requesting his compliance with the recognised rules of the House. But O'Brien saw no reason to withdraw from the position which he had deliberately assumed, and after protracted correspondence the chairman issued a final order to him to attend. What the consequences might be, no one could say. Imprisonment, or even a State trial and the forfeiture of his property were fully possible. The precedents were ransacked, and when the matter was formally brought before the Speaker and O'Brien still persisted in his refusal, the Serjeant-at-Arms was then ordered to arrest him for defying the authority of the House of Commons, and he was imprisoned in a room below the Clock Tower.

For the weeks while he was detained, during April, within the House every effort was made to break his resolve or to find a solution. Eventually, after a protracted debate in the House of Commons it was agreed to release him; but by that time the attitude of the O'Connells had deprived his action of any possible value as a protest. " Personal liberty was his slightest loss," Doheny writes[1] bitterly. " The sneers of his enemies,

[1] *Felon's Track*, p. 84.

the pity of his personal and the desertion of his political friends poisoned the very air of the miserable cell to which he was consigned, and what completed his agony was a notion that he had been abandoned by his country." Doheny puts on record two statements made by O'Connell during this most unhappy chapter in the last stage of his senile leadership. At the Corn Exchange in Dublin, when he had insisted that the authority of Parliament was to be defied, O'Connell alluded to the threat that warrants would be issued by the Speaker to compel the attendance of Irish members. "I think it right to apprise the Association and the country," he declared, "that, having considered this question attentively, I have made up my mind that the Speaker has no constitutional authority whatever to issue any such warrant." But after O'Brien had carried out, at his personal risk, the pledge which O'Connell had encouraged him to make, O'Connell pleaded feebly in his defence :—

> I should not rise to advocate the cause of my honourable friend if I thought he had had the slightest intention of being disrespectful towards the House. It has not been his intention to be guilty of any contempt towards it; he thought he was entitled to make the exception to which he adheres. He has acted from a strong sense of duty, and I am sorry to see it is a sense of duty he is not likely to give up.

It was impossible that O'Brien and O'Connell could ever work together again in any spirit of mutual confidence. In Ireland the episode had produced a crisis between the younger leaders and O'Connell's entourage. "Those who felt the deepest in his regard," writes[1] Doheny, "were constrained by the responsibility of coming to an open rupture with Mr. O'Connell at a time when union in the ranks of the Association was indispensable to even partial success." A resolution approving of O'Brien's conduct was proposed in the Repeal Committee and carried in spite of the united opposition of O'Connell's family and personal followers. But the O'Connellites succeeded in carrying another resolution that O'Connell should first be consulted on the legal question, and O'Connell then protested urgently against it on legal grounds. Meanwhile his supporters organised a whispering campaign which accused O'Brien and his friends of seeking to discredit O'Connell's leadership. But sympathy with his courage and his integrity was strongest among those who could not be easily misled. O'Brien's admirers decided to obtain from the Eighty-Two Club a resolution expressing full approval of his action and a warm admiration for him. They succeeded, and a deputation of its members went to London to bring it to him personally during his imprisonment. Among them were three young men with whom O'Brien's fate was to be closely linked in the following years—John Mitchel, Richard O'Gorman and Thomas Francis Meagher. Soon afterwards, when O'Brien had

[1] *Felon's Track*, p. 85.

been released, they became the most active and most vocal of his supporters, with Duffy in the *Nation* and Doheny both determined that sooner or later an open rupture with O'Connell must be faced.

It is curious that, whereas Doheny treats O'Brien's defiance of Parliament as a matter of supreme importance, it appears to have made little impression on Duffy—at any rate in retrospect when he was writing the history of the time. Duffy describes the efforts of the young men in the Committee to carry a resolution approving of O'Brien's action, and also the deputation from the Eighty-Two Club. "We thought we had accomplished wonders under the circumstances," he writes, "and I reported the result to O'Brien, not a little proud that we had done on his behalf so much more than he had been able to do on ours when the same system of repression was employed against the *Nation*." Duffy still felt sore that O'Brien had failed to fight the O'Connells openly when the *Nation*, because of Mitchel's "railroad" article,[1] was removed from the list of newspapers sent out to the Repeal reading-rooms. In another connection, however, Duffy defends O'Brien for having been absent when a critical decision had to be taken to ensure a contest against Sheil's re-election for Dungarvan, after Sheil had accepted office under the Whigs. Duffy points out, in that connection, that O'Brien "was not identified with the Young Irelanders; he held a position in the national party resembling that of umpire; and he wisely desired to avoid, as long as it was possible, a controversy with O'Connell". That was certainly O'Brien's own view of the position. He had entered the Repeal Association when disagreements were developing rapidly between O'Connell and his younger lieutenants; and he felt that he certainly ought not to take sides, but should hold himself ready to serve the movement in any capacity which his special position and antecedents might make suitable.

O'Brien had been disgusted when the O'Connells, without even consulting or warning him, repudiated their pledge to refuse service on English parliamentary business at Westminster. But now he found that the Association also would not even pass a resolution expressing approval of his courageous conduct when he carried out his promise to them. He wrote[2] to Duffy during his imprisonment in the House of Commons :—

> I cannot disguise from you that the conduct of the Repeal Association has deeply disappointed me. I am not so much wounded with the apparent disavowal of me which is manifest in the proceedings of Monday last, as I am grieved that the Repeal movement should have sustained a shock in point of character from which it will not easily recover. My decision is formed. If my own constituents abandon me, as I have been abandoned in Parliament and in the Association, I shall retire from the representation of the county of Limerick, leaving myself at liberty to contest on Irish ground, for Irish freedom—but sadly shaken in the confidence which I was disposed to place in the energy and firmness of the Repealers of Ireland.

[1] This article became the basis of a prosecution against Duffy as editor.
[2] *Four Years of Irish History*, 136.

O'Brien addressed his constituents by letter, as he had done on various other occasions before, offering to resign if they did not agree with his views—which he would never change. They now responded with such cordial affection and approval that he regained his spirits. So many resolutions in his favour were passed all over the country, at meetings convened for the purpose, that O'Connell himself found it necessary to renew his former expressions of admiration and respect. O'Connell's mind had by this time become so much affected that little importance can be attached to any of his public statements or actions. But he did actually attend a meeting at Conciliation Hall where he proclaimed[1] :—

> I would not consent to continue a member of this Association one hour unless William Smith O'Brien was my comrade, my colleague and my co-equal in the struggle. I tell them there is only one thing that would make me despair of Ireland, and that would be that we should do anything to induce William Smith O'Brien to quit the ranks in which he has so bravely fought for Ireland.

But events moved rapidly, when Peel's Government was compelled to make way for the Whigs and the O'Connells decided to use all their influence in favour of a Whig alliance. A meeting of the Association on July 4 had to consider the situation. O'Connell had written a long letter from London, emphasising the opportunities of conciliation from a new Government and exhorting the Association to "discountenance the fomentors of dissension and distraction". Duffy describes O'Brien's intervention, when he "spoke at great length and with all the unreserve possible without an open rupture". O'Brien did not believe in the Whigs or in their promised concessions; and though he agreed that they were better than the Tories, he thought they were infinitely more dangerous. Above all, he protested against any acceptance of personal favours. "If any Repealers were ready to sell their principles for place, they would obtain it, and, along with it, the eternal malediction and everlasting scorn of their country." Actually John O'Connell had already prevailed upon his father to come to an agreement with the Whigs by which their candidates were to be supported in Ireland and they were to pay the price by giving places to Repealers. Opposition from the Young Irelanders was now so certain, after the debate in Conciliation Hall, that the O'Connells decided to force an open rupture by requiring the Young Ireland party either to accept a test of political compliance or to leave the Association. So the notorious "Peace Resolutions" were framed and brought before the Association; while the O'Connells, by procrastinating and confusing the issue at Dungarvan, succeeded in enabling Sheil to retain the seat without a contest. The Liberator himself came to Dublin to ensure that the report in favour of the Peace Resolutions should be adopted. First Meagher and then Mitchel became involved in open debate against him, in which they were quickly outmatched by his long

[1] *Four Years of Irish History*, 143.

practice in diverting an inexperienced speaker into unguarded statements.

The climax came at a meeting of the Repeal Association on July 27. Daniel O'Connell had gone back to London, and he was now within six months of the total physical and mental collapse which compelled him to undertake his last journey abroad. His son John hastened to Dublin from the House of Commons, carrying with him a letter from his father which declared once again that the advocacy of physical force made co-operation impossible between those who adhered to the constitution of the Repeal Association and those who did not. He announced that he would publish an address to the people of Ireland, " showing the infinite mischief which the advocates of physical force—who, notwithstanding the recent solemn resolutions, continued members of the Association—had inflicted on the country ". There was a general expectation of a crisis and the attendance was " immense ". John O'Connell was accompanied by his younger brother Daniel and the figureheads of the Association. Smith O'Brien and Henry Grattan were both there, besides the young firebrands Mitchel and Meagher. Before the meeting opened, O'Brien attempted to persuade John O'Connell privately to avert a crisis ; but he found O'Connell impervious to appeals. Then, writes Gavan Duffy, O'Brien " for the first time took his side unequivocally with the young men ". His recent speech at Kilrush had been offensively misrepresented, and he now stated[1] his position squarely :—

He did not go there to quarrel with any one ; he went to aid in repealing the Union, and when he thought he could not promote this purpose he would stay away. When he joined the Association, he had determined never to be a party to a counter-agency to that adopted by O'Connell ; but at the same time he could not undertake to co-operate in proceedings which he considered unjust and impolitic. The Association had been called on to declare that no circumstances in any country would justify the use of arms for the attainment of any political amelioration ; but this was a doctrine to which he did not subscribe. The best writers on government laid down that in free countries there were many circumstances which justified a recourse to arms . . . . What was most unfortunate respecting this question was that it was purely speculative ; he was not aware that there was a single person connected with the Association who desired an appeal to arms under the present circumstances. Such an appeal would be madness and wickedness, and neither O'Connell nor any of his family could be more determined in resisting it than he was. Had he been informed that it was intended to propose this test, he would have attended the Committee and endeavoured to procure a modification of it. He was afraid the tendency of the resolution and the letter read that day was to drive from the Association men identified in opinion with the *Nation* newspaper. This was a measure to which he could be no party. If there was any attempt to cut off the *Nation* from connection with the Association, or to exclude the gentlemen agreeing with it from the committee, he would find it impossible to co-operate with the Association till they were restored. But why was such an alternative necessary ? If anything in violation of the constitution of the Association was done, let the individual offending be dealt with ; but to raise a speculative question to exclude certain persons was suicidal.

[1] *Four Years of Irish History*, 228.

Before concluding, O'Brien further declared that he felt bound to be perfectly explicit on another question. He held that the policy of Repealers was to keep a distinct national party in the House of Commons and to support good measures, from whichever party they came. To maintain their independence they must not solicit favours from the Government or, by accepting them, permit their mouths to be closed. He then roundly asserted that "the State trial had not discouraged the Repeal cause so much as the loss of Dungarvan". John O'Connell then followed, with an uncompromising speech insisting that a fundamental issue had arisen, on which either O'Connell or those who differed from him must give way. It was soon clear that an adjournment of the meeting was the only hope of avoiding a rupture. O'Brien urged this, while declaring that if O'Connell's alternative had to be faced, then he would retire from the meeting; but he would not quit the Association till he was expelled. Next day the adjourned meeting was resumed, and a heated debate developed. A long letter from Gavan Duffy was read protesting against certain attacks upon the *Nation*. John O'Connell replied with a long speech, and then Mitchel spoke in defence of Duffy; then Tom Steele delivered one of his preposterous tributes to O'Connell. Then Meagher rose, a young man of only twenty-three, whose astonishing eloquence had already made its mark, though even his friends did not take him seriously in the committee. As a contribution to the actual debate, his open defence of the Sword played entirely into the hands of his opponents. It made co-operation with them impossible within the framework of the Association. But as a piece of oratory it was superb. Space forbids its quotation here except to indicate the passage at which John O'Connell interrupted to prevent his continuing:—

> My lord, I learned that it was the right of a nation to govern itself, not in this Hall but upon the ramparts of Antwerp. I learned the first article of a nation's creed upon those ramparts, where freedom was justly estimated and where the possession of the precious gift was purchased by the effusion of generous blood. My lord, I admire the Belgians, I honour the Belgians for their courage and their daring; and I will not stigmatise the means by which they obtained a citizen King, a Chamber of Deputies . . . .

At this point John O'Connell interposed to silence Meagher, insisting that a continuation of his speech would endanger the safety of the Association. He asserted that Meagher's opinions were directly and diametrically opposed to those of the founder of the Association; so that either the Association must cease to exist or Meagher must cease to be a member of it. If the meeting approved of these sentiments, he would himself retire. Thereupon Captain Broderick and Tom Steele, the "Head Pacificator," announced that they also would retire. It was then that Smith O'Brien rose, speaking[1] with grave deliberation. He

[1] *Four Years of Irish History*, 238-9.

regretted that John O'Connell's alternative must compel a termination of the discussion, " because he gives us no other choice than his seceding from the Association or closing this discussion ".

But I cannot allow this meeting to come to such a conclusion without expressing my opinion that the course of argument adopted by Mr. Meagher was perfectly fair and legitimate. I understand that we were invited to come here today for the purpose of considering deliberately whether any gentleman can continue a member of this Association who entertains the opinion conscientiously, that there are occasions which justify a nation resorting to the sword for the vindication of its liberties. Mr. Meagher has distinctly stated that he joined this Association for the purpose of obtaining repeal by peaceful and moral means alone. But he does not consider, nor do I consider, that when you invite us to a discussion of this description we are precluded from asserting the opinion which, after all, is involved in the discussion ; and from submitting such reasons as we feel ourselves at liberty to submit to our fellow countrymen in vindication of the opinions which have been arraigned. Remember this, gentlemen,—and it is fit you should remember it—for the proceedings of this day are an event in Irish history. You are charged with being a people who will never give fair play to an adversary. You are charged with being willing slaves to any despot who may obtain the reins of power at a particular moment. This is the charge against the Irish people. I entertain a different opinion of them. I should designate as a calumniator the man who would give you such a character ; but I ask you, are you now going to fortify, as regards this assembly, the assertion of your enemies, by putting down the man who is endeavouring calmly and dispassionately to discuss a question to which he was invited—which he was compelled to discuss ? If this discussion be terminated, I shall have the satisfaction of entering my protest against the proceeding which put down Mr. Meagher on the present occasion.

When O'Brien had made this protest, Meagher attempted to resume his speech. But John O'Connell as chairman rose at the same time and protested that " the question was not, should a young man be put down, but should the young man put down the Association ? If the members would not stand by the founder, let them adopt other resolutions and another leader." This plainly ruled out all possibility of agreement ; and O'Brien then rose and walked out of the Hall. He was followed by Meagher, Mitchel, P. J. Smyth, Father Meehan, Captain Bryan, Devin Reilly, and Gavan Duffy, and by " a section of the meeting who followed and applauded them ". So the inevitable secession had come at last ; and Duffy produces an unsolicited statement from Maurice O'Connell to support his own emphatic assertion that " from its first design up to its accomplishment it was the work of John O'Connell ".

DENIS GWYNN

LEON BLOY THE PROPHET*

BY SIR SHANE LESLIE, BART.

HOW would one deal with a Prophet suppose one met one in daily life? There can be no doubt that Prophets are part of the Divine Institution. The *Te Deum* chants "the goodly fellowship of the Prophets". The Scriptures teem with prophets and prophecies. There were the "Schools of the Prophets": a side-line of learning for which our Universities do not exactly provide! Yet Prophets like Bishops, Deacons or Archangels must be considered in the Divine Hierarchy. We know how to behave to a Bishop, but how are the faithful expected to treat a Prophet, say they met one out walking? Angels make equally rare appearances. Mr. Chesterton said that if an Angel appeared in the English Counties, he would probably be mistaken for a rare bird and shot! We know that, in the absence of shotguns, Prophets were more usually stoned when they appeared amongst the Jews. When Léon Bloy appeared in French journalism, he was crushed by stony silence.

Archbishop Ireland used to say that, if St. Paul returned to earth, he would return as a journalist. That is exactly what Léon Bloy did. He combined all the Pauline invective with pamphleteering. All his books, novels, biographies and diaries were pamphlets, diatribes, screams to Heaven. They read like the Letters of Léon the Prophet written not to the Galatians but to the Gauls. France, French History and the French Language were all to him what their Jewish corresponding numbers were to the Prophets and Apostles who struggled against the obstinacy of the Chosen People. Paul had the memory of a vision to refer himself and all his works to. Bloy also had a vision which coloured all his life: the Apparition of Our Lady to the Shepherdess at La Salette, to which he devoted two books.

Personally I have a literary cult for Léon Bloy and have collected his first editions for thirty years. Incidentally, I have bequeathed my collection to the Oxford Jesuits because they were the only Catholics who seemed to have the slightest interest in one of the greatest of our contemporary Catholic writers. I must add that *Studies* published the first article in English on Léon Bloy from my pen as far back as 1923. Mrs. Virginia Crawford and Mrs. George Norman have published others in *Studies* since.

I crossed his writing during the First World War—*au seuil de l'Apocalypse*—and in that terrible year of 1917 I remember the strength and vision which it afforded me. Here was a Catholic writer who upheld

* *Léon Bloy: A Study in Impatience.* By Albert Béguin. (Sheed & Ward. 1947. 12s. 6d.).

Thought and Style in the Works of Léon Bloy. By Sister M. Rosalie Brady. (Catholic University of America. 1947).

the soul when even the delicious and liturgical Huysmans failed. I learnt from disciples of Bloy that they came to Bloy by means of Huysmans—a sort of gentle Baptist preceding the fulgurating prophet Bloy.

Circumstances prevented me meeting Bloy himself; but I knew the faithful Pierre Termier, who annotated his *romans à clef* for me. There was a good deal of purely local and fiercely personal interest in the novels and diaries; but the apocalyptic notes were always breaking in.

If there is a Catholic mystical view of History—not merely a record of Councils and Missions, Papacies and Dogmas—Bloy gives the possible line of country. Facts, characters and personalities he snatched from the dry-as-dusters and enveloped them in flames which illuminate not only the subjects of his books—Joan of Arc, Napoleon, Columbus—but flash distant reflexions on the horizons.

Léon Bloy's private life can be known from his diaries and the collections of letters which friends are constantly publishing. His early life of passion with a true Magdalen appears in his great novel *Le Désespéré*. To break himself of this life he fled for a time to the Trappists, while the "Veronica" of the novel passed into a state of religious exaltation. Eventually she passed the last twenty-five years of her life in an asylum: but not before she had communicated some of her visions to Léon Bloy. Thenceforth he awaited the End of the World and the coming of the Holy Ghost.

Bloy was not the first great Catholic prophet to announce what is casually called the "End of the World". It is easier to give this type of prophecy its proper meaning by equating it with the fall of empires or decline of a civilisation. Bloy's prophecy was abundantly fulfilled after the First War when three empires fell and more strikingly still after this Second War when European civilisation proceeded to break up as never before. For this situation he had formed the terrible phrase: "I await the coming of the Cossacks and of the Holy Ghost." That is pretty well where we are today if the "Cossacks" can be taken as symbolic for Soviet and Communist.

Bloy seems to have been interested and guided by Catholic writers like Barbey d'Aurevilly and Dom Gueranger, but for most fashionable religious writers he only uttered the utmost disgust. His disgust was returned. They found him as upsetting in the Church as the well-behaved Pharisees found Our Lord in the Temple—certainly on the furniture-destroying occasion.

In *Le Désespéré* he poured vitriol upon that "terrible portrait gallery" of contemporary writers—Daudet, Mendes, Bourget, Maupassant. As for Zola he reserved a special pamphlet for him—*Je m'accuse*! It is extraordinary that French Catholics had so little use for the virulent champion in their midst. When he was roused, he made even Louis Veuillot appear feeble of spine and colourless of ink.

Bloy is a writer who once entering into one's reading is not easily dislodged. The difficulty is to know where to begin : with the novels, the mystical histories or the journal in which he meditated so fiercely and brewed his thoughts with the happenings of the day. M. Béguin recommends new readers to read *L'âme de Napoléon* as " one of the most perfect of his books ". But so many of his books are perfect in his way. He never wrote a feeble book. Any one taken from his shelf would preserve his style for posterity : its violence, its despairing Faith, its furious Charity, its most orthodox hates.

Perhaps his books on Our Lady of Salette are best for beginners as they contain the key to his personal mysticism. When the reader has read *Celle qui pleure* and *Le Symbolisme de l'apparition* he will know all that is to be known about the appearance of Our Lady to two shepherd children in the year of Bloy's own birth 1846. The reader will also know whether he ever wishes to read anything by Bloy again !

Bloy considered himself the apostle and the interpreter of this forgotten apparition which has been entirely overshadowed by the world-wide glories of Lourdes. The message of Melanie was suppressed. The prudence of Authority was against acceptance of the shepherdess's inspiration or indeed her record of the direct voice. Against this suppression Bloy launched himself with fierce antagonism and, to the end of his life, insisted as a prophet that the humble prophetess spoke the words of the Blessed Virgin. The story of La Salette is too long to be told here ; but the devotion survived like a flickering flame, and an occasional church has been dedicated to Our Lady of Salette. But for Bloy the story and the cult would have probably been forgotten. *Celle qui pleure* is Our Lady weeping on the mountain for the sins of the world, and the book " contains some of Bloy's finest dissertations on the mysteries of the Faith ". A wonderful preface precedes his *Vie de Melanie* (the Bernadette of La Salette), while his intensified study of the apparition in symbol only appeared after his death.

Poverty, suffering, symbolism—these were the three corners of Bloy's heart ; but they dwelt not in secret places, for he lavished the full fury of his style upon their elucidation. Bloy must be read in French. To whose style incidentally can we compare him ? In his contemporary wrath, his vials of scorn, poured on the bourgeois, the contented Catholic, the placid orthodox novelist, there is nothing that we know in Ireland more parallel than Mitchel's *Jail Journal*. His fervid cries underlie all his books like lava always palpitating and often breaking on the surface into sulphurous smoke and flame. To Carlyle we can also compare him in his tremendous distinctions between Good and Evil, between the Everlasting Yeas and Time-ridden Nays. But we must imagine a Carlyle medievally Catholic and devoted madly to the Blessed Virgin.

Bloy believed intensely in suffering as a means of bringing to life

places in man's heart of which he was not aware. No man, it is true, knows what he would be like if suddenly put through the rack of unmerited suffering. Nor would any man recognise himself if plunged into unexpected poverty. It was in suffering and poverty that Bloy found himself. He enjoyed a series of afflictions some of which he brought on himself and others of which he must have besought God to bring on him. He suffered both as a sinner and as a saint. He suffered horribly from pride and sinful relapses. He received injustice, reproaches and humiliation from his fellow-men. He always believed and hoped that in the end they would cause him to suffer martyrdom. That he died like a bourgeois in bed must have been the last bitter humiliation.

Bloy had a soul which was built for the Middle Ages or at least for the times of the guillotine. How gladly would he have taken the place of Louis XVI on the scaffold : he who had written an incomparable book on the Dauphin—*Le fils de Louis XVI*—and another on Marie Antoinette, *La Chevalière de la Mort*.

Bloy was brilliant in his book-titles. Not one that would not have made electric signs for a drama. Even the instalments of his journal, instead of being called " Ego Bloy " I, II, III, etc., were named after nicknames of himself—The Old Man of the Mountain, The Unsaleable, the Ungrateful Beggar and, best of all, The Pilgrim of the Absolute. His life was a pilgrimage, not merely to Salette, but into the great beyonds where he sought the Absolute as one to whom all else was trash.

Of course the editors of right-thinking papers and all *bien-pensants* could not abide the embittered groans of a prophet who utterly scorned and despised their social progress and refused to earn his living in an honourable and decent manner. Imagine a railway-clerk throwing up his position to try his vocation as a Trappist and, when that failed, hurling his crashing abuse at everyone, orthodox or not, who would not believe in the little Melanie or La Salette or in the approaching end of the world—or in Bloy himself !

Like the Friars of old, Bloy decided to beg for his living. He was pouring forth his books on the world, to say nothing of the Apocalyptic information he was bestowing on his friends. It was for them to support him, and he needed so little. His benefactors might be sure of their heavenly reward. " This gentleman is with me, I shall say one day on the threshold of Paradise. That will be enough ! "

A most interesting point is that Bloy suffered not blankly or blasphemously. He had studied suffering all his life and wrote before his death : " I wedded suffering for love when I might have chosen a different mate." Here was the pure Franciscan note. Bloy added Our Lady of Suffering to Our Lady Poverty. His own power of suffering would have been unbearable but he released it by the power of the pen. He refused to be comforted, and for a good reason, as he wrote : " There is only one

sorrow—to have lost the Garden of Bliss ; and there is only one longing and one hope—to find it again." Bloy had long realised that it was only to be found in death.

His loneliness as a boy must have acted as a curse until he related his innate solitariness to the inner vocation of a hermit. For a moment the Trappe seemed the obvious silencer of his heart ; but the wise Trappists knew better and sent him forth on his loud-voiced travels. Such a reverberating power of expression was not intended for the cloister. His eloquence, harsh and horrific at times, at other grandiloquent and touching real heights, was destined to move and even convert other men. Enemies read him angrily and decreed that he should not be heard. Catholics read him timidly and hoped he would not be heard. Between them, there is no doubt that Bloy suffered from a conspiracy of silence.

It is the privilege of Prophets to address others as though they were clad in authority themselves. Bloy could reproach Bourget and call upon him to take pity on his own complacent soul which he was killing " with a blind stupidity that is enough to make all the Angels and the Saints weep with terror ". Even the most conceited of novelists could not take himself as seriously as that. But Bloy was crying out for Justice, as he said, " like a Dragon famished since the Flood". The power of Celtic exaggeration seems to underlie such similies.

All this was the result of conversion upon an old Communist : conversion as blinding and catastrophic as St. Paul's. Bloy describes that conversion in *La femme pauvre* as though the oil of Extreme Unction has been poured upon him boiling hot—" upon his cruel eyes which had not beheld the Face of Pardon ; upon his unheeding ears which had not heard the groans of the Holy Spirit ; upon his savage nostrils which had not inhaled the fragrance of the Divine Will ; upon his tomb-like mouth which had not eaten the Bread of Life ; upon his violent hands which had not helped to carry the Cross of the Lord ; upon his impatient feet which had gone everywhere except towards the Holy Sepulchre."

Bloy refused to consider that he had entered into a Haven of Peace. He desired martyrdom finally, and meantime he endeavoured to bring down upon himself the agonies of the Dark Night of the Soul. Most contented Catholics said he was welcome to both, only let him leave them in peace. But he left neither his friends nor himself in peace " I await the coming of the Cossacks and of the Holy Spirit " ! Even as alternatives very upsetting !

The epigrams never ceased to pour forth :—

" A Christian without suffering is a pilgrim without a compass."

" A heart without affliction is like a world without revelation."

" My anger is the effervescence of my pity."

" The nearer one draws to God, the more alone one is."

> " Human words, trying to speak lovingly of God, are like lions that have gone blind and are looking for a spring in a desert."
>
> " Tears are the oil of those lamps which the virgins of the gospel must keep alight."

The difficulty that Catholic readers will have in assimilating Léon Bloy is his utter lack of charity. There is almost a fiendish note when he interprets disasters to humanity in terms of exulting satisfaction. For instance he saw the Divine vengeance in the famous fire at the Charity Bazaar when the noblest names of France were amongst the victims. More compassionate was the Dominican preacher at Notre Dame who saw the Divine Compassion accepting the holocaust for the sins of the French government. Needless to say the sinking of the *Titanic* afforded him the " sweetest consolation " when he thought of the millionaires being carried down with the ship, though he extended his pity to the poor emigrants in the hold. On account of his hatred of Americans and their spirit of wealth he heard with satisfaction of the burning of the Iroquois Theatre in Chicago.

We turn to the commentary of an American nun recently issued from the Catholic University of America on *Thought and Style in the Works of Léon Bloy*. This admirable treatise by Sister Marie Rosalie Brady supplies us with well-weighed words : " Judgment of this kind suggests the divorce from even the vestige of charity. Perhaps our humanitarianism has softened us too much to feel as vehemently as Bloy. The fact that so much appears unbearable to our modern sensibility makes the problem of criticising Bloy from a Catholic viewpoint very difficult." Sister Brady fortunately discovers that Bloy did not propose to exclude the rich from the fruits of Redemption. Provided they sell all they have and embrace poverty, they can save their souls.

" Jesus came for the poor, do you say ? Doubtless, but he came for the rich as well that they should make themselves poor by Love, and you cannot ignore the fact that thousands of Saints have obeyed." Sister Brady quotes " this magnanimous response " to show that his was a truly Catholic mind. Christ came for men's souls, whether of the rich or the poor.

She points out that " the poverty he lyrically extolled in his writing overwhelmed him when it appeared in its grim reality ". He certainly screemed loud enough when faced, as most of our cities have been since faced, by " *manque de charbon* ". He insisted that genuine poverty must beg. " There is nothing greater than begging. God begs. The Angels beg. The Kings, Prophets and Saints beg. The dead beg. All that is in light and glory begs." Sister Brady finds that a fundamentally good idea " seems to end in delirium ".

With great charity and common sense she carries out her investigation

and analysis of this most difficult of modern Catholic writers. We can understand why he suffered from a conspiracy of silence during his lifetime. His bitterest opponents on the Agnostic side referred to him with a little grim admiration. The unfortunate Catholics, who did not practise poverty according to his standards and suffered his unflagging lash, stood aside often in disgust. He held that misery was the lack of the necessary while poverty was the lack of the superfluous. He wished to plunge the Catholic world into holy misery. He attacked the bourgeois philanthropy, the well-intentioned but comfortable doling of alms, bazaars and charity fêtes which showed only that Catholics were on the side of superfluous wealth.

Bloy's view of the Jewish problem was intense and expressed itself in the formula under which he wrote perhaps his most piercing book *Le Salut par les Juifs*. He prophesied their final conversion, and until then the Passion must continue. Judaism was the Promise of the Messiah ; Christianity was the Messiah in fact.

The idea of a chosen people and a favourite nationality leads Bloy inevitably from Jewry to France. A " divine necessity " lies at the origins of France. France—*Dei gesta per Francos*—holds a singular place in the divine economy. This is a theory of Nationalism which can be carried too far—almost to absurdity or profanity ; but there are few nations which have not fallen to this amiable insanity.

Every Catholic country believes it has a mission : a form of divine policy, and very noble is such a belief. Belgium and Holland believe in their foreign missions as much as Ireland believes in her mystical duty to penetrate the English-speaking world with the Faith. The achievement of the Irish people in building up the Church throughout the British Empire and American States will be reckoned the greatest and most lasting missionary movement in the whole of History. But the Irish have never bespoken themselves as a chosen people. Rather they have chosen themselves to be the torchbearers of Catholic Christianity. But Bloy's vision of France obscures all that Providence may have designed in the future of others.

This reaches its full pitch in his book on Joan of Arc : " *Dieu n'a que la France ! Si elle périssait, la Foi subsisterait peut-être encore quelque-part, mais il n'y aurait plus d'Espérance . . . .* " Apparently God has real need of France as De Maistre wrote, but of course only in the limited sense that the Creator can need the created. But for Bloy the splendours of France were unlimited, and he craved the Absolute in political matters, as much as in the religious. Other nations were necessarily inferior to France. He could imagine Christ the King reigning over France, but not over Spain or England ! As for the Kingdoms of Prussia or Bulgaria—only madness or ridicule could associate either with the Divine Kingship.

Sister Brady's most penetrating paragraphs are devoted to Bloy's

excessive style. His religious views are open to criticism from all Catholics, but his style is for the literati to handle. His French is for the French to judge. Certainly he has done something with their clean-cut classical speech in which they take such pride. He has done something with it which we can parallel with what Carlyle did with English style or Wagner with music. He swelled, extended, forcified and strained all available verbiage. Sister Brady's analysis reveals lists of sound and colour effects, his mixtures of Catholic and Naturalistic terms, his Christian pessimism which must have come very near the despair forbidden in the Middle Ages.

Catholics with a taste for History can often be judged by their favourite Pope. The name of the Pope whom they most admire is a subtle revelation of a strand in their own character, it would be interesting to compile lists of distinguished writers and thinkers with the names of the Popes who have most appealed to them. The late Baron Corvo always declared for Alexander VI. It was characteristic of Bloy to heap superlative praise on Boniface VIII, whose Bull the *Unam Sanctam* was such as Bloy would have been pleased to issue pontifically himself. Did Bloy not, during the troubles between Church and State, call for an Interdict on the ninety Dioceses of France as a punishment and a solution?

Bloy was curiously and deeply interested in the Bible, which he explored for his own literary purposes. Liturgy and Church History no less supplied him with phrase and theme, but they were always liable to pass a little muddied through his hands: though no doubt he claimed that no work was immoral which described the ways of God. No doubt the work of the Confessional is essentially pertaining to God; but no account of a Confession given with lateral force would make quiet or pious reading. With infinite wisdom the Church has closed the Confessional with a seal which remains almost the one unbroken tradition betwixt mankind. But Bloy was for writing Confessions aloud. Bloy's idea seems to have been to out-zola Zola, out-naturalize the Naturalistic School and then proclaim their utter insufficiency and trust to scandalized or disgusted readers to turn rapidly to the supernatural and religious. It might find a parallel in the hope of those who hope that by reducing Materialism to its utmost bounds, the atomic bomb, people may be induced to ask in despair if the spiritual or psychical offers humanity a better means of progress or happiness.

Like all Naturalist writers he wallowed in medical terms and disease; but his excuse was that the ignoble is necessary to bring out the sublime. His novels are written in the most sensual and violent manner. He exhausts his Naturalism before he turns on his Mysticism. It is this extraordinary mixture of the opposing themes in French literature which makes him equally interesting and alarming. Sister Brady thinks that his oil of unction " scarcely calms the sensuous waves " of his techinque.

He can describe his heroine's hair more sensuously than any modern coiffeur but as a contrast to her self-mutilation, when she removes her hair and teeth in order to lessen her personal temptation to the hero—who, of course, is Bloy himself.

Sister Brady observes that "the treatment of odours in *La femme pauvre* causes the famous cheese scene from Zola's *Ventre de Paris* to pale." Bloy was Rabelaisian as only a Frenchman can be. Much is necessarily said in the Scriptures on the ground that a spade is more clearly described as a spade than by an allusion to such as "Adam's necessity". But such wording always appears as it were casually and in the natural course of description. Bloy, on the other hand, heaps up coarseness for the sake of emphasis. Where the Greeks would have employed their remarkable use of particles Bloy throws in one of his favourite Rabelaisianisms. Bloy himself compared his style with the violent colours employed by the illuminator of the Middle Ages who raked his palette to the last glittering paint in order to enshrine the simple letterpress of the Gospel.

Prostitution plays a terrible part in Bloy's novels. No doubt the scenes are taken from his own life. None can ever discern what is fiction and what is truth. One adventure at least has the true mark of Bloy. The hero of *Le désespéré* returns from the *Grande Chartreuse* and rests, utterly finished, on a seat in the Boulevard St. Germain. Here he is rescued and tended by an unfortunate girl who finds something even more miserable in him than in herself. It compares with famous similar scenes in the lives of Francis Thompson and De Quincey on the London streets: which are familiar to all the intimates of literature.

Prostitution, the bourgeois-wife, the mystical value of womankind play a tremendous part, almost an obsession, in Bloy's mind. It would be futile to enter into any study or appreciation of his books without acknowledging that. It is here that Sister Brady has come to the rescue of the reader. With the most careful yet understanding clarity she has analysed the master-motives as well as the lighter ones in his mind. The extent to which Bloy can be accepted as a Catholic author generally must depend a great deal on this courageous analysis, for which all interested must remain profoundly grateful. It is essential that her Dissertation should become reduced to a text book.

To such an extent did Bloy accept the sanctifying power of suffering that he cast himself as a victim into the abyss without waiting to be summoned. He went so far as to regret the lack of suffering in Paradise! He was too morbid to enjoy the happier feasts of the Church.

Against the bourgeois class, with their innocent acceptation of a commercial well-to-do existence, he hurled himself in fearful maledictions. He refused to allow people to view the world *couleur de rose*. It was black, utterly black, illuminated only by the hastening fires of Apocalypse.

A prophet must leave some tangible sign, some possibility in the minds of his followers, readers or mockers. Léon Bloy foresaw a France purified and triumphant, the first of the European nations to rise up from the misery and horrors of war. But above all he foretold the coming of a Man, a Deliverer of France, but a Man of God. He wept at the thought of that great Unknown, though he believed that perhaps he alone could divine or know him. He died in the hope of that Man, a second coming of some kind of Divine Napoleon, but a leader and a light sent by God.

The last chapter of M. Béguin's book deals with the " Prophet of our Catastrophe ". For Bloy wars and rumours of war were Apocalyptic. He had foreshadowed the wars of 1870 and 1914. All upheavals were punishments for infidelity. Infidelity remained, and therefore more upheavals were to come. He supped his full of war and died in 1917 but not before he had pronounced his most famous phrase : " I am waiting for the Cossacks and the Holy Ghost."

Perhaps Europe has begun to cherish or dread that possibility as well !

SHANE LESLIE

TOYNBEE'S "STUDY OF HISTORY"

BY PROFESSOR MICHAEL TIERNEY

IT is often forgotten that probably the greatest creation of the nineteenth-century intellect was neither physical science nor industrialism, but History—History regarded as an independent mental discipline and claiming to discover fundamental truths about the meaning and purpose of human life by a process of rational inquiry. Nearly ninety years ago Lord Acton was able to compare the revolution that had occurred in historical study between Gibbon's time and his own with the revolution in astronomy brought about by the work of Copernicus. The greatest name in the story of this creative movement is that of Leopold von Ranke, whose ambition as a historian was defined in his own phrase: "he merely wishes to show how exactly things happened". Recently another German historian has applied the historical method to the study of the historical spirit; and its development is now clearly marked out for us, from Shaftesbury, Leibniz, and Vico through Lessing and Goethe to Ranke himself, in Friedrich Meinecke's *Entstehung des Historismus*. Meinecke has made it clear that, for all the vastness of the revolution noted by Acton, Ranke and his contemporaries were only bringing to a clear focus tendencies whose origins lay far back in the rationalism of the "Enlightenment".

It would indeed be difficult to measure the extent to which *Historismus* has penetrated all modern thought, subjecting other disciplines to its own special way of viewing the world, and even altering completely the texture of the popular mind. Apparently nothing is less natural to man than rationally-directed curiosity about his own past; his normal habit is to seek an account of it in what we, with our "historical" bias, would now call mythology. Modern archaeology, anthropology, and scientific folklore are all by-products of the historical method, and it has left its mark even on theology and philosophy. By its substitution of rational and self-conscious criticism for the naive traditions which are so often themselves the subject-matter of its inquiry, and by its determined search for origins and for rigorous causation, it has played a very large part in uprooting ancient faiths and ways of life. Only too often, also, its methods have betrayed their own origin in the rather superficial generalisations of the Enlightenment. By neglecting the very obvious fact that there is a great deal in human life which is not susceptible of a "rational" explanation, it has frequently fallen into errors no less naive than the "pre-scientific" beliefs it has done so much to destroy. Since Acton's time, while its achievements have been in many ways wonderful, it may be said to have largely disappointed the hopes entertained of it by his generation. Faithfully

reflecting its background in late nineteenth-century Europe, it has tended to run to two extremes: national self-glorification and the production of "scientific" doctrines of racial supremacy and power-politics on the one hand, and on the other the positivism which in its wildest form would treat history as a branch of natural science.

Nationalist and positivist European society was badly shaken by the first World War. One result was a reaction against *Historismus* in its later nineteenth century form. Oswald Spengler's *Decline of the West* was an ambitious attempt to escape from the fragmentation of historical studies and to re-establish the discipline on a less materialist basis. Although it enjoyed a temporary vogue and exercised much influence especially on the thought of pre-Nazi Germany, Spengler's conception of history was both excessively mechanical and dismally pessimistic, and its mysticism was of the cloudy and metaphorical kind which produces more dull smoke than living fire. The same catastrophe provoked a very different reaction from an English historian whose early training was the supremely liberal one of an Oxford classical scholar. Dr. Arnold Toynbee conceived in 1922 the idea of a new approach to world-history as the history of the rises and falls of civilisations. Twelve years later he produced the first three volumes of his great work, covering the constructive phases of genesis and growth. A further three volumes, dealing with the phases of decline which he designates as "Breakdowns" and "Disintegrations," appeared in the fateful summer of 1939. Three more volumes seem to be called for by the scheme of the work, the completion of which is thus postponed to a perhaps distant future. The method of composition, however, has been such that we already possess enough to enable us to judge *A Study of History* as a massive and well-articulated whole.

Readers who have worked their way through the six volumes so far published will have found the task a little exhausting, if at the same time fascinating to a degree that almost forbids intermission. Dr. Toynbee can scarcely be said to write with the splendid sweep of Gibbon. Indeed, his fondness for adapting Greek terms to English use and his curious penchant for awkward words like "mechanicalness" and "suicidalness" often give his style a lumbering quality and seem to make the reader's gait needlessly uncertain. His great advantage lies in the remarkably careful and elaborate plan of his work, which enables him to correlate each part exactly with the rest and on occasion even to refer forward hundreds of pages to sections yet unwritten. Gibbon lost interest in his story when half-way through, and may not unfairly be said to have scamped the later part of it, which he described as "a tedious and uniform tale of weakness and misery". Dr. Toynbee knew the end of his work before he began it, and his theme acquires from its exact scientific plan an impressive appearance of inevitability and certainty. Very soon the reader finds himself almost compelled to think in Toynbeian categories:

dominant minorities, universal states, internal and external proletariats. They seem after a time to look less like hypotheses and impose themselves as entities which were there all along and only awaited their discoverer.

It was not much wonder that inquiries began before long to reach the author—" particularly from the United States "—as to the likelihood of an abridgement of his work. Dr. Toynbee's highly original scheme of universal history both deserved and called for a briefer presentation. Rarely has such a demand been met so satisfactorily. The single-volume abridgement[1] of *A Study of History*, published last year by Mr. D. C. Somervell, is truly a masterpiece in its own kind. Its author has succeeded to a remarkable degree in presenting the argument of the original work while omitting the detailed illustrations which are the principal cause of its great length. He has also succeeded in keeping extraordinarily closely to the phrasing and even to the very words of the original. Only a brief comparison is needed to reveal the skill and care with which this has been done. The result is that much of the characteristic flavour of Dr. Toynbee's very individual style has been retained. Five valuable tables and a twenty-two page " Argument " at the end of the book still further facilitate the reader who wishes to grasp its intricate structure as a whole.

This successful abbreviation has both been made possible by and serves as a striking tribute to the clarity of the original and the logical consequence with which its leading ideas have been thought out. Dr. Toynbee's method is to choose an original starting-point for his researches, assemble an enormous mass of material, sort this material according to a striking comparative system, and finally arrive at his conclusions by a rigorous process of induction. All this work had clearly been done before he set pen to paper ; and few historians have ever possessed his wide experience of actual conditions in so many countries, his amazing knowledge of languages, or his unerring skill in the choice of authorities over such widely different fields of study. But perhaps his greatest single gift is the kind of capacity for seeing parallels and applying them to creative purpose, which German scholars know by the expressive name of *Kombinationsfähigkeit*. Without this gift he could never have conceived the idea of his comparative study of civilisations. It has enabled him to put together in a single variegated yet uniform pattern the scattered pieces of an immense jigsaw-puzzle : Hellenic, Egyptiac, Iranian, Indian, Chinese, medieval and modern European, and fragments of Mayan and Peruvian cultures, hitherto studied apart, the subtle rhythms of their relations unsuspected.

What Mr. Somervell has done is to omit a great deal of the material upon which the inductions are based, while preserving the skeleton of the reasoning and its essential results. He modestly remarks that while

[1] *A Study of History*. By Arnold J. Toynbee. Abridgement of Volumes I–VI by D. C. Somervell. Geoffrey Cumberlege. Oxford University Press. 1946. 25s. net.

for " business purposes " his abridgement is perhaps an adequate substitute for the original work, it sacrifices much of the charm which lay in the leisured amplitude of its illustrations. " Only the big book, one feels, is aesthetically worthy of the bigness of its subject." This is fair and just self-criticism, but it does not in the least detract from the abridgement's very evident advantages. On the other hand, there is a slight danger that Dr. Toynbee's conclusions may be hastily judged on the evidence presented here in so curtailed a form ; and this would be a real injustice to an argument one of the striking merits of which is its lack of prejudice. Over and over again we find in reading the original six volumes that possible objections have been anticipated and allowed for, and that there is no tendency whatever to run away with the evidence. Specialists in the many different cultures here brought into a series of similar patterns will undoubtedly find scope for detailed criticism and correction. Indeed it is not difficult even for the non-specialist to point to instances where parallelism has been pressed too far and where wide analogies, interesting and suggestive in themselves, have been perhaps forced a little so as to give an illusory appearance of uniformity. Nevertheless it is beyond question that the work as a whole succeeds in triumphing over the temptation to discover mechanical " laws " in the historical process, which besets all such attempts at synthesis. The reason for this triumph is simply the fact that Dr. Toynbee, here clearly influenced by Bergson, is always conscious both of the reality of change and of mankind's originality in reacting to it.

This continuous emphasis on the creative capacities of the free human spirit, even in face of challenges which seem to force upon it an inexorable rhythm of success and failure, gives Dr. Toynbee's work a very special value at the present moment and makes one hope that Mr. Somervell's abridgement will serve as an introduction to it for a wide circle of readers in search of an antidote to the nihilism which threatens to become the newest intellectual fashion. Another feature admirably brought into clear focus in the abridgement is the impressive demonstration it affords of the saving historical role of the Christian religion and of the uniqueness of its Founder. It is all too common for the secular historian either to leave Christianity altogether out of account or to indulge in futile attempts to explain it away. Here we have history written on the most rigorously scientific principles in the working out of which the highest and most creative manifestation of spiritual freedom, elsewhere only mirrored " as in a glass, darkly," is discovered in the Incarnate God. Dr. Toynbee is not a Catholic, nor is his interpretation of history such as a Catholic could have produced ; but it has been fittingly described by a good judge, Mr. E. I. Watkin, as a prolegomenon to a Catholic interpretation. However criticism may cause it to be varied in one detail or another, this aspect of his work is certain to exercise an enormous influence on a generation

which has suffered greatly from the errors and the shortcomings of history as previously studied and taught.

Dr. Toynbee's opening paragraphs set the whole historical problem in a new light by asking the simple question : " what constitutes an intelligible field of historical study ? " Because " historians generally illustrate rather than correct the ideas of the communities within which they live and work " it is very unusual for them to ask this question at all. Normally they take the would-be self-sufficient national state as their unit, because it has filled the whole horizon during the last few generations. But obviously no single nation can show a history which is self-explanatory. English history, for example, is only intelligible by reference to a much larger unit, which is Western Christendom ; and by the same process of reasoning we can arrive at a whole series of such units, some still unmistakably living, others long since dead. These units are called " Societies," and four others are in existence today besides our own : the Orthodox Christian Society in South-Eastern Europe and Russia ; the Islamic Society in what has come to be known as the Middle East ; the Hindu Society in India ; and the Far Eastern Society in China and Japan. A sharp distinction must be drawn between two kinds of historical relations : those between communities within the same society and those of different societies with one another.

The modern nations which bulk so large in our eyes are none of them nearly so old as the Western Christian Society from which they are sprung. Going back further in time we find that this Western Christian Society is itself " affiliated " to a much older society : the Graeco-Roman or more properly the Hellenic, which reached its final phase in the Roman Empire. The Orthodox Christian Society has its origin in the same source. Similarly the three other existing societies are related by what is called " apparentation and affiliation " with older unities which have long since disappeared. This relationship is not a simple one ; analysis reveals that it presents a complex series of recurrent phases which are curiously analogous from one society to another. In every case the parent society has gone through a " time of troubles " (the phrase is borrowed from Russian history) ending in the establishment of a Universal State. The collapse of this Universal State is again followed by an interregnum, filled with the activities of two forces which have grown up within the dying society, in opposition to its dominant minority. These two forces are the Internal and External Proletariats ; the characteristic product of the first is a Universal Church, of the second a Barbarian Invasion or *Völkerwanderung* and a Heroic Age. Of these three elements into which the dying society breaks up, only the Universal Church is creative or capable of producing a new society : the other two are ephemeral products of decay. This analysis obviously works out most satisfactorily in the case of the Hellenic Society, to which our own is affiliated. Nothing in the book is more remark-

able, however, than the skill with which the same process is revealed in the decay of the other great societies of the past.

Of these now defunct societies thirteen are known to history. These are the Hellenic, the Syriac, the Indic, the Sinic, the Minoan, the Sumeric, the Hittite, the Babylonic, the Egyptiac, the Andean, the Mexic, the Yucatec, and the Mayan. Of the five still existing societies, enumerated already, one, the Islamic, unites in itself two older societies originally distinct: the Iranic and the Arabic. Thus there have been altogether nineteen societies, most of them related as parent or offspring to one or more of the others. By further subdividing the Orthodox Christian Society into Byzantine and Russian, and the Far Eastern into Chinese and Korean-Japanese, we arrive at a grand total of twenty-one. All these societies are marked off from another much more numerous species, the primitive societies, of which about six hundred and fifty have been computed. Their distinguishing mark, which constitutes their claim to be a separate species within the genus "society," is their possession of the quality known as *civilisation*. The idea of the unity of civilisation is rejected as a Western delusion which equates the history of the Hellenic and Western Societies with History itself. So, too, the well-known Diffusionist theory, which derives all civilisation from that of ancient Egypt, is unacceptable because it is based on material data and takes insufficient account of spiritual differences.

It should be again emphasised that there is nothing fixed or dogmatic about the enumeration of societies nor about the tracing of analogies in their respective phases of growth and decline. The method of the whole book is empirical, and at every stage a series of possible answers to the questions raised is examined. It is possible to make considerable reservations in one's acceptance of the author's conclusions without really weakening the value of his method. As examples of his allowance for wide variations in the pattern he has discovered, the cases of the Egyptiac and Islamic societies are instructive. In the former case we have to deal with a society which altogether survived about three times as long as our Western society has so far done: roughly from before 3000 till about 500 B.C. Its development was, however, quite unique: it had neither "parents" nor offspring; it reached maturity at a remarkably early stage; and after going through the regular phases of "Time of Troubles," Universal State, and barbarian invasions, it was curiously revived in a fossilized form which was sufficiently solid to last for another thousand years. Dr. Toynbee thinks that this peculiar fate was the result of an unprecedented union between the "Osirian" religion of the internal proletariat and the cult of Amon-Re which belonged to the dominant minority. At any rate it will be agreed that he has thrown new light on Egyptian history.

The case of Islam presents many closer analogies with that of our own Western society, but the differences are also very instructive. Modern

Islam is the product of a Universal Church which had its origin in a Universal State, the Abbasid Caliphate of Baghdad. Just as the Roman Empire produced Western and Orthodox Christendom, so the Caliphate produced two Islamic societies, the Iranian and the Arabic; but in course of time the Arabic Society, itself in a certain sense analogous to Orthodox Christendom, swallowed up the Iranian, which presented certain similarities with Western Society. The Abbasid Caliphate, again, was not the outcome of a "Time of Troubles" but the revival of a far older Universal State, the Achaemenian Empire, which had been violently interrupted by an intrusion from the Hellenic world in the shape of the invasion of Alexander the Great. The Achaemenian Empire, in its turn, was the Universal State of what Dr. Toynbee calls the Syriac Society. This he derives rather strangely, from the collapse of a still earlier "Minoan" Universal State. Here there is a good deal of room for discussion: the classification adopted, interesting and suggestive though it is, seems both to minimise the Babylonian elements in the culture of the Achaemenian Empire and to exaggerate the importance of Syria and of "Minoan" Crete.

Coming to the origins of civilisations from primitive societies, Dr. Toynbee provides a comparison which has become famous and which reminds us a little of one of Doré's illustrations of the *Inferno*. "Primitive societies . . . may be likened to people lying torpid upon a ledge on a mountain-side, with a precipice below and a precipice above; civilisations may be likened to companions of these sleepers who have just risen to their feet and have started to climb up the face of the cliff." The change from primitive societies to civilisations is a transition from static to dynamic; and the same formula holds good for the emergence of new from old civilised societies through the breakdowns of universal states. All societies are liable to lapse from dynamic to static, and in doing so to atrophy; and there have in fact been instructive instances—Polynesians, Eskimos, Nomads, Osmanlis and Spartans—where this degenerative process has led to an "arrest" of civilisation at one or other stage of its growth. In the language of the Chinese sages, the static phase is known as *Yin*, the dynamic as *Yang*; and these are two key-words in the Toynbeian system.

Rejecting the fashionable tendency to seek the causes for the rise and fall of civilisation in more or less mechanical agencies like race and environment, Dr. Toynbee finds the true explanation in a rhythm of challenge and response, which he sees reflected in many mythologies. "Creation is the outcome of an encounter, genesis a product of interaction." The challenge may be physical or spiritual; the response is always unpredictable, and hence there is no fatal movement in history. One of the most brilliant parts of the book, which thoroughly deserves study in its unabridged form, is its account of the genesis of the earliest known civilisations in the creative response of the primitive hunters of the

Afrasian grassland zone to the dessication which made the Arabian and Sahara deserts. Of the varying reactions to that catastrophic challenge, the most fruitful was that of the communities which changed both their habitat and their way of life, and from being hunters and food-gatherers over a wide area transformed themselves into cultivators in the jungle-swamps and valley-bottoms of the Nile, Tigris and Euphrates. In the case of " affiliated " societies, sprung from the decline of older civilisations, the challenge is more often spiritual, though here also environment has played a certain part. Only four civilisations—Hindu, Far Eastern, Orthodox Christian, and Islamic—do not seem to have been exposed at their origin to any obvious physical challenge.

After an interesting chapter which in the original work is headed by the words of a Greek proverb meaning " the beautiful is difficult " and in the abridgement by the phrase " The Virtues of Adversity," and which emphasises the necessity of some degree of challenge in order to provoke a successful response, Dr. Toynbee discusses in detail a series of challenges —from hard countries, from new ground, from blows, pressures, and penalisations—all of which have at various times been creatively met. But there must be measure in the degree of challenge, and another section of the book shows that the ordeal can be too severe and that in certain cases, after promising beginnings, civilisations can collapse while still in the stage of vigorous growth. One very striking example of such " abortive " civilisations he finds in our own island. Early Christian Ireland, he thinks, bade fair to become the centre of a new " Far Western " civilisation. From about the middle of the sixth century to the end of the seventh, it remained doubtful " whether the future civilisation of Western Europe should derive from an Irish or from a Roman embryo ". The issue was in part decided by the Synod of Whitby (664 A.D.) which gave the leadership of the English Church to Canterbury as against Iona, and in part by the battle of Tours (732 A.D.) which prevented the Arabs of Spain from driving a wedge between Rome and northern Europe. Had that battle been won by Abd-er-Rahman instead of by Charles Martel, the distant result would not have been, as Gibbon imagined, a muezzin calling to prayer from the minarets of a Muslim Oxford, but an Oxford organised by Irish monks like Clonmacnoise or Clonard. On the other hand, the later forcible conversion of the Saxons by Charlemagne provoked a Scandinavian reaction which came near to establishing a pagan Scandinavian civilisation of great brilliance, but failed before the impact of Christianity.

" The real optimum challenge . . . not only stimulates the challenged party to achieve a single successful response, but also stimulates him to acquire momentum which carries him a step farther : from achievement to a fresh struggle, from the solution of one problem to the presentation of another, from Yin to Yang again." Growth is conditioned by an *élan*

vital, in Bergson's famous phrase, which carries the civilisation from equilibrium to overbalance and thus again to a fresh challenge in "a progression which is potentially infinite". Neither geographical expansion nor the development of technique, however, furnishes a true test of growth. The real criterion is a process of "etherialisation," a transfer of the field of action from the macrocosm to the microcosm, from the external environment to souls of individuals. In this transfer too lies the greatest danger, and many instances are given to show that it is exactly on a spiritual challenge that civilisations most frequently break down. Growth in fact means progress towards self-determination. Societies are not mechanisms or even organisms; they are systems of relations between individuals, and individuals are the source of all social action. At this point we meet one of Dr. Toynbee's rare but crucial quotations from Bergson. "It is useless to maintain that social progress takes place of itself, bit by bit, in virtue of the spiritual condition of the society at a certain period of its history. It is really a leap forward which is only taken when the society has made up its mind to try an experiment; this means that the society must have allowed itself to be convinced, or at any rate allowed itself to be shaken; and the shake is always given by *somebody*."[1] Almost the only doctrine held in common by Dr. Toynbee and Spengler is the doctrine of the "ruling minority". The impulse, or the shake, is given by creative personalities, whose activity most frequently takes the form of a withdrawal followed by a return; and it is noted that this is exactly the activity recommended by Plato for his would-be philosopher-kings.

The section dealing with creative personalities and creative minorities is once more a peak point in Dr. Toynbee's treatment of his theme, and should be read in its unabridged form. With it he reaches the end of his third volume and of his exposition of the growths of civilisations. Passing to the study of how they break down, he begins with the crucial observation that of the twenty-six civilisations so far known, including the five labelled as "arrested," no less than sixteen are now dead and buried. Of the ten survivors, two, the Polynesian and the Nomad, are in their last agonies; seven out of the remaining eight are under threat of annihilation or assimilation by the eighth, namely our own civilisation of the West; and six of these seven (the exception being the "arrested" Eskimo civilisation) show signs of having already gone past the stage of breakdown into that of final disintegration. Our Western Society itself is obviously also past its peak. If it has not yet reached the stage of a universal state, we can hardly fail to recognise that it is well advanced in the "time of troubles" which in the history of other civilisations has regularly preceded that phenomenon. Indeed, even since the appearance of this abridgement, it has become ever more probable in the view of good judges that we are just now witnessing the preliminary stages of a gigantic struggle which will

[1] From *Les Deux Sources de la Morale et de la Religion*, quoted by Toynbee, p. 212.

decide whether the creators of our Western Universal State will be Russian or American. Dr. Toynbee has apparently left to the forthcoming volumes of his *Study of History* a full discussion of the significance to be attached to the hitherto altogether unparalleled achievement of Western Society: for the present is the first time in the history of the world when one civilisation has succeeded to such an overwhelming degree in swallowing or supplanting all others. This fact, and the light it sheds on the exact meaning of the present world-crisis, between them give Dr. Toynbee's work the greatest possible actuality.

Just as in an earlier section he rejects deterministic explanations of growth, so at this point he devotes a long section to similar explanations of breakdown, only to reject them decisively. Growth is due to the work of creative personalities and creative minorities, who draw whole societies after them by a process of *mimesis* or willing imitation. "The leader's task is to make his fellows his followers"; but—and here comes the central point in this whole study of failure—it is often very easy to pass over from the magic compulsion exercised by the lyre of Orpheus to the harsh rigour of the drill sergeant's command. *Mimesis* has of its very nature something mechanical about it, and thus is very apt to become a denial of that self-determination which is the true test of growth. Once "the cake of custom," in which primitive societies are held together, has been broken by the creative personality, the society, henceforth in process of growth, is compelled to live dangerously. Growth, as we have seen, is the response to a challenge; success in the response is followed sooner or later by a second challenge, and there then arises the temptation to meet the second with methods already triumphant over the first. It is at this point that the hitherto creative leadership is likely to abandon inspiration for compulsion. Then takes place the movement which is the first symptom of breakdown. It is a secession of the led from the leaders, a schism in the body of society which is soon accompanied by something even more serious: a schism in the soul and a failure of self-determination.

The whole fourth volume of the original work is occupied with a fascinating series of examples of how this disaster has occurred in the history of various societies, including our own. In truly Greek fashion, Dr. Toynbee explains the process of breakdown as equivalent to the famous tragic process: from satiety through arrogance to final doom. Breakdown, however, is not the end, and may be at any moment averted or transformed into a new growth by a fresh creative act. Normally, it is followed by disintegration, but there have been important instances, chief among them those of Egypt and China, where its consequence was arrest and petrifaction. Disintegration begins with the schism within a given society between leaders and led. This schism soon hardens into a division between three warring sections which we have met already: dominant minority, internal proletariat, external proletariat. We can best understand the

nature of this division in the case of the Roman Empire, where the dominant minority is of course the ruling Roman element, the internal proletariat the depressed classes, often slaves of oriental origin, among whom Christianity was to find its first adherents, and the external proletariat the barbarians just over the frontier, whose own primitive culture was broken down by the " radiation " of the Hellenic. The dominant minority becomes the agent in the forcible creation of a universal state ; but this, though it appears to arrest the decay, is only one of its stages. The schism goes on till ultimately the universal state breaks down in an interregnum (caused by the irruptions of the external proletariat) from which in course of time a new society emerges.

The exceptional cases of Egypt and China—which are of course two of the greatest of Dr. Toynbee's twenty-six civilised societies—are highly instructive as showing both how flexible is his theory and with what skill he adapts it to wide variations in the facts. In both Egypt and China, he holds, breakdown occurred at a relatively early period—after the era of the Pyramid Builders in the first and after the break-up of the T'ang Empire in the second. In each case a " Time of Troubles " was followed by a Universal State : the " Middle Kingdom " of Twelfth Dynasty Egypt and the barbarian Empire of the Mongols. Instead of the normal process of interregnum and collapse, both Egypt and China underwent a remarkable recovery as a result of the Theban revolt of Amosis against the Hyksos and the Southern Chinese revolt of Hung Wu against the Mongols. Both revolts resulted in the re-establishment of the Universal State in the shape of the Eighteenth Dynasty Kingdom of Egypt and the Ming Empire in China. The societies thus restored, however, in spite of the brilliance of this *tour de force* and the strength of the impetus it gave them, were doomed to a strange petrifaction, of which, indeed, they furnish the two most remarkable, and most remarkably similar, examples. From these and other cases of " fossilization " it may be concluded that the society which has reached the stage of breakdown has before it two alternatives : it may collapse into complete disintegration or it may freeze into almost permanent immobility. Dr. Toynbee shows how near even the Hellenic Society came to adopting the latter alternative. There was quite a touch of fossilization also about the revived Roman Empire of the East ; and the question still remains open as to what shall be the fate of our Western Society.

Breakdown, as we have seen, is the failure to respond to a challenge. When this occurs, instead of a series of new challenges, a society may be presented with the same challenge repeated again and again. " The unanswered challenge can never be disposed of and is bound to present itself again and again until it either receives some tardy and imperfect answer or else brings about the destruction of the society." In this crisis of civilisation, four " experimental ways of life " are distinguished and analysed

as attempts to find a practicable alternative to the ease and spontaneity which are characteristic of growth. These are named archaism, futurism, detachment and transfiguration. Each has its typical representative appearing as a saviour : the militant conservative, the militant revolutionary, the philosopher preaching withdrawal from the world like Zeno, Buddha, or Plato's philosopher-king, and finally the God incarnate in a man, who really has it in his power to redeem the world, not by force or by mere renunciation, but by love. Dr. Toynbee, in a striking chapter devoted to this Saviour—who of course is Jesus of Nazareth—sees a certain analogy to His unique figure in the saviour-gods of other societies : Tammuz, Attis, Zagreus, Adonis, Balder, and the Muslim Husayn. " To pass in review a procession of saviour-gods . . . might seem an unprecedentedly presumptuous application of our habitual method of empirical study. That, however, will not prove to be our difficulty in practice, for we shall find that all but one of the figures in our procession, whatever their claims to godhead, can make only the most dubious claims to manhood." Of all these would-be saviours, in fact—archaists, futurists, philosophers and gods—only one is a genuine Saviour. " As we stand and gaze on the further shore, a single figure rises from the flood, and straightway fills the whole horizon. There is the Saviour ; ' and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hand : he shall see the travail of his soul and shall be satisfied '."

In discussing the rhythm of disintegration towards the end of his sixth volume, Dr. Toynbee shows reason for thinking that it follows a pattern which may be represented as three and a half beats : rout-rally, rout-rally, rout. The first rout is the " Time of Troubles " following the original breakdown ; the first rally, the establishment of a Universal State. The final rout is the " interregnum " following on the break-up of the Universal State ; and during the duration of the latter, there is usually one rout and one rally like the anarchy after the death of Marcus Aurelius and the recovery under Diocletian. Applying this calculus to our own society, it is clear that it has experienced already the first phase of the process of breakdown. Indeed, if we count the comparatively tranquil eighteenth century as a rally and the Revolutionary wars as a second rout, we have now gone through yet another rally and a still more grievous rout. Yet we have not so far reached the decisive stage of a Universal State, though Napoleonic France and Imperial and Nazi Germany have made three several attempts at its establishment. There is still open to us the alternative between such a catastrophe and some form of world-order or concord, perhaps a Christian transfiguration of the *Homonoia* preached in vain by certain thinkers during the Hellenic " Time of Troubles ". Thus at the end of his long inquiry, Dr. Toynbee brings his well-tried instrument of historical synthesis to focus upon the prospects of his own distracted world.

MICHAEL TIERNEY

FREDERICK FABER

BORN 1814 . CONVERTED 1845 . ORDAINED 1847 . DIED 1863

BY ELIZABETH BELLOC

"POOR Father Fable" his people at Cotton in Staffordshire called Frederick Faber. "What will we do without poor Father Fable?" they said of the apostle who had come into their midst and had converted the entire village to the Catholic religion. "We have converted the pew-opener" wrote Brother Anthony Hutchinson—"leaving the parson only his clerk and two drunken men as his regular communicants." No great wonder, perhaps, that the angry parson rode into the grounds of Cotton on his pony and told Faber that his conduct was not that of "a Christian, a gentleman, or an honest man". Fortunately Faber was all three, and he stood his ground without quailing. Indeed, nothing could make Faber quail. "I am said to have *strangled* one of my monks" he writes at this time. "Mrs. R. came to St. Wilfred's to 'see the man' and, glaring at me in silence like a tigress, she told Lady Shrewsbury and Lady Arundel that I was quite capable of all that she had heard . . . . I am called 'an ambitious villain and a hellish ruler'; and 'the finger of scorn is pointed at me wherever I go' . . . . God be praised; this looks like work and vocation and a seal of heavenly love."

The noble scale of "Father Fable's" efforts were worthy of a fable or a fairy story. Born in 1814 of religious stock, in his grandfather's vicarage of Calverly in Yorkshire, he came of mingled Huguenot and Yorkshire descent, the name Faber being an anglicised version of Fabre, a name of possibly Provençal origin—suggesting imagination and romance and the great religious energy of the French. He was the youngest of seven children, but the deaths of two preceding children left him more in the position of an only child, and he was a great favourite with his mother. At the age of eight he was sent to school at Kirby Stephen in Westmorland. The beauty of the mountain country took hold of the child's soul and roused in him a passionate love of Nature, that sweet and powerful attraction which proclaims the poet and especially the poet of that date. It was a love which was to burn in his soul for the long free years of boyhood and youth, a co-equal flame with his Christian love of God. But it was a love which laboured under a sweet doom, for it was to be the stuff of sacrifice; and from his love for the high hills and the rushing torrents, for the drifting mists and the hovering eagles he was to bring the sweet gums and scented woods of his greatest burnt-offering. The pantheist in him was sacrificed to the Christian, and the poet gave way before the priest.

There have been sinners who became saints, and the material of their sacrifice were passions and vices; but Faber was a poet who became a saint, and the stuff of his sacrifice was purity itself, and liberty, and the vision of infinite loveliness which haunts the horizons of the natural world; beauty was sacrificed to Beauty, and love to Love. And surely it was a fitting offering. Like the smoke of the aromatic brushwood fires on the foothills of the Andes the sense of his sacrifice blows down to us upon the mountain wind. Costly beyond words and lovely was the loveliness which he rendered back to the Giver of all beauty; and all his life he was to be like "fire, and frankincense burning in the fire".

From the school in the Lake Country, where the children seemed to have enjoyed a real privilege of liberty to wander and climb and dream as much as they liked, Faber went to Shrewsbury and, for a short time, to Harrow. His mother died when he was fourteen, and his father not long after—an early introduction to deep grief, balancing the profound joy he had found in Nature. He came up to Oxford strangely matured at the age of nineteen: as if Destiny knew that there was no time to waste; that his hair would be grey before the middle thirties; and that his headlong, ardent, crowded career would end before he was fifty years old.

When he matriculated at Balliol in 1833 no undergraduate could have been less frivolous. Religion was already the breath of his nostrils and the deep life of his soul. He read, talked and prayed with his many friends, persuading them to Christianity with a naiveté and a moral courage which now seems rather a waste, because from all contemporary accounts they were very excellent Christians already. All the early efforts and struggles of Faber have a touch of pathos because, until he became a Catholic, he could not find himself, and the power in him seems wasted, like the power of the mountain torrents which he loved so well.

"You say, you do not care" he writes to Roundell Palmer. "You do not care (what an expression!) if I only stick to Pusey. I know you did not write those words with thoughtful earnestness." But the unfortunate Roundell Palmer, with his coarse expressions, probably cared very much indeed, because in those days people in general and Oxford in particular cared intensely about religion. Pusey was the loved and revered leader of the Tractarians and a powerful guide to innumerable souls. Keble had retired, but his famous hymns kept him in the public mind. And Faber, with the rest of the world, would listen, profoundly moved, to the great sermons that Dr. Newman preached week by week in the university church of St. Mary's.

Unlike our own more terrifying date, when the circle of brilliant light from the Catholic Church is fenced about immediately with the black shadows of hell as in some Doré fantasy, in Faber's day there was a debatable land between the light and the shadows—a land like the woodland in a William Morris tapestry, a place of trees and flowers and mystery,

where it was pleasant to wander, where one might, or might not, find the Holy Grail. Many were the loiterers in this poetic woodland of the English Church, but Faber was by nature no loiterer, and throughout these years he never appears to be at ease. His much-expressed intellectual doubts have little meaning; but his headlong heart was already set upon a faith he had not yet found, and the unused energies turned back upon him and troubled the waters of his soul.

A description of Faber at this date speaks of his having considerable presence and a strong personality, winning and charming in the extreme. He was talkative, persuasive, loving. He was like one of Swedenborg's angels who love everyone and everything they see. He began to love Oxford passionately and to tell his love in verse. There was a streak of arrogance in him somewhere, even vanity, he found it so easy to charm and to please. Later on, Aubrey de Vere was to speak of Faber's masculine character and marked virility of soul; and vanity, alas, is a masculine failing. He was later to struggle with this fault and to eradicate its traces in his character. But his arrogance, a more powerful and dangerous trait, was forced down into the very foundations of his soul and became, as it has become for many, the corner-stone of high sanctity. It is only when pride itself is humble that the walls of Jerusalem can be built up. The whole character of Faber turned Godward, and arrogance itself learnt to bow its head and pray.

One, and one only, of his innumerable friends speaks of his strong sense of the ludicrous. As this sense appears very little, if at all, in his speech and writings, it probably went the way of so much with him—the way of sacrifice—and a Dickensian sense of the ridiculous was sacrificed to the noble manners of the time. He wanted his easily-stirred affections to draw souls to God. " Some virtue " he writes " surely ought to go forth from the servants of a Master, the very fringes of Whose garments were filled with miraculous health."

But, from a physical point of view, this miraculous health was for others and not for him. He had no physical constitution. He writes significantly when reading for Schools : " I had no idea till I commenced reading in earnest how extremely weak my constitution was and how completely the struggles I had for life in early boyhood had shattered me." He failed for a First in Schools and failed for a Fellowship at Balliol, but was later elected a Fellow of University College and won a Divinity scholarship, Newman being one of his examiners. This opened the way to his taking Orders, and he went as Curate to Ambleside in his loved Lake Country, where be became the close friend of Wordsworth.

All his life Faber had the gift of attracting distinguished friends to himself, but Wordsworth was the star friendship of his life. Wordsworth was then sixty-eight and at the height of his fame, and many were the long walks and longer talks that the old man and the young man enjoyed

together. The link between them was the profound love of Nature which they shared, for theologically they were poles apart. " We have had a visitor at Rydal " writes Crabb Robinson. " One Faber, a sad fanatic." But the kind old Wordsworth was less Crabbed, welcoming the ardent young theologian to spirited discussion. " Wordsworth strongly denied Transubstantiation " says Robinson, " and declared in strong terms his disbelief in eternal punishment." Faber probably put a heavenly touch to his defence of hell ; for the old poet, living on in the afterglow of the ardent pantheism of his youth, became deeply attached to Faber, and when Destiny had separated them they always remembered each other with love.

Wordsworth, perhaps imputing himself as all human beings do, over-estimated Faber's gift for poetry. " À Propos of Mr. Faber " writes Aubrey de Vere " Wordsworth said that a poet should not be a clergyman and that poetry demanded the whole man." But Faber's promptings of the heart towards the practical service of God were leading him to a far greater self-realization than Wordsworth's belief in him could ever create. Faber wrote verse with enthusiasm, but he was not a great poet and never could have been one. It was about this time he published his first book of verse *The Cherwell Water Lily*. He said of it : " It is juvenile exceedingly —but it will float." It floated ; and still floats in many a quiet backwater, but only by virtue of Faber's greatness of heart and reputation : not by any intrinsic greatness, because there is none.

Wordsworth spoke a profound truth when he said that poetry takes the whole man. But Faber, amid the mists and clouds of those rainy summers on Helvellyn, was taking the only true path that was possible to his soul ; as he left Nature for God, so he was leaving poetry for saint-hood, because by some divine prompting, from within or without Heaven knows, he knew or Heaven knew that he would eventually be truer saint than he would ever be great poet.

In 1841 he became tutor to the son of Mr. Matthew Harrison of Ambleside and travelled abroad with him for seven months, visiting Italy, Greece and Constantinople. They returned through Bulgaria and Hungary to Vienna, and on by Bavaria and Saxony, back to England. This journey in those pre-railway days was no mean feat. Faber kept a journal of the tour, describing the scenery in a curiously surface manner, as if the great forces of Nature had not really sunk into his soul. Seas, rivers, mountains and forests—all are appreciated and described, and along with the vivid descriptions there appears a great knowledge of European history. But " where thy Treasure is, there thy heart is " : and when the journal was published in book form and dedicated to Wordsworth, there appeared in it a passionate religious and ecclesiastical interest, and this time with an unexpectedly Catholic bias.

It was evidently to some fierce inner purpose that, a few years before,

Faber had deliberately destroyed his four-volume edition of Shelley's poetry. He loved Nature, but he saw the snare in her; he loved poetry, but he loved religion better.

In the autumn of 1842 Faber's college offered him the Rectory of Elton in Huntingdonshire. After a struggle with himself, he accepted it for purely spiritual reasons, still following heroically his own true star. As he put it: " .... my chief rock of offence is the subduing of the poet to the priest, and I have felt strongly this Advent that I sinfully permitted the man of letters to overlay the priest. The necessity of parish duty comes like a divine interference with my wilfulness." But it was a bitter hardship to give up his scholar's life at Oxford, with its exquisite alternative among the mountains around Ambleside. " My books are gone, and now my mountains go." Was it not written that faith could move mountains? Certainly Faber's great gift of Christian faith moved the mountains out of the way of his soul, and his path was made the straighter for it. Faith and love could sacrifice the seen beauty to the Unseen beauty, more desired. He told Wordsworth of his heroic intention and Wordsworth answered: " I do not say that you are wrong; but England loses a poet ".

But in that all-important moment when Faber decided to sacrifice his uppermost desires and to take Elton, England gained incomparably more than she lost.

Faber went down into the enchanted water-meadows that surround Oxford to say his last farewell. In the wind-swept rain-beaten fields, under the driving clouds of late autumn, he picked a branch of willow, symbol of widowhood, with the blackened and yellow leaves still clinging to it, and carried it away with him for a remembrance of the faëry city of which he was widowed for ever. In that supreme moment he must have earned the powerful graces which were to descend upon his soul in unending sequence in the years to come.

There was a blythe unselfconscious courage in Faber's character which, with his kindness, is his chief attraction. Hardly had he accepted Elton before he determined to go to Rome to study Roman methods of worship and parochial care of souls. Surely this was a delightfully strange action for a Protestant clergyman, however " High Church "? But to Rome Faber went, to visit all the churches, to be presented to the Pope, to see the Chiesa Nuova and to learn all about St. Philip Neri. He came back to Elton and turned Elton upside down. The parish had had an evil name, but after a few months a considerable change came over it. Faber's preaching had become very popular, and the Rectory grounds were thrown open to the parish every Sunday afternoon for games of cricket and football. Groups of young men began to attach themselves to Faber, receiving the " sacraments " of confession and communion from him. He formed a sort of community among them, and they used to meet at the Rectory at midnight (of all cheerful and convenient hours) to pray and recite the

Psalms. This not only annoyed the Methodists, but annoyed the evil spirits as well, for strange and terrible noises used to be heard in the Rectory at night outside the oratory door. The little community would take lights and search the dark corridors in vain for any natural explanation—the doors all locked, the Methodists safe in their beds a mile or more away—but the disturbances would begin again the moment prayer was resumed.

This sinister tale recalls the experience which Newman and his companions had while resting in quarantine during a foreign tour before his conversion—noises and disturbances which all heard, but for which there could be found no natural explanation whatsoever. The supernatural or preternatural explanation may be found in the work of the Abbé Sandreau, a modern demonologist, who tells us that the evil spirits are very well aware of any spiritual movement which takes place in the human world. As the soul leaves the ordinary fleshly level and rises by discipline and prayer to a supernatural level, it is then, ironically enough, that the wicked spirits begin to realise its existence. When the soul is on the lower level, it is comparatively safe from any manifestation. The Curé of Ars carried high spirituality so far that his life for years was one long case of "infestation" as it is called. As the demons have a certain limited knowledge of the future, the arrival on the supernatural plane of a great and noble soul would certainly be likely to cause "big trouble" among them.

All the while that Faber was labouring at Elton, divided within himself and waiting for a sign, Newman was living in retirement at Littlemore gathering the grace for the great step of conversion, which he finally took in October 1845. Faber, whose heart had long since decided its choice, needed only this event to settle his intellect and determine his will. He followed Newman just a month later, announcing from his Elton pulpit one Sunday evening that he could no longer stay in the English Communion, but must go where Truth was to be found. He threw his surplice to the ground and made for the vestry, where the leaders of his congregation followed him.

The simple people of Elton did not mind very much who joined which religion as long as their adored Faber stayed with them. When they at last understood that he really did mean to leave them on the morrow, they very sensibly tried to come too. And quite a few succeeded. When Faber left Elton in that raw dark early morning of November, no less than eleven of his parishioners and friends left with him, riding fore and aft on a four-wheeler—and one can only hope there were two horses to the undertaking. They were received into the Catholic Church that evening at Northampton by Bishop Wareing. Faber, worn out by deep feeling and prostrated by illness, wrote with his own hand at the end of a dictated letter the words: "Peace. Peace. Peace."

After Faber's conversion there is a hiatus of sheer exhaustion. For a short time he seems to disappear altogether. The enchanted town of Oxford, the cloud-wrapped mountains of Westmorland, the rustic haven of Elton—all his natural haunts have vanished from the story, and he seems to have vanished with them. After a long breathing-space, a silence, he re-appears in Birmingham.

It was the grace of God which brought Faber into the Catholic Church but grace works through nature, and here the visible natural influence was Newman. When Newman with his aloof intellectual nature, as of an angel, made his great decision, it was like the decision of Michael the Archangel when there was war in heaven, and because of that decision a million flashing spirits ranged themselves on the side of God.

Having followed Newman spiritually, Faber followed him geographically. So many converts, homeless and penniless after giving up all for the Truth, gravitated into the singularly hideous city of Birmingham. Newman was there ; so they must go there too. Having, as it were, achieved salvation, they next found themselves beginning their Purgatory in earnest.

Newman was settled with his disciples in the Birmingham suburb of Oscott where the generous kindly Wiseman was coadjutor to Bishop Walsh. A young man, not yet a Catholic, called Anthony Hutchinson, came one day, hesitatingly enough, to call on Mr. Moore, a convert clergyman who had become a priest and was in charge of St. Chad's House in the congested centre of Birmingham. In the dark bitter cold winter's day Hutchinson was led through the comfortless house to an upper room like a library where a shabby man, with grey hair and deeply lined face, was kneeling in front of the fire trying to get it to burn up. His clothes were so ill-assorted and his expression so worn and hungry that Hutchinson thought he must be " some poor fellow whom they kept there out of charity ". But a little later, on being introduced, he realized that here was the celebrated Mr. Faber, symbolically upon his knees before the dying fire of English Catholicism. Their friendship mounted with the mounting flames, and for the rest of their lives they were hardly ever separated.

Faber, taking Anthony Hutchinson and his Elton converts with him, rented a wretched little house in Caroline Street, in Birmingham, where with the fervour of the newly-converted they endured the stifling airlessness of the exceptionally hot summer of 1846. They had one long table and a chair each, but no bedsteads—Faber's mattress being on the floor with the rest. They actually had no chapel, most significant deprivation—only an empty room without an altar, with a crucifix upon the bare wall. They possessed one cup each, and some spoons were given them, ironically stamped with a Temperance pledge. Perhaps the donor felt that there was something intemperate about Faber, and so indeed there was. Some immortal spark of the Spirit had been kindled in him, and the great fires were to blaze in his soul to the end.

About this time he wrote to a friend : " The blue skies and the river-side, the grey gables, and the idolatry of Elton are far other than the smoke and the dense streets and the denser mass of unbelief and utterly abandoned souls here . . ." Then, touching with characteristic charity on the attractive manners of Nineteenth Century Industrialism, he writes of " the hooting and pelting of Birmingham " and of " the boys cutting jokes on his habit "—and later, half-hopefully : " I am going next week to the Potteries where I may have a chance of martyrdom." But he says : " It is all to my mind now—and you will find me a being not a whit less gay than the Frederick Faber of the Lakes, and a great deal more boyish for all that his dear angry friends have persecuted him into grey hairs."

To another friend he wrote of that loveliness of Nature which he had sacrificed ; " When you ' babble o' green fields ' and of ' St. Catherine's by the silver lake ', the thought of the *awful* gulf that is now betwixt me and flesh and blood, and places I idolized before, sends a cold chill over me." It sends a cold chill over the reader too, the phrases are so solemn, with the true use of a word since killed by twentieth-century slang. The whole passage, in its spontaneous sincerity, recalls Tyrrell's sad statement that " we must practise dying ". But there was a moonrise in the dark night of his sacrifice ; and his love for Our Lady grew and strengthened as he made his way on through strange and lonely valleys of the spirit. " My heart burns with the most enthusiastic love of Her " he writes. " The glorious, gentle, mighty, enthroned Deipara."

After another visit to Italy, partly devotional and partly to raise funds, Faber took a large house in Colmore Terrace, in an even more distressful quarter of Birmingham ; but a rescuer appeared in the generous guise of Lord Shrewsbury, who offered them Cotton Hall, situated far away in the Staffordshire countryside, a beautiful house in a hilly wooded estate, near Cheadle. Brother Wilfred, as Faber now called himself, was not as enthusiastic about the offer as Lord Shrewsbury had expected. His one passion, his one hope, was to do the Will of God, and he half feared that to go back to the glory of Nature would be a backsliding. He writes about this to a friend in a beautiful passage which is like Ezekiel's vision of Wheels in the Old Testament : " . . . . one can almost fancy one hears the huge will of the Supremely Blessed making melody as it moves along and wheels around us, and sparkles in its rapidity, giving light for a moment to its own beautiful movements, and then leaving us on our knees in the darkness, with the music of the same perpetual Will all around. But after all, the hot choking alleys of Birmingham, with the weary sacrifice of limb and spirits to our neighbour, are sweeter with that music of THE WILL in them than the solemn woods and sighing yews of Cotton, if it be not the music of THE WILL but the poetry of self which should stir the spirit there."

Faber had an acute sense of the Will of God, of its power and exactitude, which he had brought over with him from his wandering days and nights

in the mountains, when he had contemplated Nature for so long. Because a pure soul who watches Nature, and loves her, becomes aware of a Force by which all the phenomena of stars and trees, of wind and waters, are sustained and are rendered delicately and exactly obedient to some mysterious Law. Dante speaks of this law in his famous concluding line : " The love which moves every star." Faber, turning away from the perfection of Nature, was beginning to apply this Law, this Love, to the fallen spirit of man.

But for all his hesitation, the acceptation of Cotton was inevitable, and soon the dark yew trees there were sighing for God, as did all creatures that found themselves near Faber. There he took his growing community, built a church, enlarged the house, attracted novices, and converted the entire village to the Catholic religion. With supreme success in so short a time he tended the woods, laid out the gardens, turned the streams, and re-planted the shrubs and flowers. Faber knew a great deal about forestry and was a brilliant landscape gardener. The solemn woods of Cotton were re-made, and within the enclosing circle of the estate Nature herself was filled with the Holy Spirit of God.

It was during those two years of blessing that Faber received the priesthood from Wiseman at Oscott in 1847. Newman's heart was now set on founding the Oratory of St. Philip Neri in England, and Faber offered himself to the new project, knowing St. Philip's rule that the Oratory must always work in a big town. It was to great purpose that St. Philip had lived all his life in Rome, " Caput mundi," and had become its patron saint. Also, wishing to preserve individual character, the rule provided that each foundation of the Oratory was to be entirely independent of any other. Newman made the necessary decision, taking his group to Alcester Street in Birmingham and sending Faber with his followers to found the London Oratory.

Faber found the new sacrifice of Cotton strangely difficult. One would think he would have grown used to sacrifice—but he writes : " In my first spoliation I kept my books and my Elton children ; now I lose these two—Deo Gratias et Beato Philippo. . . . . But you know what a desperate fellow I am for local affections ; and Cotton represents eighteen months of arduous and interesting struggle, besides its own excessive natural beauty—God does not often give a man two opportunities of Holocaust."

Mr. Lewis, a great friend of the Community and former curate to Newman at St. Mary's, found, with the help of Lord Arundel, two houses in King William Street near the Strand. From the description of the place it would be difficult indeed to find anything more unspeakably unattractive than these two narrow gaunt houses in a near-slum district of damp, dark, greasy, fog-bound, fog-choked Victorian London. Behind the two houses was a large empty hall which had been a sale-room for Kinahan's Whisky. To these encouraging premises came Faber with

Anthony Hutchinson on April 17th 1849, about the time when the trees of forsaken Cotton were breaking into their Spring loveliness. They approved of the grim place rapturously—could not all things be made beautiful for God? Before long Faber was speaking of it as " the happiest place out of heaven ". The six other Fathers arrived, Faber and all of them in their " Philippine habits with turn-down collars like so many good boys brought in after dinner ". Small matter that there was next to no furniture again and almost no crockery. A temporary chapel was set up in the hall, and Faber said the first Mass there on April 29th. Mr. Lewis and Lord Arundel heard Mass and stayed to breakfast afterwards, at which the lack of cups and plates caused much amusement and laughter.

" Unless the grain of wheat falling into the ground die, itself remaineth alone. But if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." From now on Faber's work rather than Faber himself becomes the focus. His first struggles, journeys, sacrifices and adventures were over. From the first foundation of the London Oratory he had found his true work, and his abundant and eager energies were poured into it in a steady stream. The great project grew and flourished year after year " bringing forth much fruit".

In King William Street there were four successful years. The Fathers were all converts, and were not given to the extreme prudence and reserve in worship which had become a necessity to the old Catholics, whose tradition took them back to penal times. While still in the Anglican communion the Oratory Fathers had naturally been in the habit of practising their religion openly and ardently, and they now carried this habit into the Catholic worship. Its need for such stimulus was pitiful. If we could go back to the foggy gas-lit London of 1854, we would, as Catholics, realise what an incalculable debt all twentieth-century English Catholics owe to Newman and Faber alone. Then, when there was not indifference to the Catholic religion, there was hatred : cold hatred of a very formidable kind. There were few Catholic churches in London. There was one statue of Our Lady in London, in St. Mary's, Chelsea. There were in circulation two prayer books, the *Garden of the Soul* and the *Golden Manual*, with translated prayers from Italy and the Low Countries. In the *Golden Manual* were three hymns which were never sung. Weekday services were almost unknown. And so powerful was the great nineteenth-century fabric of aristocracy that any convert of note usually had to make tracks to Arundel as soon as possible because some social patronage and protection were a necessity amid the cold and violent prejudice which met the convert at every turn.

But soon after April 1854 people of note and of no note were alike making tracks for a hall in King William Street near the Strand. For thereabouts had begun to glow a light so tender and powerful, so warm and fragrant, that the souls of men were drawn towards it like moths and birds out of the surrounding dark. Into his church, following the plan of St. Philip,

Faber introduced profoundly devotional services all the week. There was Benediction, there were the Stations of the Cross, there was the Confraternity of the Precious Blood, there was the Rosary of the Seven Dolours.

He set himself to improve on the three unsung hymns, and finished his series of famous hymns which were to become popular in all Christian sects and were to be sung all over the English-speaking world. His sense of universal religious love was so strong that it swept away the sense of doctrinal differences among love-hungry souls, and his hymns were indeed heard among the " pilgrims of the night ". The very fact that he was not a poet of the first rank was of help, because a popular hymn need not be a good poem, and the passionately sincere religious content of Faber's hymns cancels the importance of the poetry. None of his hymns are good poetry, in spite of the high poetic feeling in them and the fine poetic phrases which occur here and there. It is the religious love in them which rings so true and which assured them their fantastically wide success.

Beside the echo of religious singing in the King William Street Oratory there was also the echo of intellectual preaching. Newman preached there sometimes to large and distinguished congregations, among whom, on one occasion, were Thackeray and Charlotte Bronte—Charlotte having presumably overcome her dislike for " that great Turk " Thackeray sufficiently to accompany him to church. Altogether it was a considerable change from the days of Kinahan's whisky. Faber, stirred by the success of the Ragged Schools, founded a school for Catholic poor children, which before long found itself busy with eleven hundred boys and girls. This prodigious effort cost the health and eventually the life of Faber's devoted disciple and friend, Father Anthony Hutchinson. Before long there was no room for the growing work in King William Street, and at last the street of that most Protestant Majesty was deserted, in 1854, for a big new house out at Brompton, then a pleasant semi-suburb, and a spacious church was built alongside, to become the scene of the Oratorian labours for the next twenty-odd years. Faber did not live to see the present Oratory Church, which was opened in 1884, but into which he seems to have breathed his soul. In its great spaces and golden glooms, its turquoise heights and shadowy recesses, in its faint aromatic scent, it is not altogether fanciful to catch the wistful spirit of the man who had yearned after the open spaces of the hills and who had loved the mountains and the forests so well, but who loved better the racked and wounded Heart of Him Who had made the created world so fair.

" I will follow thee to prison and to death " said Simon Peter. And to prison and to death came Faber, following his Lord. " I have been over a twelve-month a prisoner in the great capital " he writes from London ; and again of " . . . . the occupations of Lent in this great heathen city." He felt the terrible suffocating City hemming him in. And as his colossal

overwork and wrecked health crushed him in his closing years, he writes : " I wish there was some mountain pass by which I could get out of this world." Somewhere in the depths of his unselfish heart he still heard the music of the mountain torrents, still saw the majestic horizons of his boyhood beckoning him away into the light. But there in his self-appointed prison there were innumerable people to see and innumerable letters to write, and novices to train, and books to plan, and sermons to preach. For a man so given over to the sweeter influences of Christianity it is strange—or perhaps not so strange—to note that one of his last sermons was preached on the terrible doctrine of eternal punishment. Out of his immense reading and pondering he had dug up a prophetic fact : that the arrival of Anti-Christ on earth would synchronise with an almost wholesale abandonment of the belief in the existence of hell and that Anti-Christ would use this disbelief to full advantage. This sermon of Faber's, almost his last, recalls the strange and disquieting fact that Wordsworth, the friend of his youth, was persuaded in his imagination throughout all his last years that a mighty calamity was going to overtake the world. Wordsworth was a prudent, reasoning character ; but however hard he tried to rationalize this impression and to exorcise it from his imagination, it persistently returned.

Faber had dedicated his church to Our Lady, and sought to inspire in others a devotion to her as passionate as his own. He had seen the great star of Mary rise over the dark night of the modern world, but how dark that night he was not to live long enough to know. He died the same year that Renan published his treacherous *Vie de Jésus*. Outside the mystical circle of light from the Church the shadows were already blackening towards our time. But his last years were packed with work : eight spiritual books within eight years, each of them followed by one of the violent attacks of illness which were the result of his soul fretting his body with an intensity which his frail physique was unable to sustain.

When he preached his last sermon on Our Lord's bowing His Head on the Cross, Faber was only forty-nine, but he was grey-haired and broken, burnt out like a guttering lamp, grown old before his time. It was in September 1863 that he bowed his own head on that bitter-sweet Cross, which, of the many sighing trees of the wood, he had found to be the fairest Tree of all.

ELIZABETH BELLOC

SOME IRISH BARDIC POEMS

EDITED BY LAMBERT MACKENNA, S.J.

LXXXII

This poem was written after the defeat of Brian Ó Neill at the battle of Dún in 1260. It is a lament on the chieftains slain in that fight, especially on five of the Í Chatháin, some of whom appear to have been fostered in the home of the poet's parents. There is more personal reminiscence and natural feeling in the poem than is usual in compositions of its kind, on which account the fact that it is to be found in only one MS.—and that a very corrupt one—is much to be regretted. A copy, fairly—but not quite exact,—together with an unsatisfactory translation has been printed by O'Donovan in the *Celtic Miscellany* (p. 204). These circumstances have seemed to justify the suggesting of a few emendations to restore with some show of probability the original text. Every reading, however, of the MS. which has been departed from is recorded in the Notes.

FEARGHAL ÓG MAC AN BHAIRD .cc.

1. Leacht carad ó chath Bhriain,
millte Éire don aeinghliaidh ;
taebh an chnuic lán dá leachtuibh
ár ar thuit an tairrngeartaidh.

2. Brian Ó Neill Oiligh san ár
Maghnus na Craeibhe Ó Cathán,
Ó Duibh-dhíorma ard, Ó hEanaigh
ríoghdha garg Ó Goirmfhleadhaigh.

3. Ó hInneirghi an abhra mhoill
Ó Carra mór, Mac Lachloinn,
taeisigh chlann gcródha gCana,
móra ann ar n-easbhadha.

4. Sgata Connacht san gcath gcruaidh
Ó Duibh-eamhna 's Ó hAnluain,
dá mbeinn um dháileamh 'g an druing
a n-áireamh nocho fhéadfuinn.

5. Cóigear do chloinn Chatháin chais
san ár a n-éagmhais Mhaghnuis,
do sgaeil an cóigear an cath
do thaeibh fhóideadh na n-Ulltach.

6. Maghnus féin, Eachmharcach ann
Muircheartach, Donnchadh, Domhnall,
Niall Ó Cathán do chneasghuin,
achán nochan éineasbhuidh.

7. Cearbhall san ár easbhaidh damh
mac mo mháthar é is m'athar,
Eachmharcach comhaidh ler gcloinn
leathmharcach cobhaidh Cearbhaill.

8. Mo bhráthair d'fhágbháil san ár
is mo chomhdhalta Ó Cathán,
nocha slán sinn ag ar dtoigh
inn as an ár i n-Ulltaibh.

9. Gidh dainimh dhamh gach duine
dainmhe Ó Cathán cúlbhuidhe
as é an rí mo chuisle chinn
as í an fhuilsi nach uilngim.

10. Dainimh ler macaibh 's ler mnáibh
marbhadh Maghnuis Uí Chatháin;
Brian muna bheath is an ár
ní bhiadh creach mar Ó gCathán.

11. Tugas grádh mór, misde dhamh,
dó ó chionn mo chúig mbliadhan;
och nachar ghabhas rem ghrádh,
moch do charas Ó Cathán.

12. Mo ghrádh d'Ó Chathán Chluaine
ní grádh mná d'fhior aenuaire;
grádh ó ré leanbhachta a-le
dom dheaghdhalta dom oide.

13. Do-bheirmis ríghe an reabhraidh
dó 'n-ar macraidh mhóirmheanmnaigh
sinn is an rí ar clodh na gceall
ag dol fa thrí 'n-a thimcheall.

14. Nó go ngabhadh mhé ar a mhuin
do-ninn déara 'n-a dheaghaidh;
ar gach leath ba mé marcach
ar n-each ba é Eachm*h*arcach.

15. Do bhí a thuarasdal ag teacht
dúinn mar budh inn a oighreacht,
uiread aga re dís damh;
budh fada a-rís an reabhradh.

16. Téighinn le duain dó amhail
mar budh hé 'n-a ollamhain;
tug sé a lán ar mo dhán damh
is mé gan dán do dhéanamh.

17. Acht misi féin, misde dhamh,
is an t-easbog is Eoghan
nocha mharann don mhacraidh,
a anam, a Eachmharcaigh.

18. Ordaigh aifrionn gach fhir ghráidh
a chomhdhalta d'Ó Chatháin;
do mhac ríogh cromtha i ngach cill
bíodh ortha gacha aifrinn.

19. Ar do chomairce i ngach cill
dá mbeadh míle mac léighinn
dar mac Raghnaillne rachaidh,
salmfhuighle dá saltrachaibh.

20. An léigheann is dual damhsa
don fhior gheal dhonn deaghalmsa;
gébhadsa marbhna bláth mbog
i dtráth bhar n-anma d'fhulag.

21. Dá dtíosadh ollamh oile
re a chloinn do chreic mharbhnaidhe
a cheandach ba dual damhsa
's a luagh d'eallach agamsa.

22. Ó nar haithnigheadh san ár
colann chneisgheal Uí Chathán
beo gion go dtáinig dá thoigh
ro-áinig leo don láthoir.

23. Ma tháinic a-dtuaidh on ár
. . . . a fhaicsin iomlán
a síth a shlios thiar nó thoir
gá fios nach biadh 'n-a bheathaidh.

24. Meinic do-rad inghean óg
airchis ar neach a-nallód
go mbeireadh lé bean san mbrguh
fear agus é 'n-a énur.

25. Rug ó chath Chluana Tarbh the
lé 'n-a bheathaidh bean shidhe
Dúnluing Dúna na bhFearta
d'Úna shúlghoirm shídheachta.

26. An tsíodh 'n-a bhfuil macraidh Roiss
ní gnáth dúnadh a dorais ;
ar neach nachar dhún da dheoin
a theach ná dún, a dhoirseoir.

27. Ionnsa gan eochair nimhe
a láimh choinnmhe coillidhe
fear geal faoilidh dá bhféaghadh
neamh d'aeidhidh do fhoisgéaladh.

28. Nochan fhaca d'iarraidh chruidh
neach do éarfadh 'n-a asgaidh ;
. . . . .
. . . . .

29. An tír 'n-a bhais gé do bheadh
ní fhuileongadh é ó a chineadh ;
. . . . .
. . . . .

30. Do lag a dhún ar n-a dhol
a ghlún ar lár do leagadh ;
a-taoi at urraidh a fhéile
a dtulaigh na toirléime.

31. Mac Uí Chathán na Craeibhe,
mac Raghnaill, rí Formaeile ;
min dál 'n-a dhiaigh budh dheachta,
biaidh an dán 'n-a dhílleachta.

Translation

1. A friend's grave has been the result of Brian's battle ; Éire is ruined by the one conflict ; the hillside is covered with tombs from the slaughter wherein fell the Prophesied One.

2. Brian Ó Neill of Oileach was in the slaughter and Maghnus Ó Catháin of the Craobh, and tall Ó Duibhdhíorma and Ó hEanaigh and kingly burly Ó Goirmfhleadhaigh.

3. Ó hInneirghe of the proud eye and great Ó Carra and Mac Lochlainn, and the chiefs of valiant Clann Chana—a terrible loss to us they were.

4. A band of Connachta was in the stern struggle, and Ó Duibheamhna and Ó hAnnluain ; were I cup-bearer to that company I could not count them.

5. Five of the race of curly-haired Ó Catháin fell in the fray besides Maghnus ; those five had once driven a host (of foes) away from the lands of the men of Ulaidh.

6. Maghnus himself, Eachmharcach, Muircheartach, Donnchadh, Domhnall and Niall Ó Catháin—many alas ! the losses their slaying meant for us.

7. A loss, too, for me in that slaughter was Cearbhall, son of my father and mother ; Eachmharcach (Ó Cathain) was friend of my folk and fit riding-comrade of Cearbhall.

8. That my brother (Cearbhall) and Ó Catháin, my foster-brother, have been left on the battle-field means that we are not safe at our home owing to that slaughter among the men of Ulaidh.

9. A grief to me is the loss of all those men, but a grief many times over was the loss of yellow-haired Ó Cathain ; that prince was as the pulse in my head, his blood means a loss I can not bear.

10. A loss for our youths and ladies is the death of Maghnus Ó Catháin ; had Brian not fallen too no loss would have equalled that of Ó Catháin.

11. From the age of five years I gave my whole heart to Ó Catháin—I suffer for it now ; alas that I did not check that love, I began to love him too soon.

12. Not as the love a woman has for a passing acquaintance was my love of Ó Catháin of Cluain ; from my childhood I loved my good foster-brother and foster-father.

13. When the prince and I were lively young boys, we used by way of play to name him chieftain as he stood on the churchyard walls and we used to march round him three times.

14. I used to follow Eachmharcach, beseeching him with tears till he would take me on his back ; I was always the rider, he was my horse.

15. His stipend used to be given to me for I was (part of) his inheritance ; I got from him as much as any other two ; 'twill be long before we have that game again.

16. I used to bring him poems (to get his judgment on them) as though he were an *ollamh* ; he paid me well if I had a poem and even when I had none.

17. Of all that band of youths, O dear Eachmharcach, not one lives now but myself—worse luck !—and (my brothers) the bishop and Eoghan.

18. O thou (bishop and) foster-brother of Ó Catháin, order all priests to say Mass for him ; let the supplication of each Mass in every church be made for a prince laid low.

19. If (O bishop) a thousand students be beneath thy power psalms will be sung from their psalters in each church for (Ó Catháin) our Raghnall's son.

20. The poetry native to me shall be a goodly alms for the bright noble hero ; I will compose an elegy of soft flowers while thy soul is suffering (in Purgatory).

21. Were any other poet to come offering to sell an elegy to his (Ó Catháin's) family 'twould be my duty to buy it had I cattle up to its value.

22. When Ó Catháin's white-skinned body was not found among the slain, and when he did not return alive to his house, he must have gone from the field with them (the fairies).

23. If he has escaped from that slaughter in the North . . . . perhaps his body is yet alive in some fairy-fort East or West.

24. In days of old a (fairy) maiden has often ensnared a man so that she could bring him with her alone into the fairy-mansion.

25. From the hot fight of Cluain Tarbh a fairy-woman carried off alive Dúnlaing of Dún na bhFearta to give him to blue-eyed Úna of elf-land.

26. In the fairy-fort wherein dwell the youths of Ros the door is never closed; O door-keeper, close not thy house on one who never closed his house on any man.

27. A pity the key of Heaven is not in the hand of some wood-kern billetted there, so that, when he saw a bright joyous man (waiting outside), he could open Heaven to him though a stranger.

28. I never saw anyone to whom he (Ó Catháin) would have refused a gift when asking for largess; . . . .

29. Though the whole land were in his grasp, he would not suffer it to pass from his race; . . . .

30. His knee being forced to the earth at his death has weakened his house; (yet) thou, O Hospitality, art still ruling on that hill whereat travellers alight.

31. Son of Ó Catháin of the Craobh, son of Raghnall, Lord of Formaoil—the world will be poor now that he is gone; poetry will be orphaned.

Textual Notes

MS H i 17 except for the following:

1*a*. i gcath *b*. aengh. d. air nar th. an tarrngert÷ 2*a*. -ighe *c*. -dhiarna o hard ea. 3*a*. hIenn- *c*. -idh chloinn chr. *d*. mor umoro 4*d*. a na. uile nacha bhf. 5*a*. cl. gCa. gcais *d*. thaebh 6*a*. -chmar- *d*. achan nochaneasbhuidhe; *this st. appears in some MSS as part of poem "Aoidhe mo chroidhe" by Giolla Brighde Mac Con Midhe* 7*a*. dhamh *b*. math. *c*. -chmar- cum ler gcl. *d*. cubh. 8*a*. dfagb- *c*. sinn gar dt. 9*b*. dainimhe *c*. righ; cinn *d*. bhfui. 10*a*. Dan. *b*. marbh Mha. *cd appear in some MSS as part of poem "Aoidhe mo chroidhe . . ."* *c*. mb⁊ isin *d*. bheith 11*b*. -ghan *c*. nar gh. re mo ghr. 12*a*. Cath. Cl. *c*. -badhachta a 17 *d*. dh. dhalta 13*a*. bherrm. rig÷ b. -cr÷ *d*. thimchill 14*b*. ndinn dera na dhiaigh *c*. leith *d*. ba Eachmar. 15*b*. dhuinn; sinn a oighrighacht *d*. aris o reabhr÷ 16*a*. Thei. re duain dfior abhall *b*. he moll. *c*. tucc; dan 17*c*. mairionn do mhac. *d*. a *abest*; -chma- 18*a*. -aidh ai. gan fir gr. *b*. dot cho.; Ca. *c*. righ cromhtha *d*. haif. 19*a*. chuimairceinn ga. *b*. mbedh *c*. tair mhac Ragnailne *d*. shaltrach÷ 20*b*. dfior thaeibhgheal thonngeamannsa *c*. -naei mblath mbuig *d*. nanma thrathbhuigh 21*b*. marbhnaei *d*. luach 22 *To be placed after* 24 *?* *a*. -thnidh- *c*. thiogh *d*. rangadar 23*a*. atuaidh *b*. *Line is two syllables short* *c*. toir 24*a*. Min.; ingean *b*. aircis *d*. agas 25*a*. Rug a chatha Chlu.; te *b*. bheathaithe bean tsi. *c*. Duine *d*. uime; -orm siodhadhchta 26*a*. tsidhe ina ffuil macrigh *c*. air *d*. dhun 27*a*. gar *b*. coinnle *c*. air gheal fhaoilaoidh; -dadh *d*. dfhois 28*a*. faca; -aighe cruidh *b*. eirfeadh *cd*. do-badh fuireadh Eachmarcaigh do mhac oimhneach eachmarcaigh obuist eirionn fhulang 29*a*. beadh *b*. -leongeonadh o chi. *cd*. fiuchadh tobair feile srothan tobair thair do thraigh ar marbh mhic Ui Chathain 30*b*. gl. air lar don lea. *cd*. tu da darr÷ an fheile a thulach na toirleime 31*c*. deachta *d*. biadh

F. J. McCORMICK: AN APPRECIATION

BY GABRIEL FALLON

F. J. McCORMICK was a charming, unassuming man. He was also a very great actor. Though a professional, he was strangely lacking in the flamboyant attributes of that term. Of medium height, just tall enough for tragedy, with keen intelligent well-set and expressive eyes; a nose slightly aquiline; a broad high forehead topping the mobile face, the whole crowned with high-brushed thick-curling nut-brown hair: even with this marked equipment of the player, he might, by virtue of his unassuming manner and his severity of dress, have passed in the catalogue of casual glance as a school-master or a bank manager. Yet something in the movement of the sensitive, delicate, white hands would have cried out the artist in him.

F. J. McCormick possessed those qualities described as the three strict elements of great acting: a plastic physical medium, a finished technical cunning, and a passion of joy in the thought of the character created. That he had the first was obvious at first sight. Even in casual repose one might sometimes see the eyes, the rapt soul sitting in them, lighting up the mobility of the face. That he had the second, anyone might learn—as I have learned—from watching him closely at rehearsals. That he had the third anyone might learn also—as I have learned—from the talks of a long friendship, those dear opportunities snatched from the unremitting round in which

. . . we held debate, a band
Of youthful friends, on mind and art.

F. J. McCormick had in a large measure that quality which lies so close to the heart of the player's secret, the quality of forcing his soul :—

Is it not monstrous that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit
That from her working all his visage wann'd. . .

Every great actor has this quality; and in the having of it as much depends upon the man as upon the actor, for in the quality of the one the quality of the other will be determined. One reason why F. J. McCormick was a great actor is that he was also a great man. We act what we are. It is fashionable nowadays to refer to the quality of forcing the soul as the possession of that frequently debated term " temperament ". " If I might put temperament in a phrase " writes an English critic " I would cite Bernhardt's ' Moi, moi, et moi ! ' from *Pelléas et Mélisande.*"[1] Exactly. F. J. McCormick's temperament was the measure of F. J. McCormick.

[1] James Agate in *Playgoing*, p. 41.

He was an actor in what is called "*the Abbey tradition,*" and he was something more than that. For he brought to that tradition a certain theatrical quality the fruit of his early training in that best of all "*theatrical*" schools—Boucicault melodrama. Since "*the Abbey tradition*" has been mentioned, it may be as well to say something about it. It is, in the first place, a much misunderstood quality of acting; and in the second, it is a quality which is in grave danger of disappearing with the last of the Abbey veterans. Montague has a classical description of it which deserves quotation here :—

> The Irish actors from the Abbey have found means to come at an effect of spiritual austerity. More than others, they leave undone the things that ought not to be done. None of them rants or flares, trumpets or booms, or frisks about when he had better be quiet, or puts on intense looks for nothing. They seem all alike to have seized on the truth that the way to do big things in an art, as it is to get into the other parts of the kingdom of Heaven, is to become as a little child, so long as you do it without thinking all the time what an engaging child you are. Without infantinism, they contrive to reach back past most of the futilities, the inexpressive apparatus of expression, that overgrow and clog the stage; they take a fresh clear hold on their craft in its elements. They know how to let well alone; they stand still when others would 'cross stage to right' to no purpose; when one of them has to be thrown up in high relief, the rest can fade into the background like mists at a dawn, or emit from their eyes an attention that fixes your eyes on the central figure more surely than the fiercest limelight that ever beat on an actor-manager[1]

That is Montague on "*the Abbey tradition,*" and by virtue of that fact it is also a description of the basic principles of F. J. McCormick's acting. It is something which proceeded from qualities partly racial, partly spiritual, and partly the training of the early Abbey players by those brothers of genius Frank and Willie Fay, a training scrupulously adhered to by their legitimate heirs and successors. To this tradition F. J. McCormick brought his own theatrical quality, a quality which stood him well, particularly in plays by Shaw where something of the theatre needs frequently to be infused into the long prosy stretches of dialogue, in which that great genius sometimes makes hearty trespass upon the generosity of his actors. In my salad days, my experience being as green as my judgement, I was inclined to think this "*theatrical*" quality a positive handicap—and, indeed, something of an irritant to the polished smoothness of the long-cherished Abbey tradition. Time and the theatre were to teach me better.

* * *

When F. J. McCormick joined the Abbey that theatre was a repertory theatre in every sense of the term. It was so when I joined the company;

[1] *Dramatic Values* by C. E. Montague. The Phœnix Library. London: Chatto and Windus, 1931, pp. 51, 52.

it was so for many years after I left. The system is known to the profession as " weekly rep." A different play every week. Working without understudies and with a fifty-per-cent. strength of part-time actors, the theatre did not open until the Tuesday night of each week. " Runs " were unheard of in those days, simply because the authority of those days—vested in Lady Gregory—would not hear of " runs ". The weekly system meant that parts had to be played *ad nutum*, so to speak. (One was lucky if one happened to know what lay three weeks ahead. One *might* be lucky. For an attack of influenza on a whole-time or important part-time player could change the proposed programme overnight.) As things were, the call-board spoke, and rehearsals and players answered. For the small-part and part-time player the system was sufficiently strenuous, but on the player of F. J. McCormick's standing it imposed a continuous strain. It is true, of course, that it had its compensations ; there was the continuous round of interest provided by the ever-changing parts, allied to the joy which the player always finds in the creation of a new character. It is true, too, that so far as the small-part actor is concerned, it provides excellent opportunities for rapid advancement in one's art. All things considered, weekly rep. might well be described as the *forcing house of genius*. For the greater part of his life F. J. McCormick worked in weekly repertory.

One thinks of Coquelin, eating his way slowly, as it is said, into a part in the first weeks he played it, working down to the character's soul through his own first tentative expression of it. Not for F. J. McCormick the Coquelin way. The exigencies of repertory saw to it that his creations came from the soul out, and that they came—had to come—at *speed*. Talk about Edmund Kean playing Shakespeare as 'twere by flashes of lightning. It was literally like a lightning flash that most of the great McCormick creations came. It is astonishing now to think that almost all of his finest characterisations—and indeed most of the Abbey Theatre's finest presentations, all the first of the O'Caseys amongst them—were rehearsed in periods varying from seven to eleven days : and even then with considerable part-time casts and the nightly curtain rising at the appointed time.

It is said that Coquelin's disguises as Monsieur Jourdain and Cyrano de Bergerac would have defeated Scotland Yard. But consider McCormick's magnificent masks for Lear and Joxer Daly, or for Oedipus and Seumas Shields. Who, not knowing the man and the actor, could possibly guess that the same soul was informing each character, that each was palpitating with the joy of creation rising from the same heart, that the same superb technical cunning had moulded each memorable mask. It is fashionable to ask the question : which is the greater actor—the player who subjugates his part to the theatrical qualities of his own personality, or the player who can submerge his personality and build himself into a new man with

each new part? Irving or Coquelin, which? It is an old controversy in theatre. The fact about McCormick is that he did both. And probably the same was true of Irving no less than Coquelin. For F. J. McCormick knew, as every great actor has always known, that greatness in the player's art cannot be served with tricks, that behind the mask's impenetrability is the player himself forcing his soul to his own conceit, guiding his creation with all the cunning of his craft. Nothing is built by the great actor which is not part of his own being.

It was not for nothing that O'Casey said to McCormick when the curtain fell on the first production of *The Shadow of a Gunman*: "You didn't play the Seumas Shields I wrote; but you substituted a much greater character." Indeed, the same might be said of every McCormick creation, for what he added to the script in art and personality was often ten times the measure of the author's original conception. But there is another aspect of this contribution by the player which must not be forgotten. Every McCormick creation carried a certain mark with it. Even his wastrel Joxer left one with the impression that he was a *person*, that he had a soul, that it might be saved or lost. I have seen other Joxers, each excellent in his own way; but only one Joxer who convinced me that when he did wrong he knew he was doing wrong. The stealing of the bottle of stout in Act III was in McCormick's magnificent creation an admission—almost an exposition—of the effects of the Fall. This was conveyed to the audience by a subtlety of intonation and facial expression truly concomitant with genius. I was privileged to be on the stage with him night after night for hundreds of performances and to watch the details of this amazing creation. They say that Coquelin in Tartuffe would stand wholly silent for minutes together and yet be acting, almost speaking, copiously and lucidly. I never really understood how that could happen until I watched McCormick's Joxer and observed the thoughts of his character's mind reacting to the current stage situation, as they played on the face as on an instrument, and conveyed to the audience almost in mesmeric fashion more than the author could have put in fifty lines.

It is tragic to think that a player of his genius could be forced by the inexorable laws of repertory to play any and every part, that neither rest period nor selection was allowed him, and that on one execrable occasion he was even compelled to resign his own magnificent creation of Joxer Daly and to play the companion part of Captain Boyle. As a piece of mental dexterity this feat was sufficiently nerve-racking since, besides making his former cues his present speeches, he now had to take as cues the very speeches which he had formerly given as cues. But to a sensitive artist of McCormick's stamp it was the most insulting blow that repertory could offer, and although he bore it with that true Christian fortitude which was always the measure of the man, it left its mark. His only comment

when I rushed to assure him of my sympathy was one which spoke volumes. He simply said : " I'm afraid this has become *merely a job* now."

* * *

On 27 November 1928 Lady Gregory wrote in her Diary : " *Lear* last night wonderful. McCormick magnificent—there is no other word—all through." Yet this magnificent Lear was played under many difficulties : difficulties of health—he was far from well at the time ; difficulties of interpretation—it was being presented by a young and enthusiastic guest-producer just back from Germany with a head full of " expressionism," some fixed ideas about Shakespeare, and a scissors which raced through the text in a manner best expressed in the cutting of

" *Pray you, undo this button : thank you, sir*"

from the dying speech of the king. McCormick was worried ; and indeed he had every reason to be. Yet when the night came he was, in spite of nerves and text-mutilation, every inch a Lear—regal, tragic, and in the mad scene unsurpassable. When one thinks of the coddling circumstances under which most of the great English actors have played their Lears—the concessions made to their taste and fancies, the rehearsals arranged to suit their moods, the stage-managers running to their every need, the company shifting their paces to suit the great man's whims—one thinks again of McCormick and Lady Gregory's comment. Well might she say " Magnificent ! "

But it was the same with every part McCormick touched, great or small. The very earnestness of his approach ensured the final adornment. Little wonder then when the cinema came to claim him, that the technicians at Pinewood would crowd in on to the set to watch this likable Irishman at work. They in their time had seen many players, but they had never seen a bloke to act just in the way this bloke acted. Peter McCormick they called him, unconsciously making the friendliest of " mixes " from his stage surname and his actual Christian name. Millions by now have seen his Shell in *Odd Man Out*, and millions might have seen even far greater creations from this man : but that was not to be. Though he never at any time wanted to leave the Abbey, I think that circumstances might have helped the cinema to make the final tug successful. His last memorable appearance in the theatre was his first on return from Pinewood. It was in M. J. Molloy's *The Visiting House*, a work which has a quality of dialogue very much in keeping with the poetry of the early Abbey. It is neither wise-cracking nor sensational and, for that reason, was doomed from the start to a short existence. F. J. McCormick played the part of an old shanachie, Mickle. Those who know him will agree that he excelled himself on this occasion. I felt when I saw him that, after his absence at Pinewood, all his love for the theatre was urging him to surpass himself in his performance in this play. In the light of

his tragic passing I am wondering if there was not another, a still deeper reason. I can see him now sitting alone in the last scene of this play holding the audience spell-bound with the words

An' now, Corry, wance you behaved such a decent man,
I'll give you good advice
that'll stand to you well when you're going dying
the same as me now.

Your first plan then, asthore,
'll be to coax the Mother of God,
for she has a great hand with our Saviour,
and anything she wants
she has only to ask Him . . .

Anything she wants she has only to ask Him,
so keep her on your side,
and when your tenure of time is up
'tis she'll have your bed dressed in Heaven,
and the finest of welcomes
before you . . .

Anyone who knew Peter Judge, that greatest of actors who was F. J. McCormick, will know that the advice which old Mickle gave to Corry was advice which the actor himself had moulded into a rule of life ; his tenure of time was well and truly spent. The great actor, gone from us in his prime, lived always in the light of the knowledge that *ripeness is all.*

* * *

His good friend, Lennox Robinson, for so many years his sympathetic and helpful producer, has written of him as one of the Kings of Art which this little country has produced. A king he was, courteous and considerate, always ready to help others, and totally unconscious of his right to rule. Had he been an actor in the English Theatre he would have been knighted—long ago and for less. In Russia they would have made him an Honoured Artist of the Republic—but then it is impossible to think of Russia accepting the type of man he was. In Prague or Berlin they would have called a theatre after him. In America he would most certainly have been offered at least one of its many University Chairs of Drama. Here in Ireland, we did the best thing we could do, God help us; we gave him an impressive funeral. But we are not really as bad as all that. For we do not easily forget ; and whenever from now on the phrase " great acting " shall be written or spoken, we shall always think of it in the name of one man. And that man was F. J. McCormick.

GABRIEL FALLON

THOMISM AND MODERN SCIENCE

BY J. A. TEEGAN, M.SC., PH.D.

The Nature of Ideas

IT is generally agreed that our knowledge of the familiar world is based primarily upon the sum total of the evidence provided in sense experience, and that the psycho-physiological process by which this experience is transformed into representations or images in the brain is somewhat as follows :—An object in the external world impinges on one or more of the sense organs, thereby setting in motion a highly complicated form of neural machinery, which transforms the initial impulses received at the nerve endings of the sensory organs into corresponding disturbances in the brain cells. These disturbances, in turn, give rise to psychological events in the brain which cause images or representations to appear on the screen of consciousness, as a result of which we apprehend the object.

From the images or representations of particular objects in the mind the intellect builds up ideas or common notions, which differ from the images in the fact that, while the latter present objects to us in a state which is singular or individual, the former (our ideas) present them in a state which is non-individual or universal. The mind forms these ideas by a process of abstraction wherein the ideas are derived from the sensible datum by the activity of a special faculty, the active intellect, which thus presents things to the mind in such a way that we can reason about them and so acquire knowledge.

The nature of our ideas (*i.e.* of universals) is a question which has engaged the attention of Philosophers in all ages, and broadly speaking we may, from this standpoint, classify all the major systems of Philosophy under three headings : namely objective idealism, subjective idealism and moderate realism.

In objective idealism, it is held that whatever our ideas present to us as a universal has a real existence outside the mind as a universal, whilst subjective idealism allows no existence whatever to universals, except as names or ideas with which nothing in reality corresponds.

To the Moderate Realist, whatever our ideas present to us as a universal does not exist as a universal outside the mind, but it does exist outside the mind when individuated in particular objects. It thus preserves a balance between the extreme views of the idealist systems, in that it claims that, while a thing may exist only in the mind as a universal, it does exist in reality as an individual. Thus the idea or universal notion of human nature, which is common to all mankind, does not exist in itself outside

the mind, but it has a real existence in every individual member of the human race.

Objective idealism is the philosophy of Plato, who held the view that the things of the familiar world are mere imitations or copies of certain immutable, immaterial and eternal objects which exist in a supra-sensible world of reality. He called these objects " forms " or " ideas " and claimed that it is these " forms " which the intellect recognises in the things of the sensible world, the latter being mere copies of the " forms ". If, however, the world of " ideas " or " forms " is reality, it is difficult to understand how anything else can be supposed to exist, or to derive any clear meaning from Plato's description of the things of the sensible world as being mere " likenesses " or " reflections " of the forms in matter, which he defines as a sort of non-existent being.

In the moderate realism of Aristotle and St. Thomas there exists in every object of the familiar world an immaterial element, which the intellect recognises and of which it forms an idea by a process of abstraction. The immaterial element is the " form " of the object, and the object itself is a compound of two complimentary parts, one of which is the form, while the other is a wholly indeterminate and featureless first matter. In the Aristotelian sense this first matter has the nature of a pure potentiality in the order of substance ; it is a purely potential principle incapable of independent existence, but which, when differentiated by an active principle (substantial form) constitutes a corporeal substance ; any corporeal substance is therefore compounded of first matter (potentiality) and substantial form (act). Aristotelianism and Scholastic Philosophy fell into disfavour during the three centuries following Descartes, consequent upon the rise of philosophical mechanism and the successful application of the methods of Newtonian mechanics in Science. The twentieth century has, however, witnessed the breakdown of Cartesian principles and of Newtonian mechanism, with the result that the newest developments in Physics would now seem to have paved the way for many of the ideas which were accepted by the Scholastic Philosophers.

It may be that a welding of the new science and the older philosophy is in sight, and that it is within the framework of a modernised form of Thomistic philosophy that a satisfactory philosophy of Science is to be sought. At any rate modern science has cleared away and disposed of many of the fallacies of the preceding centuries, and most Scientists would now agree that there is a spiritual side to reality which cannot be ignored, and that no purely mechanistic or materialistic description of reality will suffice.

It is of interest to trace the history of this revolution in Scientific thought and to see how the Scientist has come to realize the existence of an unknown and spiritual background beneath the surface layers of nature's apparent materiality.

The Philosophy of Descartes

Descartes (1596–1650), dissatisfied with the decadent scholasticism of his time, conceived the idea of building a philosophy upon a foundation of Mathematics. Contrary to the Scholastic definition, he identified matter with Geometrical Extension and aimed at explaining the physical universe in terms of matter and movement.

In this world-picture Extension constitutes matter and matter constitutes space—there is no void, and there is nothing in the universe but Extension and the movement of its parts. On such a view Descartes could find no explanation of the mind of man, since mind bore no relation to extension and so was not amenable to mathematical analysis. He concluded that " mind " and " matter " are of a completely different nature, and so arrived at a dualistic philosophy in which reality was divided into two separate classes of substance.

Yet mind and matter did seem to react, and Descartes could conceive of no mechanism by which an immaterial mind could react with a material body. His followers endeavoured to explain this anomaly by supposing that mind and matter do not react, but rather keep time, as it were, like two perfectly synchronised clocks. There is no causal connection between synchronised clocks, yet they keep time because they were wound up and set going together. In the same way, it was argued, mind and body had been wound up initially and were now kept going by the Creator in such a way that every event in one is accompanied by a corresponding event in the other.

This hypothesis, later known as psycho-physical parallelism, met with little success, and Philosophers rejecting the Cartesian dualism became divided into two rival camps. In one it was claimed that mind is fundamental and matter the product of mind ; in the other matter is fundamental and mind its product. Philosophers of the first school tended towards various forms of idealism ; philosophers of the second school tended towards materialism.

Newtonian Mechanics, Materialism and Berkeley's Idealism

Gassendi (1592–1655), rejecting Descartes' ideas of matter and extension, revived the ancient idea of the " void " in which space is endowed with extension and matter with solidity and the property of occupying only parts of space. Newton (1642–1727) adopted these modifications, and gave a highly satisfactory explanation of the Universe in terms of the mechanics of bodies in motion in an absolute three-dimensional Euclidean space. These methods proved so successful in the realm of Science that Philosophers were gradually strengthened in the belief that in time everything could be explained in terms of Newtonian mechanics. and that the whole

Universe would reveal itself as a mechanism determined by the laws laid down by Newton.

In the nineteenth century the Darwinian theory of Evolution seemed to mark a final triumph for the mechanists by providing, as it were, a mechanical explanation of the evolution of species by a process of natural selection. It is hardly surprising indeed that at this time there were many who claimed that all things living as well as non-living have evolved, without any necessary intervention on the part of man or God, in accordance with the rigidly determined laws of nature. Despite the necessity of a " Creator " in the light of the second law of Thermodynamics the Philosophy of Science was couched in purely material terms ; the attitude of the Scientists was one of arrogance, and their views were well summarised by Haeckel when he said : " Science has conducted God to its frontiers and thanked him for his services ".

To counter materialism, Berkeley in the eighteenth century had claimed that everything that is known exists only in the mind of the subject who knows it. He based his subjective idealism on the supposition that all the qualities which we perceive in a thing are dependent upon our minds and that they have no existence outside the mind. The knowing mind need not necessarily be man's mind ; it may be God's mind, and Berkeley held that the real things which we perceive owe their permanent existence to the fact that they are in reality thoughts in the Mind of God ; they only come into man's mind as thoughts transferred from the mind of God.

When pushed to its logical conclusion Berkeley's idealism ends in scepticism ; for, as Hume showed, it leads logically to solipsism and to a denial of the continuing self. Indeed, it leads to the view that the only knowledge we can possibly possess is of our own immediate mental states.

Materialism in the Light of Modern Physics

Recent developments in Physics, however, have shown that a mechanistic view of nature is no longer tenable, since the classical concepts upon which it was founded can no longer be maintained in the light of the new knowledge.

Firstly, the Newtonian concepts of space and time are no longer accepted, and the idea that a piece of matter is something which persists in time and moves in Euclidean space has been discarded. The piece of matter itself has been resolved into a system of inter-related events, and the forces acting on it turn out to be mere figments of the imagination without any real existence at all.

In the theory of Relativity space is not a featureless void ; it has a property of " curvature " varying from place to place, being high in regions where the density of matter is high. A free particle in a certain region of this " curved " space moves in a path determined solely by the

geometrical properties of space in that region, a fact which Professor Whitaker interprets in Aristotelian terms as implying that the particle is " in potency with regard to space, and things in a state of potency continually seek to become actualised ."

Again the Physicists' view of the atom, and of the structure of matter, has undergone a radical change in the course of the past three decades. It would be correct to say that matter in the Cartesian and Newtonian sense has no longer any meaning. The atom has been resolved firstly into assemblages of positive and negative charges of electricity, but the nature of these " particles " is imperfectly understood. Up to 1925 they were regarded as minute charges of electricity, spherical or otherwise, and the atom was pictured as a central core of positive electricity (the nucleus), around which there rotates in elliptic orbits a number of negative charges (electrons), with a total negative charge equal numerically to the charge on the nucleus. Since then, however, the particle nature of the electron has had to be modified, since in certain phenomena an electron behaves like a group of waves. The " solar system " model of the atom has had to be abandoned, and like all the mechanical models of the Victorian Scientist it is now regarded as being merely a convenient figment of the mind, which artificially isolates some single feature of the reality. Finally, it appears from the results of modern quantum theory that there is an inherent defect in the methods of Scientific measurement when applied to phenomena in the microphysical world, which must for ever preclude the possibility of framing exact scientific laws to account for them. One point of considerable importance emerges from this fact, which is really a simplified version of Heisenberg's principle of Indeterminacy, namely that the Mechanist's conception of an exact scientific description of nature in terms of determinate physical laws can no longer be regarded as possible. The principle asserts that the exact state of affairs in the atomic world is indeterminate in the sense that it can never be accurately or exactly ascertained and that, even if it could, it would still be impossible to predict what would happen next. It follows that scientific determinism in the sense employed by the mechanist philosophers is now definitely untenable.

An important aspect of modern Physics is the fact that it no longer aims at explaining phenomena in terms of mechanical models or machines. The Physicist may, for convenience, still use a hypothetical model in a specific case, but he no longer identifies his model with anything existing in reality. A scientific explanation of atomic phenomena, or of the nature of space and time, can now be given only in terms of mathematical equations, which are nothing more than abstract representations of the scientist's reactions to natural phenomena. They are useful " guides " to the scientist, in that they enable him to interpret certain atomic phenomena in terms of a convenient symbolism, but they give no clue whatever as to what it is that lies beneath the symbolism. Sir James Jeans stresses this point when

he says: " Most of the symbols used by the mathematical Physicist to-day convey no physical picture to his mind; he can explain and predict the whole course of atomic phenomena in terms of the behaviour of a symbol, but he cannot tell us what the symbolism means in Physics."

Most of the mathematical symbolism employed in the new Physics is of a highly complicated and artificial kind. It employs an algebra in which the symbols used stand not for numbers, as is usual, but for operators to which the ordinary commutative laws do not apply. Despite their artificiality the equations of Schrödinger, Dirac and Heisenberg provide a powerful method of dealing with a wide range of atomic phenomena, far wider indeed than that ever achieved by the " pictorial " methods of Bohr and Sommerfeld, with the result that whatever has been lost from the standpoint of simplicity has been more than regained from the standpoint of thoroughness.

Modern Idealism

Many eminent scientists are now of the opinion that this new Physics points to " mind " rather than " matter " as being fundamental in the scheme of things. Eddington, for example, sees in the unknown background beneath the symbolism a " spiritual substratum " which he identifies with a " mind stuff " of a kind corresponding to the raw material of " mind " and of a nature capable of manifesting itself as mental activity. All through the Physical world " there runs an unknown content which must really be the stuff of our own consciousness ". He proceeds, however, to distinguish the " mind stuff " from consciousness in the sense that it is something below the level of our conscious mind, yet out of which consciousness may and does emerge in " scattered islands ".

It is difficult, however, to understand how Eddington reconciles this view of the " mind stuff " with other aspects in his subsequent arguments. Thus, when he states " the only subject presented to me for study is the content of my own consciousness," he is affirming that consciousness is the only legitimate approach to reality. Thence he infers that the unknown background and therefore the " mind stuff " is continuous with consciousness, which contradicts his original definition of it as something of a kind with consciousness but below the level of consciousness, since to say that it is below the level of consciousness must necessarily imply that it cannot be continuous with it.

Jeans, on the other hand, infers that the fact that nature works mathematically, and that the human mind can comprehend this working, constitutes evidence in support of the existence of a controlling mind analogous to our own, and thence he deduces the existence of a mathematical Creator with a mind which, like the human mind, thinks in terms of mathematics. His final conclusion that the Universe is exhaustively

explicable in mathematical terms and that it is therefore ultimately reducible to mathematics, and so to thought, is very definitely open to the objection that it confuses the description of reality with the object which it describes. Any description of a phenomenon, mathematical or otherwise, is merely a thing of one kind which suggests a thing of another kind, and there must be something other than the description to correspond with the description which is given of it. If, therefore, we accept Jeans's hypothesis that the Universe is completely describable in terms of mathematics, then the fact that the description is mathematical would appear to constitute a good reason for assuming that the Universe itself cannot be mathematical—and that, therefore, his conception of the Universe as a thought in the Mind of a mathematical Creator cannot be regarded as logically sound.

Apart, however, from the logical inconsistencies in modern idealism, it would seem, indeed, that in adopting an idealistic view of reality the modern Scientist is falling into much the same kind of error as that of the nineteenth-century Philosophers, who founded their materialism upon the apparently mechanical nature of the Universe. Both err in identifying the description with the thing described, and the modern Scientist has no more ground for assuming that the Universe is of the nature of " thought " or " mind " than the Materialists had for regarding it as a great machine.

A just mean must be preserved, and there is a growing belief that it is within the framework of a philosophy founded on the principles of Thomism that an interpretation of the new science is to be found. The concepts of " matter " and " form," " substance " and " accident," " first matter " and " substantial form ", " act " and " potency " in no way conflict with those of present-day science, and they are, in fact, being applied with success to the results of modern Physics—notably by Professor Whitaker, who has made some efforts to interpret space-time, the atom, and atomic states in the language of Scholasticism. In the past, discussion between the Scientist and the Philosopher has been hindered by their different use of language and of terminology. The Scientist has an exact terminology ; there may be modifications in the usage of old words as new knowledge is obtained of old facts ; but, in general, there can be no misunderstanding of the terms employed in Physics at the present time. Since the time of Descartes, many common words have been used in quite different senses by different Philosophers, with the result that confusion has arisen not only between Scientists and Philosophers but also between Philosophers themselves. In Thomism, as in Science, the terms used are clear-cut and logical, and sufficient progress has already been made in fitting modern Science into the scholastic framework to show that there are no irreconcilable factors involved and to justify the conclusion that, by co-operation between the Scientist and the trained Philosopher, Science and Philosophy may be reintegrated into a unity with Religion.

J. A. TEEGAN

BIRDS OF THE COUNTRYSIDE

BY P. G. KENNEDY, S.J.

PART XVI.—GEESE AND DUCKS

THE SNOW-GOOSE.—The Snow-Goose is a very rare winter visitor to this country. Three were shot in Co. Wexford in November 1871; one was seen in Longford in October 1903. From Mayo the following sight identifications have been reported: four, December 1903; fourteen, December 1906; four, December 1908; and from Galway, twelve, December 1917. Some of these later birds may have been escapes from captivity and would thus by convention be excluded from a place amongst the wild birds of the country.

The Snow-Goose is a pure white bird about the size of the Pink-foot, with black primaries, a stout bill, which is red with a white or whitish nail and black cutting edge, and pinkish-red legs. In flight the primary coverts and the bases of the primaries, which are grey, show up as a distinct pale area between the intense black of the primaries and the pure white of the body.

This species breeds in arctic eastern Siberia and in arctic North America, and winters in the western states of North America, especially in California.

THE BLUE SNOW-GOOSE.—The Blue Snow-Goose had never been found in Ireland before 1946. But on January 8th of that year Major R. F. Ruttledge and Mr. John Barlee saw on the North Slob, Wexford, amongst a large flock of Grey Lags, two geese which had what appeared to be abnormal marking on the head and neck. Both observers concluded that the birds were freak Grey Lags. Major Ruttledge, however, mentioned the birds and gave details of their plumage in a letter to Mr. Peter Scott. Mr. Scott at once suspected that they were Blue Snow-Geese and he urged further investigation. By March it was thought that the birds had permanently left the Slobs, as two parties of watchers from Dublin had failed to see them after extensive searches. But on April 18th Mr. Barlee, on his way to the Saltee Islands, visited the North Slob and at once found one white-headed goose which, under excellent conditions, he had no difficulty in identifying as a Blue Snow-Goose. Major Ruttledge was summoned by wire and within an hour on his arrival on April 20th he found and clearly identified the same bird. Before leaving the Slob on April 20th, he discovered a second Blue Snow-Goose at some distance from the first one he had been watching. On April 21st he again saw these two geese, but although he covered the whole of both the North and South

Slobs, he could find no others and could hardly have missed one had it been present. On April 22nd Major Ruttledge with Messrs. Barlee and John and Ivan Goodbody, who had now returned from the Saltees, had excellent views of the two birds. Since neither of the birds seen from April 18th to 22nd was similar in plumage to one of the two seen on January 8th, it is believed that three Blue Snow-Geese were present on the North Slob at one time or another during the winter.

In view of the possibility that these birds may have been escapes from captivity, it unfortunately remains uncertain whether the birds seen in Wexford were wild visitors from America or not. Three full-winged Blue Snow-Geese had escaped from Whipsnade in 1941 and five in 1942. One of the Wexford birds was almost certainly, from careful observation of its plumage, in its first year, and this suggests the further possibility that the Whipsnade escapes had bred somewhere in Europe. Still it is quite as likely that the three Wexford Blue Geese were wild birds from America as that they owed their origin to the unfortunate Whipsnade escapes. It should be noted too that the Snow-Goose, which breeds in the same area of Arctic Canada as the Blue Goose and is very closely allied to it, had occurred in this country in an undoubtedly wild state before any of the species had been in captivity in these islands. There is therefore no reason why the Blue Goose should not also do so.

On February 1st 1947 Major Ruttledge again saw one Blue Goose on the North Slob. It was like one of the 1946 birds in appearance. He also saw another goose which, from careful examination, he concluded to be a cross between a White-fronted and a Blue Goose. Mr. Peter Scott, to whom he described the bird, felt quite certain that it was such a hybrid. This suggests the possibility that one of the Wexford Blue Geese migrated with the White-fronted back to their breeding grounds in Greenland, while it assuredly shows that the hybrid must have crossed the Atlantic from Greenland to Wexford.

The name Blue Goose is said to be somewhat of a misnomer as the blue area of the plumage is small and relatively inconspicuous. The most marked characteristic of the adult is an entirely white head and neck. The back, flanks and breast are dark greyish-brown with wave-like markings of cinnamon brown on the edges and tips of the feathers. The anterior area of the wing is glaucous grey to pale blue with scattered dashes of darker blue grey. The bill is rose to pink in colour with a paler tip of ivory cream or horn. The feet and legs are pink.

The Blue Goose is peculiar in having very restricted breeding and wintering grounds as well as comparatively narrow migration routes between the northern and southern extremes of its range. It winters chiefly on a coastal strip along the southern edge of Louisiana, bordering the Gulf of Mexico, from the Mississippi Delta to about the Sabine River, and then with a rapid decrease in numbers westward to the neighbourhood of

Brownsville, Texas. Strange to say these Louisiana winter quarters were discovered only so recently as 1910, though the Blue Goose must have been frequenting them from time immemorial. Until still more recently the breeding areas were unknown. In the summer of 1929 Mr. J. Dewey Soper discovered the nesting grounds at Bowman Bay, Baffin Island, and in 1930 Mr. George M. Sutton located a second nesting area in Southampton Island. Roughly speaking the distance in an airline from the Louisiana coast to the Baffin Island nesting area is 2,600 miles; that to Southampton Island about 200 miles less. The spring migration northward is through the continental interior from the Gulf of Mexico to Manitoba, thence to James Bay and the lower part of Hudson Bay and finally north to the breeding grounds. The autumn migration is more simple and direct; it passes practically due south to the lower end of James Bay and then swings in a south-westerly direction to Louisiana. Mr. J. Dewey Soper estimates that there are not less than five millions of Blue Geese in existence. (*Life History of the Blue Goose*, Proc. Boston Soc. Nat. Hist. 1942.)

THE GREATER SNOW-GOOSE.—There have been only two occurrences of the Greater Snow-Goose in Ireland—both in Co. Mayo. The first was in October 1877, when two out of a flock of seven were obtained on the peninsula of the Mullet, near Belmullet. One of these specimens is in the National Museum, where for many years, on the authority of Howard Saunders, it was thought to be the smaller Snow-Goose. But when measurements were again taken, it was clear that the specimen must be referred to the Greater form. The second occurrence was also on the Mullet. The bird was shot and was sent to Mr. Blake Knox, who preserved it.

The Greater Snow-Goose is so like the Snow-Goose in appearance that in the field it is not possible to distinguish the one from the other. But it is a slightly larger and heavier bird, of a more stocky build and with a thicker neck and larger head. The species breeds in the N.E. Nearctic region and winters in the eastern United States.

THE BARNACLE-GOOSE.—The Barnacle-Goose is a regular winter visitor to the coasts and islands of Galway, Mayo, Sligo, Donegal, Antrim, Louth and, in the present century, Wexford. It is occasional elsewhere and rare on the south coast. It arrives in October, sometimes in September, and departs in April.

The Barnacle is larger than the other black goose, the Brent. It is easily recognized, even at long range, on account of its distinctive plumage of boldly contrasting black, white and grey. The crown, neck and breast are glossy black, and the whole face and fore-head creamy white, except for a black stripe from the bill to the eye. The upper-parts are lavender-

grey with blackish bars narrowly bordered with white. The under-parts are grey with white under tail-coverts. The quills and tail are black and the flanks are faintly barred. In young birds the white of the face is tinged with black, the flanks are strongly barred and there are rufous edgings to the mantle feathers.

Barnacle-Geese are gregarious, occurring in flocks of a dozen or less to hundreds. The flocks seldom associate with other species, but odd birds and small parties sometimes graze with grey geese. Occasionally they fly out to sea to rest on the water, but they are more terrestrial than Brent Geese, though only exceptionally are they found inland. Their favourite resorts are marshes and grasslands close to the shore and grounds reclaimed from the sea. They are less wary than other geese. Thompson comments on this trait from his observation of flocks of Barnacle on Lurgan Green, near Dundalk, during his periodic journeys from Belfast to Dublin. " I have seen them," he says, " within shot of the coach, and as regardless of its passing as a flock of tame geese, indeed more so, for the latter would have the impudence to cackle, while the barnacle had the good taste to remain silent."

The only known breeding places of the Barnacle-Goose are N.E. Greenland, Spitsbergen and Novaya Zemlya.

The name Barnacle-Goose is said to be derived, not from the food of the bird which is chiefly vegetable, but from the ancient myth that the ship-barnacles gave birth to geese. Giraldus Cambrensis, who apparently believed in the fable, describes the parthogenesis and adds the astounding statement that he had often seen barnacle shells in which were contained the small, but already formed, bodies of geese : " Vidi multoties oculis meis plusquam mille minuta hujusmodi avium corpuscula, in litore maris ab uno ligno dependentia, testis inclusa, et jam formata." (*Topographia Hibernica*, Vol. V, p. 48, Rolls 1867). Thompson tells us that the belief was still current in his time among Irish fishermen and those who dwell near the sea. Giraldus also mentions that in certain parts of Ireland Barnacle-Geese were eaten on days of abstinence—an ancient custom which still prevails in some Irish dioceses. But he disapproves of the privilege, which he holds was wrongly availed of because the birds happened not to have been born of flesh : " Si quis enim ex primi parentis, carnei quidem licet de carne non nati, femore comedisset, eum a carnium esu non immunem arbitrarer." (loc. cit.)

THE BRENT GOOSE.—The Brent Goose is found on all the coasts, but is rarer in the extreme south. Huge numbers frequent Tralee Harbour and Barrow Harbour in Kerry. It is numerous in Sligo Bay and Strangford Lough. It has decreased in many places, noticeably in Galway Bay, Clew Bay, Blacksod Bay and Wexford Harbour. In Wexford, however, about one thousand can still be seen, but formerly as many as five thousand were

said to be present during winter. It is holding its own, if not increasing, on the Dublin coast at Malahide and the North Bull. It is rare in Cork, Waterford and the Shannon Estuary. The Brent arrives on our coasts sometimes in September, but usually in October, and leaves in April, sometimes in May, and it has been recorded for June and July.

There are two forms of the species, the Dark-breasted and the Pale-breasted Brent. In Ireland the Pale-breasted race largely predominates—the Dark-breasted, according to Mr. Peter Scott, appearing only late in the season. The Dark-breasted race breeds from Kolguev, Waigatz, and Novaya Zemlya east to western arctic Siberia, and the Pale-breasted in Spitsbergen, Greenland and arctic eastern Canada.

The Brent is the smallest and the darkest of the geese. The head, neck and upper breast are black and, in adult birds, there is a small whitish patch on the sides of the neck. The upper-parts are dark grey-brown, with narrow lighter edgings to the feathers, and the quills and tail are black. In contrast to the rest of the plumage the tail-coverts are pure white. In the Dark-breasted form the lower breast and flanks are slate and not strikingly paler than the upper parts as they are in the Pale-breasted variety.

The flight is swift and much like that of other geese, but flocks seldom adopt the V-formation, flying usually in irregular packs and in trailing lines. The note of the Brent is a guttural " krrook " or " rruk," and when heard from a flock, resting on the water or feeding, is suggestive of the creaking of oars between wooden thole-pins.

Brents are almost exclusively maritime during winter, frequenting tidal flats and estuaries. Only exceptionally, and then probably on migration, are they found inland. Thus in April 1932 a flock of thirteen was seen on a Kildare marsh, fifty miles from the sea. They are extremely gregarious, but on the North Bull, Dublin, I have seen single birds and small parties of from two to five feeding at one end of the island, while the main flocks were at the other end, fully three miles away. They feed largely on *Zostera marina*. While feeding they behave much like ducks, paddling about in shallow water and, when afloat, dipping their heads into the water or " up-ending " to reach the plants.

THE CANADA GOOSE.—Formerly the Canada Goose was excluded from British and Irish lists of wild birds on the ground that those obtained were escapes from captivity. But in the most recent authoritative work, *The Handbook of British Birds* (1938–41), the species has been admitted to the British list because, though admittedly introduced, it has for many years lived in a feral state in England and Scotland. It will probably also be included in the next official Irish list as it has been recorded as breeding in Antrim, Down and Dublin, and has been obtained occasionally elsewhere, chiefly in the east and south.

It is a large grey-brown goose, with a black head and neck and a well-defined white patch from the chin up the sides of the head behind the eye. The wings and upper-parts are brown,the flanks and sides are lighter and the black tail is in strong contrast to the pure white tail-coverts. Though sometimes found on the coast, it usually frequents fresh waters and often wanders far inland. It has a loud, resonant trumpet-like note. In its native America it breeds in Alaska, Canada and the northern part of the United States, sometimes nesting on trees, and it winters south to the Gulf of Mexico.

Ducks

Ducks, besides being smaller than geese and with shorter necks and narrower wings, are more aquatic in habits. In contrast to swans and geese, the sexes are markedly different in plumage and they have quite different notes. The males usually take little or no part in the care of the family. Ducks may be divided into three classes: Sheld-Ducks, Surface-feeders and Diving Ducks.

Sheld-Ducks resemble geese to a certain extent and are notably different from the other ducks in flight and carriage, in being largely terrestrial in habits, in the similarity of the sexes in plumage and in the care of the young by both parents.

The Surface-feeding Ducks are of relatively slender build and get most of their food in shallow water, either wading or swimming. In slightly deeper water they often " up-end," with head and neck submerged and with feet paddling to maintain balance. Though they often rest on water, they come freely ashore and feed to a varying degree on land. They generally have a " speculum," which is a conspicuously coloured patch on the wing, often with a metallic gloss and duller in the females than in the males. The males have besides an " eclipse " stage of plumage at the mid-summer moult, during which they differ little in appearance from the females.

Diving Ducks are divided into typical divers and the very distinct " Saw-bills ". The former are shorter-bodied and more stocky birds than Surface-feeders, with legs set far back. They walk clumsily with an up-right carriage and except for the nesting season do not come much to land. The beats of their broad wings are rapid, and the feet extend beyond the tail in flight. The eclipse stage is generally not well marked and as a rule a distinct speculum is absent, its place being often taken by white bars and patches on the wings. They habitually dive for food and " up-end " rarely or not at all.

The Saw-bills are recognized by their fine, tapering bill, their generally slender build and by their distinct crest or elongated feathers at the back of the head. They fly with their head and neck held rigidly in a straight

line with the body, producing a characteristic elongated outline. They feed principally on fish, for which they dive. They are more graceful both on land and water than the other diving ducks, are more lively and come ashore more often.

THE SHELD-DUCK.—The Sheld-Duck or Sheldrake, as it is generally called in Ireland, is well distributed around the coasts of the four provinces. It is resident and nests usually in burrows in sand-hills on the coast, on marine islands and in some estuaries, but occasionally the nest is in the open. I have seen a Sheld-Duck sitting on its eggs under a large boulder on a marine island. During winter it occurs in flocks of varying sizes on the coast where there is suitable feeding ground.

It is a large and handsome duck with a goose-like pose and carriage. At a distance it appears black and white, but at closer range it is seen to be of boldly contrasted plumage of black, white and chestnut. The head and neck are black, with a metallic green lustre, the scapulars, tips of the primaries and tail-feathers are black, and there is a broad chestnut band round the fore-part of the body. A black stripe extends down the centre of the breast from the chestnut bank. The bill is bright red and the feet are pink. The sexes are alike, but the female is slightly duller and lacks the knob at the base of the bill. Both sexes have a duller plumage corresponding to the eclipse in other ducks when they show white about the face and throat and a much obscured pectoral band. Young birds lack the chestnut girdle and have dark grey-brown head and back and white face and throat. The Sheld-Duck is less aquatic than most ducks, seldom going far out to sea and spending much of its time resting on salt marshes. In general it is a rather silent bird, but one often hears on the mud-flats, where a number are feeding, a harsh chattering quack which is suggestive of sardonic laughter. As soon as the young are hatched out, they are led by the female to the water, the male often bringing up the rear of the procession. At first they are shepherded by both parents, but where several pairs breed, the broods tend to unite with only one pair of adults in attendance.

THE RUDDY SHELD-DUCK.—This species is rare and irregular in its visits to this country and occurs chiefly in summer. In June and July 1886 there was a visitation on a small scale, when a pair were shot on the Shannon above Limerick, six were seen, one female being shot, near Kinsale and three were seen and a male obtained near Banteer, Co. Cork. In the summer of 1892 a more extensive immigration took place. In that year there was a great drought in southern and south-eastern Europe, and Ruddy Sheld-Ducks were recorded as wandering to Great Britain, Scandinavia, Iceland and Greenland. In Ireland birds were obtained over the greater part of the country and flocks, up to twenty in number, have

been reported. Apart from these two invasions, there have been only occasional records, usually of single birds, and there is always the suspicion that these may have escaped from captivity, as they are favourite ornamental fowl and much addicted to wandering.

Of about the same size as the common species, the Ruddy Sheld-Duck has an orange-brown colour, with paler head, black wing-quills and tail and white wing-coverts which show up well in flight. It has a narrow black collar and a metallic-green speculum. The female has a paler head and is without the collar. The bill is blackish and the legs are dark-grey.

It breeds from southern Spain and North Africa to west and central Asia, and is common as a winter visitor to India and southern China. In India, where it is known as the Brahminy Duck, it is said to be injurious to growing crops.

THE MALLARD.—The Mallard or Wild Duck, the best known of the Surface-feeders, is generally distributed throughout Ireland and nests in every county. The name Mallard, which is said to be really masculine, is more distinctive than the older vague title of Wild Duck and is now applied to both sexes. The species is the original stock from which the domestic duck was long ago derived. Wilson, who wrote on American Ornithology, remarks that, though the tame drake often differs little in general plumage from its ancestors, " the stamp of slavery is strongly imprinted in his dull indifferent eye and grovelling gait, while the lofty look, long tapering neck and sprightly action of the wild drake bespeak his native spirit and independence."

The Mallard is the least exacting of the wild ducks in its choice of haunts. It frequents large and small lakes, reservoirs, quiet reaches of rivers and moorland and marsh pools. An intelligent bird, knowing where it is safe, it has established itself on lakes and ponds in town parks. It is a familiar bird in Dublin where it can be seen on the ornamental waters of Phoenix Park, St. Stephen's Green, Herbert Park and even on the canals.

The drake is a beautiful bird in full plumage when it has a glossy dark-green head, white collar, purplish-brown breast, grey back and a white tail with the four central feathers black and curled upwards. The female is more soberly coloured with mottled brown and buff. The wings of both sexes are grey with a black-edged, violet-purple speculum bordered by white on both sides. During the eclipse stage the male differs little in appearance from the female.

The species is gregarious in habits. It rises straight off water when flushed and often seems to hover while selecting where to pitch. The flight is swift, the rapid and strong wing-beats producing a distinct whistling sound. When about to alight it comes down with head well forward, but with the body upright, striking the surface with its feet and tail and ploughing through the water as it checks its pace with open wings.

It nests usually in fairly thick cover, under bushes and hedgerows and sometimes in pollarded trees and ivy-covered ruins. Some years ago in St. Stephen's Green, Dublin, a Mallard made her nest on the pedestal of one of the statues (which has since disappeared), some fifteen feet from the ground. When the young were hatched out, the mother brooded them for a short time and then flying down to the ground set up a continuous quacking. The ducklings, understanding what was demanded of them, were seen to tumble down one by one on to the hard gravelled path at the base and, apparently uninjured, to run to their mother. When she had gathered all around her, still quacking but more softly, she led them off in triumph to the water. In a purely wild state the Mallard is single-brooded, but in protected areas it may breed twice in the season. The drakes join up in little parties while the ducks are sitting and tending the young.

There is a considerable immigration of Mallard from overseas in autumn and winter. Fowlers say that the foreign birds are lighter in weight and, when tired after migration, are more easily shot than those bred at home. Birds ringed in Scotland and Iceland have been recovered in some Irish counties.

P. G. Kennedy

UTILITY AND TRADITION

TWO ASPECTS OF "SIMPLIFIED SPELLING"

BY LUDWIG BIELER, PH.D.

WHEN recently joining the staff of the National Library, I renewed acquaintance with a book that had not been in my hands for the last fourteen years—Melvil Dewey's *Decimal Classification.* I still remember the shock it gave me when I first opened it; for this book was printed entirely in a "simplified," i.e. approximately phonetic, spelling. So far as I know this is the only book of considerable extent in which English has ever been so spelled; no wonder—the late Melvil Dewey, together with Andrew Carnegie, was one of the foremost supporters of the Simplified Spelling Movement. The editors of the fourteenth edition (1942), which I am using now, have partly, viz. in the preface and the elaborate index, returned to standard spelling; they frankly admit that its use throughout might have secured for their book a largely increased circulation. The course on which they decided was obviously a compromise between their own preferences and their regard for the author. In deference to his ideals they also retained the long section (pp. 49-63) in which he justified his way of spelling English—which is simplification pushed to extremes, even beyond the recommendations of the Simplified Spelling Board. As Mr. Dewey was Secretary of the Spelling Reform Association since 1876, his announcements on this subject may be considered as representing in all essentials the aim and spirit of that movement. Thus criticism of his views may serve as a convenient basis for a discussion of this problem.

I

Our spelling of English is grossly inconsistent. The English language uses forty distinct sounds, which are represented by the twenty-six letters of the Latin alphabet and their combinations; the latter, however, are so numerous that about five hundred symbols, either single or compound, are employed for the representation of forty sounds. On the other hand, the same letter or group of letters may be pronounced in very different ways. As an illustration, Dewey quotes the following "test phrase" for pronunciation and spelling: "Though the rough cough and hiccough plough me through, I ought to cross the lough." He remarks that, if all pronunciations and spellings for which analogies can be found in English, and their permutations, were considered, this sentence might be pronounced in sixteen million different ways and spelled in sixty-six decillion ways! Why, he asks, are we expected to adhere just to one spelling and pronunciation out of this immense variety?

He then gives five special reasons for the necessity of reform :—

1. The spelling of English is " the most illogical, unscientific, unscholarly spelling of any language in the world " ;
2. It involves " a criminal waste of money," amounting to one seventh of the cost of everything connected with writing and printing—e.g. stationery, time, composition, proof-reading, binding, transportation ;
3. It is further " a criminal waste of time " : from kindergarten to university not less than three years are sacrificed to spelling instruction ;
4. The inconsistencies of English spelling preclude the child from learning the unknown by inference from the known ; as a result the child will be " ready to believe any absurd thing that is told him " ;
5. Nothing but its spelling prevents English from becoming a universal international language.

Melvil Dewey urges us to switch over to a strictly phonetic spelling, of which in all his life he was an enthusiastic pioneer. This, he maintains, is also the agreed opinion of the most eminent philologists both in England and America. However, a glance at some of the S.P.E. (Society for Pure English) tracts is sufficient to show that Mr. Dewey's assertion is an overstatement. In two recent tracts, LIX (1942) and LXIII (1944), Sir William A. Craigie, summing up and carrying on the work of earlier contributors, has carefully examined the problem ; he brings out most convincingly its complex character in the light of the history of English and its extreme delicacy as regards future reform. Without express reference to Dewey's Five Points he answers them one by one, except the fourth, which does not fall within his competence.

The " inconsistency " of spelling is a result of the history of the English language ; the different linguistic basis of the native (" saxon "), romanic, classical and exotic elements of its vocabulary makes it impossible to subject them all to the same principles of spelling without altering the form of one or the other almost beyond recognition.[1] The savings in printing material, time, labour etc. that could be made by the adoption of a phonetic spelling would be outweighed by the cost of revision of dictionaries, grammars, encyclopaedias and other works of reference, especially because of the unavoidable rearrangement of numerous articles after the suppression of all silent initials (gnaw, knife, psalm, etc.) ; the spelling of voiced *s* as *z* would unduly increase the frequency of this letter, involving large supplies of new type and a reconstruction and rearrangement of the compositor's case. The loss of three school years by spelling lessons is an illusion ; after the elementary stage spelling is not learnt in

[1] E.g. " saxon " spelling would result in *fisher* for *fissure* ; " romanic " spelling would change *news* to *nuse* : S.P.E. LXIII. 56–7.

extra classes, but almost unconsciously as the student is introduced to new concepts in his various subjects; besides, phonetic spelling would require the teaching of many new distinctions instead of the old ones—e.g. *cats—dogz—houzez*; *landed—jumpt—turnd*. Further, phonetic spelling would sever a great portion of the English vocabulary from its parallels in Romance; this in turn would create difficulties for the foreigner wishing to learn English, who is supposed not in the last place to benefit from the change.

Admittedly, the spelling of English is inconsistent.[1] It is not even historic in the sense that every word would reflect in its spelling the time of its formation or reception. During the fifteenth century the *b* in *debt doubt* was artificially introduced from Latin into words borrowed from Old French as *dette doute*; *scissors* for *cisors* owes its spelling to an erroneous association with Latin *scindere*. These are but few examples out of a great number. Yet Sir William Craigie has his doubts as to whether phonetic spelling or a near approach to it would be a real improvement. It is of course possible to provide a single symbol for each different sound; this, however, would not only compel us to abandon altogether the present basis of spelling, but would also greatly increase the number of homographs—words of identical spelling (and pronunciation) in spite of different origin and meaning. If however the basic system of spelling remains unchanged and the reform aims merely at normalization (i.e. to employ one prevailing representation of a sound to the exclusion of all variants), then the advantage is hardly great enough to justify the change, because too many details would still have to be learnt separately.

Phonetic spelling would necessarily sever etymological relations. It will be objected that this would be a loss only for a small number of linguists; however, even the unlearned realizes (at least subconsciously) the relation between *benign* and *benignant*, *sign* and *signal*, *two* and *twice*, *who* and *what*. A German student of English will find the silent *gh* in *sight*, *dough*, *daughter*, *neighbour* and other words a help rather than a hindrance. Finally, some of the most irregular spellings are those of common words—e.g. *ache*, *women*, *bury*, *busy*; a change of their familiar representation in the written language would be irritating for the majority of readers and probably be rejected as "illiterate".

There is indeed no modern language with a truly phonetic spelling. There are, to be sure, degrees, and these vary greatly even within linguistic groups: Italian is more "phonetic" than French, German more "historic" than the Scandinavian languages. The strength of the phonetic principle in the spelling of a given language and the limits of its application result mainly from the history of that language. Italian e.g. was able to develop a fairly phonetic spelling (on the whole the medieval spelling of

[1] The following discussion draws freely on Sir William Craigie's arguments, but it would be impossible to acknowedge my debt in all instances.

Latin in Italy) because in Italy Latin and Italian were always felt to be one and the same language. On the other hand, English—not to mention Gaelic—does not lend itself to the same treatment on account of both its structure and history.[1]

With his assumption that for ultimate success " simplified spelling " needed merely a sufficient number of fearless pioneers Dewey was in grave error about the nature of language. He declared dogmatically (p. 53–4) : " It is only ignorance to say that ' language cannot be changed by conscious efforts of its users ' . . . . Of thousands of improvements made in the last 500 years every one was used first by someone who saw the need and had the moral courage to be a pioneer." Language can indeed be changed by conscious efforts of its users, but there must be a response on the part of other speakers—an echo, as it were, of sufficient volume. It is this echo that decides the fate of a proposed change. Much innovation in language is individual in its origin, but unless it appeals to a body of speakers it will remain an eccentricity. Yet the causes for appeal or otherwise are often neither conscious nor rational. A new term or turn is not accepted " because people see the need," but rather because the seed falls on fertile ground. Simplification is not always an improvement, and the function of language is not merely " to convey author's tho't clearly and compactly to reader's mind ".

The historian of language knows that reformers of spelling have at all times been unpopular. The emperor Claudius decreed that three new letters should be added to the Latin alphabet ; he had them enforced on public inscriptions during his reign, but they were abandoned as soon as he closed his eyes. The very aim of the Simplified Spelling Movement, viz. a phonetic spelling of English, had a champion during the eighteenth century in James Elphinston ; to-day we look back on his endeavours as a mere curiosity.

In his summing-up (S.P.E. LXIII. 75), Sir William Craigie advocates a continued use, " at least in all essentials," of the present spelling of English. In my opinion we must on no account go beyond present American spelling—if we are indeed to go so far[2]. A more drastic reform would be doomed to failure.

II

At this point our discussion might come to an end, had the problem not far-reaching implications of a more general character. The one challenge which Sir William Craigie did not answer was the assertion that

[1] An extreme case of anti-phonetic development has been referred to by Sir William Craigie (S.P.E. LIX. 332) : the Faeroese language was originally spelled almost phonetically, but " after a fair trial " this spelling was abandoned in favour of a historic spelling based closely upon that of Icelandic.

[2] I see e.g. no reason why we should not adopt *-or* for *-our* in such words as *honor, labor*, since our predecessors restored *debt* for *dette* ; on similar grounds *medieval* may be recommended, which would reflect the prevailing medieval spelling of Latin *ae*.

the teaching of standard English spelling must necessarily result in " addling brains ". Dewey refers to a city superintendent of schools in New York, who holds that " the process (of learning how to spell) has well-nigh produced a disbelief in reason as a means of learning, and a total lack of confidence in inference. . . . The child has lost faith in his own conclusions with respect to problems in arithmetic, biology, geography, history, etc." Here we touch upon the fundamental scientific heresy of our day. The method favoured by this authority is legitimate only in pure formal sciences such as mathematics or logic, in others only to the degree in which they correspond to this pattern. To this class belong neither biology nor geography, and least of all history. Biology cannot ultimately disregard " ends " towards which organic processes are directed; geography has to reckon not only with physical factors, but also with the life of man on earth; and the " laws " of history, so far as they are universally valid, explain its mechanism, but not its meaning.

The same principle underlies some other of Dewey's allegations. We have seen that the present spelling of English reflects its complex history, which accounts in no small degree for the successful bid English has made as an international language. Esperanto is incomparably more scientific; yet its very limited advance does not confirm the view that what makes for world success in a language is scientific consistency. This state of affairs must be bewildering for those who assume that language is nothing but a means of communication. Spelling is only one aspect among many, but the fundamental problem is the same here as elsewhere. Dewey quotes William D. Whitney of Yale University: " The true and sole office of alphabetic writing is correctly to represent spoken speech "; and adds: " Writing is attempt to convey to one at a distance (either in space or time) what would be spoken to one close at hand, and therefore written word should represent spoken word as exactly as possible." Professor Whitney's statement is essentially correct; alphabetic writing does aim at a representation of distinct " phonemes ". The form in which this truism was stated might, however, be questioned. We are to understand that an alphabetic writing which fails to " represent correctly spoken speech " is misuse of a device invented for this definite purpose. Does the spelling of any language satisfy that condition? Not even the elaborate phonetic notation of linguists does. It stands to reason that all alphabetic spelling was originally phonetic. But to what degree? Every attempt at " representing spoken speech " must be imperfect—for the simple reason that sounds are not units of speech, which, being themselves invariable, may be variously combined in words and phrases, but are rather the successive stages of articulation within the unit of one breath—similarly as the parts of speech within a sentence do not " make up " its idea as items make up a sum, but represent (and perhaps even " work out ") the unfolding of the idea. The letters of an alphabet attempt

to render " means " of sound quality in a scale of shades as continuous as the spectrum.

But even if Professor Whitney's formulation were flawless, Dewey's inferences would still be unjustified. In reading we do not put together single letters, but normally perceive " pictures " of whole words or groups of words. With these " pictures " we may or may not associate definite sound-impressions, but we do associate with them definite ideas. Only in this way is it possible that minor misprints are seldom noticed in ordinary reading. The familiar symbol will be recognized because it is familiar, no matter whether it is phonetically correct or otherwise.[1] It is apprehended in exactly the same way as syllabic and word symbols, which were still employed to some extent in the medieval script of Greek and Latin as they are in modern shorthand. Phonetic spelling is not a necessary condition for transmitting a message in space; it would prove definitely harmful to its transmission in time. The pronunciation of all languages changes as time goes on; if the spelling were to keep pace with the changing pronunciation, a record would be bound soon to become enigmatic by the mere impact of time. The spelling of Early English or Norman French is a serious obstacle for orinary modern readers; and it wants a philologist to see that the name of Queen Berenice—familiar to readers of Catullus—is the same as that of St. Veronica. Continuity is served better by a historic, or let us say traditional, spelling.

That a change to phonetic spelling would involve too abrupt a break with the past and all the habits which have been acquired in connection with the present spelling—this is the view also of Sir William Craigie (LXIII. 56). Mr. Dewey was of a different opinion: " To continue old spellings after words have changed is as absurd as to continue old price quotations instead of following the market. . . . Practical business will not much longer endure the costly tyranny of the half-educated and wholly unbusinesslike and inefficient pedant " (p. 55). As to his own idea of efficiency we are not left in the dark: he advocated an English alphabet of forty letters which could be used with " as invariable meanings as arabic numerals ". Again the same misconception of language: although the written word consists of letters as does the written number of figures, the spoken word is not composed of sounds as is a mathematical quantity

[1] The silent reader will apprehend the printed word without pronunciation; a person reading aloud will pronounce the printed word, however spelled, according to custom: H. Bradley, *On the Relation between Spoken and Written English* (1919), p. 7, quoted by Sir William Craigie, S.P.E. LXIII. 51.—Variety of spelling, on the other hand, serves the useful purpose of distinction. German spelling before its " reform " in my parents' time distinguished e.g. between *Ton* " tone " (Greek *tonos*) and *Thon* " clay " (Greek *chthon*). The distinction was both significant and useful. The reformers abolished the " silent " *h* in *Thon* as in the majority of words in which it was found, thus unnecessarily creating a homograph. They were not wiser than the customs official, who, as the story goes, put down Joseph Haydn as a potter (*Thonkünstler*) and turned a deaf ear to the composer's assertion that he was a *Tonkünstler* " without *h* ". Yet when I went to school, we were told " write as you speak " and taught to speak as we ought to write—two maxims equally dangerous.

of units, decades and hundreds. Besides, the cost of such a change would exceed even that of normalized spelling as estimated by Sir William Craigie.

This, however, is not all. Arabic numerals (including fractions) are recommended as labour-savers, even at the beginning of a sentence; and the figure 1 has to do duty also for the pronoun. Henceforth 3 little girls from school will enter on the stage as they are entered in the statistics of their headmistress, and " Market Square " will become a rhymed price quotation (but, alas, not following the market). 1 fool makes 10. And since we are not to be satisfied with ½ measures we must accept ½ wits. But even those would not dare to offend the witches and print " When shall we 3 meet again? " In many of those " pedantic " habits which we are encouraged to shake off there is enshrined a sense of the decorum. " The twenty-eighth day of May in the year of Our Lord one thousand nine hundred and forty-seven " is an " engrossing " of " May 28, 1947," and thus aptly expresses the solemn character of a legal deed. And, to quote once more Sir William Craigie (S.P.E. LXIII. 70), it is not necessary to discuss the question whether a juj would command equal respect if his designation took that form.

Yet there remains the charge of waste—waste of material, of energy, and especially of time in both book production and education. The fact that the changes sponsored by the Simplifiers would lead to an increase rather than a cut in the cost of printing need not stand in the way of greater economy, if this be possible in a direction where no violence is done to the written word. Why not try to be more direct, more precise, more concrete—in one word, more classical? The language would be all the better for it. Any anthology of English prose reveals to the attentive reader the rapidly progressing disintegration of English since the middle of the nineteenth century; the same can be observed in other European languages. Why not resist the sloth of thinking in vague abstractions which invariably lead to unsightly long words? And last but not least: print less rubbish.

The charge of wasted schooltime has been well answered by Sir William Craigie—as we have seen. From personal experience I can only say that it did not take me three years to learn English spelling. Besides, spelling instruction need not always be educationally sterile. It might indeed become a means of conveying some insight into the structure and history of a language. In primary schools spelling, like most subjects, will have to be taught with little or no co-operation on the part of the pupil. Many will never be able to go beyond that stage; but these might be helped in a different way. If the average speaker of English is not very language-conscious, the main reason, I think, is the abundance of learned words without native equivalents. German e.g. has a great number of original names for flowers, animals, diseases, tools and technical instruments, terms of grammar etc., for which the English, even in ordinary conversa-

tion, use scientific names coined by specialists and derived mainly from Greek or Latin. German *Lungenentzündung* (" inflammation of the lungs ") evokes a definite idea ; *pneumonia* is a mere label to all those who know no Greek. A revival of " saxon " words—within reasonable limits—might prove helpful in making speakers of English more awake to their language. " Label words " are the death-germ of meaningful speech ; this road once taken lands the traveller at those " letter words " which are becoming ever more common for reference to modern concerns and organisations.

In secondary schools we may go a step farther, building up and rounding off the student's knowledge of spelling by reference to the history of his language and to comparative philology. In my native country this was started at an early stage of secondary education, and we enjoyed it. To make men conscious of the hidden working factors in language ought to be part of a liberal education.

Tradition is after all a value in itself, and a very practical value indeed. If continuity is essential for the preservation of physical life, it is no less so for the life of the spirit. Its realisation is not possible for all, but to those who are capable of it a spiritual realisation falls as a right and a duty. They will create a spiritual atmosphere of which all may benefit, as did medieval society from the permeating atmosphere of Faith. We ought to have a " learned state " rather than a body of " learned professions " ; a society organised in " states " has a definite advantage over one that is merely divided into " classes ".

Language as a living organism, dignity of speech as a self-expression of man's rational nature, tradition bearing witness to this unique privilege of man : to have a history—these are the ultimate reasons why people instinctively turn against arbitrary attempts at changing their language in one of its prominent aspects. A made-up spelling agrees no better with human nature than a made-up language.

" It is a disgrace to be blind to the facts or to be too cowardly to use some at least of the needed changes and so risk criticism or ridicule of the ignorant," says Dewey. In our present world it wants far greater moral courage to appear " reactionary " than to appear " progressive ".

LUDWIG BIELER

CURRENTS AND CROSS-CURRENTS IN POST-WAR FRANCE

BY STEPHEN J. BROWN, S.J.

A WRITER in *Le Monde Français* imagines a foreigner who had left Paris in 1939 returning in 1946 and stopping to look at the newspapers in the first kiosk he happened to meet with. He would turn over with amazement the heap of daily papers bearing titles unknown to him and would suppose that some cataclysm had befallen the French press. And he would not be far wrong. For the general transformation, if that be not too strong a word, that had come about in men's minds, habits, forms of social and of private life was naturally mirrored in the public press.

Looking a little closer, however, our foreigner would come upon a certain number of familiar titles, and gradually, perhaps, after a good deal of questioning, he might succeed in sorting out the contents of the kiosk into three classes: before-the-war papers that had reappeared; the underground press of the Resistance; and the new-born papers of the Liberation. Could he, could anybody, discern, amid the bewildering multiplicity of these organs of the press, any definite tendencies or currents of public opinion? Well, one thing he would soon ascertain. He would search in vain for newspapers which simply gave news, neutral and politically colourless newspapers such as the *Petit Parisien* and the *Matin* of before the war. Every newspaper he took up would prove to be the organ of a political party or at least the expression of a definite tendency, the exponent of a doctrine or an ideology.

Thus, to take first the newspapers that survived the war or came to life again after it, there is *L'Humanité* a sort of Parisian *Pravda*, keeping close to the party line and with all the Bolshevik hatred of religion. It claims a circulation of half a million and upwards. *Le Populaire*, organ of the Socialists, can claim nearly half that number. *L'Aube* the organ of the third of the big parties, the M.R.P., comes next with a circulation of 150,000. This last enjoys considerable prestige; for nearly all its editorial staff were prominent in the Resistance. Its editor, Georges Bidault, now Foreign Minister of France, was head of the National Committee of the Resistance which was almost a clandestine government.

The Right is (or rather was) represented by two dailies: the *Nation*, exponent of the conservative teachings of M. Louis Marin's Republican Federation, and *L'Epoque* with an outlook corresponding more or less to that of the new party P.R.L. (Parti Républicain de la Liberté)—regarded, and with some reason, as reactionary.

The remaining Parisian dailies are less narrowly partisan. *Le Figaro,* which has a circulation of 400,000, is an organ of moderation and of French traditional loyalties. François Mauriac and André Siegfried write for it. In general it expresses the mind of the educated middle classes. Alone, I understand, of all the Paris dailies *La Croix*[1] never ceased publication during the occupation and succeeded after the liberation in vindicating in the law courts its loyalty and its refusal to collaborate. The crucifix on its front page leaves no doubt as to what it stands for, but it is by no means exclusively religious.

During the German occupation Frenchmen of every political, social, and religious affiliation made common cause in the Resistance. But when Liberation had been achieved, their paths began to diverge. This divergence is reflected in the one-time underground papers that have emerged into the open. Some have swung to the Left; some have petered out; others seem to be still groping uncertain of their path. Among these last is *Combat,* which has a circulation of 150,000. Once the organ of the chief leaders of the Resistance, including de Gaulle and Bidault, and above all " Max," it has now taken on the role of a bitter and, usually, negative critic of everything and everybody it dislikes. *Liberation, Front National,* and *Franc-Tireur* have gone Leftist and are practically Communist organs, while *Résistance* is Gaullist.

Side by side with these former organs of the Resistance which are seeking new allegiances and with the older papers that have been resuscitated and refurbished, there are quite a number of new dailies. Some of them are socialist or radical such as *La Voix de Paris, La Dépêche, L'Aurore* (critical of the administration). Others are described as liberal, but in what precise sense does not appear. Such are *Le Courrier de Paris* and *Paris-Matin. Le Pays* is M.R.P. with leanings to the Right. The old familiar *Temps* is gone, replaced by *Le Monde,* but only the name has changed.

So much for the daily newspapers of Paris, all or nearly all, as we have seen, in the service of some political party. When we come to the weeklies we find the teachings which the dailies try to impress upon the masses set forth on a higher and more intellectual plane. Thus the *Lettres Françaises, La Marseillaise,* and *Action* may be described as the intellectual or " high-brow " organs of Communism, *Gavroche* of socialism, *Vérités* and *Concorde* of liberal republicanism, while militant Catholicism as its exponents has *Témoignage Chrétien, Temps Présent,* and *Carrefour. La Bataille* is Gaullist and *La Tribune des Nations, Paysages;* and some others own no very particular allegiances. These are but a few out of the luxuriant effloresence—*touffue comme une forêt vierge*—of weekly papers of all kinds that swarm on the Paris bookstalls.

[1] *La Croix* runs a number of provincial papers and its publishing house, the Bonne Presse, brings out a number of popular magazines.

I have said that many of the weeklies set forth on a higher plane the teachings of the dailies. True, but already in the weeklies and still more markedly in the more serious reviews, shades of difference, *nuances* (hardly to be noticed in the dailies), begin to appear. One becomes conscious of certain *currents* of thought not hitherto clearly perceptible. Moreover politics tend to recede into the background to make room for philosophy, religion, speculation, ideologies, or simply literature. We seem to be far from the heat and noise of party politics, to be borne on a tranquil stream of thought. Yet in reality it is on these currents of ideas that political parties are swept along. That, however, is by the way. Taking the Catholic periodicals, influences, hardly noticeable in *La Croix* for instance, begin to be accentuated in *L'Aube* and *La Politique* in which Marc Saignier expounds, along with Bidault, Teitgen, Gay, and Archambault, his Christian political and social democracy. In *Temps Présent* and *Témoignage Chrétien* Maritain, Mauriac, and Bernanos preach advanced social doctrines tending to meet the claims of the working classes—which, as so many writers insist, have come of age. The current of ideas that flows through the writing in these two papers and in others besides has been described as "socialisine humaniste," a description difficult, I think, for us in Ireland to understand. The prophets of this school of thought are no longer Louis Veuillot or Albert de Mun, but rather Charles Péguy and Léon Bloy. With the important new review *Economie et Humanisme* we meet with another of the currents, an undercurrent perhaps of French thought to-day, an -ism to which many books have been devoted by Maritain and others. In Emmanuel Mounier's *Esprit* we come upon another " ism " of the day—Personalism. Just what is personalism? No doubt its protagonist has a quite satisfactory answer in his book *Qu'est-ce que le Personnalisme?* which has just been published. The Editions du Seuil (a Catholic firm, by the way), in advertising it, states : " *Marxisme, existentialisme, et personnalisme se partagent actuellement la philosophie de la Révolution en Occident.*" M. Mounier himself always insists that his personalism is revolutionary. This article is not the place to expound it, except to say that it takes itself, rightly no doubt, very seriously and, though not a political party, is organizing " centres de personnalisme " throughout France.

Nor can we pause to expound an -ism in which, it would seem, French Catholics and Calvinists find common ground. It has been given the cacophonous if expressive name of eschatologism[1] and its organ is the review *Dieu Vivant*, to which both Catholics and Protestants contribute, Catholics like Gabriel Marcel (exponent of a Christian existentialism) and Louis Massignon, a disciple of Père de Foucauld and of Léon Bloy, Protestants such as Jean Bosc and Pierre Burgelin, disciples of Karl

[1] A frame of mind mainly preoccupied with the hereafter, with the Four Last Things.

Barth. Nicholas Berdiaeff, Russian Orthodox Christian, is to be found there, too. One wonders if all of them make good bedfellows! But they are all very much in earnest.

I have already named above yet another -ism which has become in France an intellectual fashion at present very much in vogue—Existentialism.[1] The difficulty of defining this new philosophy or ideology may be inferred from the fact that M. Mounier, in essaying to expound it,[2] speaks of " existentialismes " ; for in fact it is a many-headed monster or, if you prefer, a many-branched tree. The better to explain it, he in fact represents it in the form of a tree with roots in Socrates, St. Augustine, and St. Bernard, its trunk formed from the Danish theologian Kierkegaard, and then branching out in a great variety of directions, on one side Heidegger and Sartre, on the other personalism, but including in its midmost branches Blondel, Bergson, Péguy, Karl Barth, Berdiaev, Soloviev, Gabriel Marcel, and other but less well-known thinkers.

What, one might well ask, could be more remote from Catholicism, from any form of Christianity than the existentialism of its chief protagonist J. B. Sartre, who proclaims so unequivocally his atheism? And yet there is question of a Christian existentialism! This brings me to the rather intriguing matter of cross-currents of thought. It arises out of the fact that at the bottom of many evil things there is an element of good, in many false things a truth that has been perverted. Shakespeare reminds us (and we need to be reminded) that

> There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
> Would men observingly distil it out.

Minds that still retain their fundamental rectitude recognize this good and this truth and, recognizing it, desire to possess it. That is why men try to couple Humanism with Economics, why Socialists talk of a " humanisme socialiste," why some Catholics in Italy wanted to form a Catholic communist party, why Communists, on their side, are tempted by nationalism or humanism, and why Catholics want to annex the good they see or fancy they see in existentialism without accepting its atheism. These attempts may be wrong-headed, but they are intelligible. Sometimes even, they lead to fruitful results. After all *fas est et ab hoste doceri* ; we may take a leaf or two even out of our adversary's book. We Catholics ought to be humble enough to believe that—not indeed the Catholic Church—but we ourselves may have something to learn from Communists and Mohammedans, Jews and Rationalists, to say nothing of our fellow-Christians of other countries or of other communions. That is, no doubt, why a Jesuit, Father Daniélon, has written a really sympathetic study of

[1] For an exposition of existentialism see STUDIES, December, 1946 (Father Arthur Little, S.J.). Père Daniélou, S.J., considers it " l'élément le plus vivant de la pensée française."

[2] *Esprit*, April and May 1946.

Rousseau's *Emile* and why a French abbé has written an equally sympathetic study of John Wesley, which was published by a Catholic firm. And if Mr. Alfred Noyes went a little too far in finding good in Voltaire, it was with an equally laudable intention. It is all to the good, for we cannot afford to be Podsnaps.[1]

A remark of Père Daniélon, S.J., is here to the point. Dwelling on the difficulty of classifying the various schools of thought and the still greater difficulty of determining in which class to place the leading thinkers, he points out that nothing could be more misleading than to pit a current of scientific materialism against a current of Christian spiritualism. The Christian, he goes on, lays claim to all the truth of evolutionism as well as all the truth of Marxism. Hence, he says, the ambiguity of so many movements, newspapers, and reviews, which feel themselves drawn in different directions[2] by various attractions and influences. It is easy and simple to be a mere partisan, to adhere to some movement or to some ideology and to anathematize all who do not accept the one or the other. In war and politics definite adhesions and oppositions are possible and even necessary, but in the realm of values one must recognize good wherever it is to be found. That is why really enlightened and cultured people make poor partisans. They cannot be *merely* anti-Christian or anti-Semite, anti-Catholic or anti-Protestant, not even merely anti-Communist except in so far as they are also strongly and truly Christian.

And so it would seem to be a healthy sign to find Catholic writers dealing with all sorts of subjects in all the great reviews that are not enslaved to an ideology or to a party line. One meets with them in the new review *Hommes et Mondes*, in *Le Monde Français*, in the *Revue de Paris*, where Claudel has written on Francis Jammes and Gabriel Marcel on Charles du Bos, in the *Cahiers du Monde Nouveau*, in others too no doubt. For Catholic writers must not shut themselves up in an ivory tower of their own or, as the enemies of the Church would have them do, confine themselves to their Ghetto.

At the same time it is of the utmost importance that there should flourish reviews which, while thoroughly Catholic in inspiration, should be fully aware of all the currents and cross-currents of thought in the world around them. Such reviews are, besides several already mentioned, *Les Etudes* edited by the French Jesuits and *La Vie Intellectuelle* edited by the French Dominicans. Of these, I think, it cannot be said that they are borne forward by any current of ideas other than the broad river of Catholicism: they have not enlisted under the banner of any class or of any party, nor are their contents purely religious or apologetic. French

[1] Baudelaire, Comte, Gide, Kirkegaard, Nietzsche have been studied recently by Catholic writers with real understanding.

[2] *Etudes*, Sept. 1945, p. 246.

Catholicism possesses also a wide range of valuable periodicals on the spiritual life, the liturgy, the Bible, apologetics, theology, philosophy etc., etc. Its very numerous Catholic publishers have brought out since the War such a profusion and wealth of books as no other Catholic country has produced. These things bear witness to the vitality of Catholicism among the elite, and many testimonies could be adduced as to the reality of the intellectual and spiritual renaissance that is taking place among them.

But what of the mass of the French people? What, in particular, of the working classes in the cities? Which way is the current trending there? Not long ago there appeared a book which caused dismay among the Catholic friends of France in every land and heart-burning within France herself—*La France Pays de Mission.* Yet its revelation of the wholesale dechristianisation of the masses hardly came as a surprise to close observers of the trend of things. Forty years (1875—1915) of intense anti-clerical propaganda, culminating at the turn of the century in the expulsion of the teaching orders, together with *l'école laique* had done their work. They had prepared a fertile soil for Communism to sow its seeds. And the harvest, as we know, has been abundant. How far French Catholics themselves may be to blame for the tragic result it is not for a foreigner to judge.

S. J. Brown

BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY OF IRISHMEN IN FRANCE

BY DR. RICHARD HAYES

Part XX

STACK, EDWARD, soldier. Born at Kelad, Co. Kerry in 1750. Son of John Stack by Margaret Barry of Leamlara, Co. Cork, he was after his father's death hereditary chief of the family of his name. Emigrating to France in his youth he entered Walsh's regiment of the Irish Brigade. Patronised by the Dillon family, who at the time had much influence at the court of Versailles, he became one of the aides-de-camp of Louis XV. He went through the American War of Independence in the French expeditionary force, and he was present at the capture of St. Eustache, Tobago and St. Christopher under the Marquis de Bouillé. For his valour he was decorated with the Order of Cincinnatus. He had joined Paul Jones with other officers of the Irish Brigade as a marine. He was on board Jones's ship " Le Bonhomme Richard " when, flying the French flag, it engaged the British frigate the " Serapis " off Flamborough Head in 1778 and captured it. Returning later to military life he was a fellow-officer of Henry Clarke, Duke of Feltre, and at the outbreak of the Revolution he was a captain of Dillon's regiment. As a royalist he left France on the dissolution of the Irish Brigade in 1791 and joined the emigrés beyond the frontier. After going through the campaign of the princes he joined Pitt's English-Irish Brigade in London, but returned to France in 1803 after the Peace of Amiens. On the renewal of the war between France and England he was interned as a British subject and kept a prisoner at Verdun till the fall of Napoleon in 1814. In 1804 he had been confined for a short period in the château of Vincennes as a suspected English secret agent. He was in that fortress when the Duc d'Enghien was executed there and would, it is said, have met a similar fate but for the arrival of a counter-command half an hour before the time fixed for his execution. After the Bourbon restoration he was confirmed in his military rank (in the English service) of maréchal-de-camp by Louis XVIII. After an adventurous life he died at Calais in December 1833.

STACK, WILLIAM, soldier. A contemporary and relative of preceding. Like him he entered Walsh's Irish regiment, of which he was listed lieutenant in 1780. Holding the rank of captain at the outbreak of the Revolution, he was arrested as a royalist in 1792 and detained for fourteen months. In his old age he described in a letter to a friend (written in 1826) that he was first imprisoned " because a lieutenant-colonel had

written from Ath in Flanders and said in his letter ' kind remembrance to our mutual friend ' . . . . ". Captain Stack tells further how he was imprisoned at La Rochelle and sent from there to the town of Bourages. After his release he left France—returning, however, after the Bourbon restoration. He then settled at Tarbes, where he died in 1830.

STAPLETON, WALTER VALENTINE, soldier. Born at Limerick where his relative Colonel Stapleton, who was deputy governor, was killed in 1691 leading a sortie against the Williamites. He went in his youth to France and was naturalised there in 1717. He entered Berwick's Irish cavalry regiment and, in that corps, went through the War of the Austrian Succession. By 1743 he had reached the rank of colonel, and for gallant conduct at Fontenoy two years later he was promoted to that of " brigadier des armées du roi". In 1745 he accompanied Prince Charles Edward to Scotland and commanded four hundred soldiers of the Irish Brigade at Falkirk, whose valour materially contributed to the victory there. He died on 17 April 1746 from a wound received two weeks before at the battle of Culloden.

Walter V. Stapleton's relative, John, also born at Limerick, belonged to the elder branch of the Stapleton family of Thurles-beg, Co. Tipperary. He lost his property after the Jacobite War and, with his wife Helene Skerret, emigrated to the French colony of Saint Domingo. He came to France in 1704 and settled at Nantes, where his son John was born. The latter was ennobled with the title Comte de Treves, and for a hundred years his descendants played a leading part in the life of the French city. One of them, Anne Stapleton, fell a victim to the drownings (" noyades ") there during Carrier's reign of terror in 1793.

SUTTON DE CLONARD, THOMAS (COUNT), soldier. Born at Wexford in the first decade of the eighteenth century, he emigrated to France and, settling at Bordeaux, became an officer of the Irish Brigade. By letters patent the title of Comte de Clonard was conferred on him after the name of the ancient patrimony of his family in Ireland. In 1744 he married Frances Masterson of Castletown, Co. Wexford, by whom he had four sons and two daughters. Two of the sons, John and Richard, joined Walsh's regiment of the Irish Brigade, in which the former attained the rank of colonel and the latter that of major. After the outbreak of the Revolution both officers left France, joined the royalist army beyond the frontier and later received commissions in Pitt's English-Irish Brigade. The elder of the two, Count John (who married Miss Crosbie of Kilkenny), returned to France after the Bourbon restoration ; and Henry Clarke, Duke of Feltre (a relative of his wife), secured him the pension of a lieutenant-colonel in the French service, which he enjoyed up to his death in 1833.

Two other sons of Count Thomas Sutton entered the French naval service. Robert, the elder, holding the rank of captain, was aide-de-camp to Count d'Estaing whom he accompanied in the French expeditionary force to America to help in the War of Independence. He was killed in action during the attack on Saint Lucie. The youngest of the Count's four sons, generally known as the Chevalier Sutton de Clonard, joined the naval service in 1767 in his twenty-third year. He fought with much distinction in several engagements during the War of Independence. At its end, on his return to France, he joined in 1785 the illustrious French navigator La Perouse in his famous expedition round the world which was equipped and financed by the French government for scientific and trade purposes. The Chevalier Sutton was second in command in the voyage, which ended tragically when he and the two hundred persons composing the expedition perished in the southern ocean.

Besides his four sons, Count Thomas Sutton had, as has been stated, two daughters. Eleanor the elder married Daniel MacCarthy, an opulent Irish merchant in Bordeaux, while Frances the younger, by her marriage with the Marquis Jean Bugeaud, became the mother of the illustrious Marshal Bugeaud. The male line of the Sutton family in France became extinct in 1878 by the death of General Sutton de Clonard who, with General Dillon and other officers of Irish Extraction, was present at the presentation of a sword of honour to Marshal MacMahon by a delegation from Ireland in September 1860. Another branch, which settled in Spain, achieved much distinction in that country.

Swanton, James, soldier. Born at Cork *circa* 1760. As a boy of twelve years he was sent to France by his widowed mother and was adopted there by his uncle the abbé Swanton. On completing his education he entered Berwick's regiment of the Irish Brigade in 1780 and, by 1789, had reached the rank of captain. After the outbreak of the Revolution he, with eighteen other officers of the old royalist army, was imprisoned at Perpignan in 1792. When a rumour reached his wife that he was in danger of execution she hastened to Paris and, through the influence of a deputy of the National Convention, secured his release. Unlike so many others of the old royalist officers, he remained loyal to his adopted country and did not emigrate. Promoted to the rank of colonel, he fought through the Revolutionary and early Napoleonic campaigns, during which he was an intimate friend of Henry Clarke, Duke of Feltre and War Minister of Napoleon. His great-grand-daughter, Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, the notable English novelist and sister of Hilaire Belloc, describes him as a typical officer of the old school: " stern, narrow-minded, very brave and with a high sense of duty". He died in 1828 in Paris at the house of his daughter, Madame Swanton Belloc.

While still a young lieutenant, Colonel Swanton married Mademoiselle

Chasseriau of La Rochelle, a lady of remarkable beauty by whom he had a son and three daughters. One of the daughters, Louise, married Jean Hilaire Belloc, an eminent painter and professor of drawing at Paris, whose portrait of his wife is in the Louvre. (His grandson, Hilaire Belloc the brilliant writer, was named after him). She was interested in English literature and acquired a wide reputation for her French translations of Moore, Byron, Dickens, etc. and particularly for her critical study of Byron.

Armand Swanton, son of Colonel Swanton, followed his father's profession and was an officer of the Irish Legion in the French army from 1804 till 1814. In the latter year he was taken prisoner at the French disasters on the Bober during the Napoleonic campaign in Germany. Sent as a prisoner to Russia he was exchanged in the following year and fought at Waterloo. After the Hundred Days he followed a course of military studies and, in 1827, was appointed captain in the royal corps of the headquarters staff. He died at Gap, a little town near Aix in Savoy, in his forty-fifth year. Captain Swanton was regarded as the handsomest man in the French officer class of his time. Interested in genealogy, he paid a visit to Ireland to look up the Swanton family records.

TALBOT, GEORGE ANTONY, naval officer and privateer. Born at Nantes of Irish parents in the first decade of the eighteenth century. He entered the naval service of France, in which he acquired the reputation of a fearless officer. After some years he abandoned the regular marine service to become a privateer captain. In this capacity he inflicted heavy blows on English commerce during the War of the Austrian Succession. In 1745 he was severely wounded in an engagement with an English man-of-war, which he captured. A zealous Jacobite, he received in February, 1746, a commission from Louis XIV appointing him captain of the frigate the " Prince Charles". It was used by him to convey from France a company of Irish officers and a large sum of money for the assistance of Prince Charles Edward in Scotland. On five occasions he tried but failed to sail the vessel from Dunkirk and Ostend through the English Channel, which was swarming with English ships of war. He succeeded at last in landing her after a running fight, but through treachery the band of Irish officers and most of the money were captured by the enemy. Released after some time on condition of perpetual banishment, he returned to France and resumed his career in the naval service of that country. His own account of his adventures during the voyage to Scotland was told in a long letter to the French minister of Marine—the document is in the Archives de la Guerre at Paris. Talbot was described by Colonel John O'Sullivan, Prince Charles's friend, as " a brave and skilful man in his profession . . . one of those rare men on whom one can always rely".

TALBOT, RICHARD, soldier. He was a natural son of Richard Talbot, Earl of Tyrconnel and Viceroy of Ireland. From his youth he served in the French army and returned to Ireland in 1689 to take part in the Jacobite War. After gaining much distinction in that campaign, at first as colonel of the Regiment of Limerick and later as brigadier, he returned to France and in 1694 became colonel of Lee's Irish regiment in the French service. At the battle of Marsaglia in Italy in 1693 he commanded the Irish regiment of Clare with such distinction that he was promoted to the rank of brigadier. Immediately afterwards an expedition to England was planned, and Talbot lay ready with his regiment to join it. It was sanctioned, however, by Louis XIV only on condition that an uprising took place simultaneously in England. Talbot, on hearing this, was indiscreet in his criticism of the action of the French king. As a result he was summoned in March, 1696, to Saint Germain-en-Laye to the presence of Marie d'Este and Madame de Maintenon. His indiscreet talk was regarded as "lèse-majesté" and, deprived of his regimental command, he was sent to the Bastille. After being confined there for more than a year, he was once more restored to active service. He was killed at the battle of Luzzara on 15th August, 1702, and showed in that engagement outstanding valour.

TALBOT, RICHARD FRANCIS (3RD EARL OF TYRCONNEL), soldier and diplomatist. Born in 1710. Relative of preceding, he was son of William Talbot (2nd Earl of Tyrconnel) of Haggardstown, Co. Louth. (The latter was attainted for his loyalty to James II and, going to France, entered the French army in which he acted as aide-de-camp to the Duke of Orleans in Spain in 1708 and 1709 during the War of the Spanish Succession). Richard Francis Talbot joined the French army as a boy in the Irish cavalry regiment of Nugent. While captain of a company of that body he was at the siege of Kehl in 1733 and at that of Philipsburgh in 1734. He received rapid promotion during subsequent campaigns in Westphalia, Bohemia and Bavaria. In 1745 he went through the campaign in Italy and in the following year through that of the Lower Rhine. In all these he achieved high distinction for valour and efficiency, and he was raised to the rank of brigadier.

In 1746 Talbot was one of a large contingent of Franco-Irish officers who sailed to join Prince Charles Edward in Scotland. He was, however, captured at sea, but, after being exchanged as a prisoner of war, he resumed his military career in France in 1747. He fought at Lauffelt in that year and, after the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, he was appointed ambassador of France to the Imperial court at Vienna. He died at Berlin on 12th March, 1752. His body was brought to Saint Germain-en-Laye and interred there. With his death the Tyrconnel peerage became extinct.

TERRY, JAMES, genealogist. Son of John Terry and Mary Ronan, he was born at Limerick on 26th May, 1660. As a boy he entered the Irish army in Fleming's company of the Earl of Antrim's regiment. Abandoning a military career after a short period, he was by letters-patent appointed Athlone Herald by James II. After the Jacobite defeat in Ireland he emigrated to France and settled at Saint Germain-en-Laye. In that town he was occupied for more than a quarter of a century in compiling a large number of pedigrees for expatriated Irish families and particularly for those Irishmen upon whom James II and Louis XIV conferred peerages and titles. He died at Paris in 1725. In 1687 he married Mary Stritch of Limerick by whom he had several children. The greater number of Terry's papers and letters dealing with Irish families became after his death the property of Charles d'Hozier, the French Herald, and are in the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris. A certain number too are in various repositories in French provincial towns (Bordeaux, Nantes, etc.); and others lie in the homes of the descendants of old Irish families throughout France.

THUROT (O'FARREL), FRANCIS, privateer and naval officer. Born at Nuits in Burgundy on 22nd July, 1726. His maternal grandfather was Captain O'Farrel who followed James II from Ireland to France at the close of the Jacobite War and who married a French lady named Thurot. By her he had a son, who changed his name to Thurot and who was the father of Francis. The latter, after a wayward boyhood, went to Dunkirk in 1744 and obtained employment as a ship surgeon on board a privateer. (He had previously been an apprentice in a druggist's shop). France and England were then at war; the vessel was captured and, as a result, Thurot was imprisoned for a year. Escaping from gaol, he returned to privateering and amassed a considerable sum of money. He went to London incog. for some time, where he was " instructed in the mathematics by one Mr. Donnelly, an Irish gentleman". Returning to France he was given a commission in the naval service by Louis XV at the outbreak of the Seven Years War, and for several years the daring adventurer inflicted damaging blows on English merchant vessels. In 1759 an invasion of Great Britain and Ireland was planned by France on a large scale, but the destruction of the French fleet under Admiral Conflans off Quiberon Bay ended the project. Thurot, however, with three frigates broke through the English blockade and, landing at Carrickfergus in Ireland in February, 1760, occupied that town for a week. Putting to sea again he encountered a British squadron and was killed in the ensuing battle. He was buried in the Isle of Man. (The Jacobite poet Liam Dall O Hiffearnáin, in his "Failtiughad Righ Searlas," refers to the gallant adventurer's coming to Ireland:

" Ar chualais mar tháinig go Cúige Uladh an ghárda
Thurot na shláinte le h-iomarcadh sgóip? ")

Tobin (St. Aubyn), James, soldier. Born in 1762 at Nantes, he was son of Edmund Tobin, an Irish merchant of that city, by Marie Clancy who also belonged to a merchant family of the same place. He adopted a military career and joined the regiment of his cousin, Count Antony Walsh de Serrant. For some years previous to the Revolution he was commandant of the famous château of Nantes, one of the most historic buildings in France. Loyally attached to the monarchy, he left France on the dissolution of the Irish Brigade in 1791, joined the army of the Princes and later became an officer of Pitt's English-Irish Brigade. Returning to France after the Peace of Amiens, he later became governor of Lille with the rank of colonel, and supported the Bourbons against Napoleon. He married Marie, daughter of Thomas O'Gorman of Monamore, Co. Clare—a daughter of his died at Nantes as late as 1871. [Colonel Tobin belonged to the Irish family of the name who were lords of Cumsinagh, Co. Tipperary. His kinsman, Edmund Tobin (Marquess de Tobin), achieved high distinction in the service of Spain : he was commander-in-chief of the Spanish troops sent to assist the republic of Genoa, where he died on 23rd June, 1747, and where there is a monument to his memory].

Tone, William Theobald, soldier. Son of the Irish patriot, Theobald Wolfe Tone, he was born at Dublin in 1791. After his father's death several distinguished Frenchmen—Talleyrand, Bruix, the Minister of Marine, etc.—as well as Kilmaine, the Franco-Irish general, offered to adopt him, but their proposals were not accepted by his mother. With a view to a military career he was declared an adopted child of the French Republic and educated at the national expense in the Prytaneum and Lyceum. On leaving the Imperial School of cavalry in 1810, he was gazetted a lieutenant to the 8th Chasseurs in the Grand Army. He saw active service in Germany from 1813 to 1815 and fought at the battles of Lowenberg, Goldberg, Dresden and Leipzig. During these engagements he was wounded ten times, and for his heroic conduct at Leipzig he was created a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. At that battle he was attacked by a squad of lancers, whom he fought till he fell apparently dead from his horse.

Upon the abdication of Napoleon Tone retired from the army and went to the United States, in whose military forces he became a captain. He died in 1828. He was author of " Etat civil et politique de l'Italie sous la domination des Goths " (Paris 1813) ; " Essai sur la composition de la force armée aux différentes époques de l'histoire " (Paris 1814) ; and he edited " Life, Works and Journal of Theobald Wolfe Tone " (Washington 1826).

Trant, Olive, Jacobite intriguer. Daughter of Sir Patrick Trant the well-known Jacobite whose estates in Kerry, Kildare and Dublin

were confiscated for his loyalty to the Stuart cause. In 1691, while still a girl, she accompanied her father to France and settled at Paris where, for a quarter of a century, she was a notable figure in its social and political life. She played a leading part in all the Jacobite intrigues in France in her time—and particularly in the preparations for the abortive Rising of 1715. She made a considerable fortune by speculating in Law's Mississippi scheme, and the Prince d'Auvergne, seeking to retrieve his fallen fortunes, courted and married her. Throughout various volumes of the Stuart MSS. there are a certain number of her letters, while references to her in several contemporary writers throw side-lights on her character. In January, 1719, Forman MacMahon, a leading Jacobite in Paris, in a letter to James III implores him not to write to " the notorious Olive Trant about State affairs". " She has too many acquaintances of both sexes," he continued, " and I fear her Vanity and Indiscretion will always get the better of her duty". Bolingbroke, who fled to France from England, describing the exiled Jacobites in Paris in 1715 wrote : " Care and hope sat on every busy Irish face . . . Olive Trant was the great wheel of our machine " ; and Saint-Simon in his " Memoirs " states that she had " her finger deep in every political pie in Paris " and that she was " noted for her affability, cheery and enterprising spirit, and above all her desire to make her fortune". After the death of her husband, whom she outlived for many years, she led a secluded life and gave herself up to various studies. In her earlier life she was the acknowledged mistress of the Duke of Orleans, and she had a pension of six hundred livres from the French court.

Trant, Thomas (Chevalier), soldier. Relative of preceding. Son of Dominick Trant of Ballintlea, Dingle, Co. Kerry, and Elizabeth Trant of Castleisland in the same county. Born in the middle of the eighteenth century, he went in his youth to France where he entered Walsh's regiment of the Irish Brigade. With that corps he crossed the Altantic to assist the Americans in the War of Independence. He was at the storming of Tobago in 1782, where he is said to have distinguished himself " with his sword in his teeth". For the exploit he was decorated by Louis XVI with the Royal and Military Order of Saint Louis. The star of that Order, with a lock of her hair, was pinned on his breast by Queen Marie Antoinette herself. In 1783 he married at Curaçao the daughter of its governor—she was only eighteen years old and brought him a fortune of £30,000. He afterwards ruined himself in a fruitless effort to rescue the French royal family during the Revolution. For his activities in this respect he incurred such serious risk that his cousin Lady FitzGerald, wife of Sir Richard FitzGerald (who was then in Paris), advised him to leave the country. He escaped from France in a fishing smack and succeeded in reaching his home in Kerry, where he died broken-hearted in 1794.

Richard Hayes

ALASDAIR MacDONNELL

DIED 13 NOVEMBER 1647

BY DAVID KENNEDY, M.SC.

I

THE reputation of Alasdair MacDonnell as a military leader has been overshadowed by that of his great commander, the marquis of Montrose. The contribution made by him and his Irish soldiers to the royalist cause in Scotland has been disparaged even by his allies. His support of a Stuart king, his Gaelic ways and speech, and his catholic faith make him obnoxious to the whig tradition of history. Differences in religious belief and in national outlook were the cause of the antipathy shown to him by such contemporary historians as Wishart, Montrose's chaplain. Even a modern Scottish historian of nationalist and episcopalian sympathies can write of Alasdair and his troops[1]: 'They were, and are, called Irish: it damned them better. In fact they were mainly MacDonalds and MacLeans, driven from the Isles by the stretching Campbell power, and with a long score against the myrtle badge. Colkitto who led them—Alasdair mac Cholla Ceitach—was the son of Colonsay, a huge man, near seven feet high, a wild cat fighter, a splendid leader of men, but no strategist: indeed his brains were those of a touchy boy.' There is some truth in the description and some legend, the truth-distorted legend created by national and religious prejudice.

It is true that the MacDonnells had been expelled from Kintyre by the Campbells and had transferred themselves to Antrim. The Lordship of the Isles had been extinguished in 1499, but the MacDonnells had been established in Antrim from 1400. They had intermarried and fostered with Irish families and were related to the O'Neills, O'Donnells, O'Cahans, O'Haras and O'Quinns. The place of Alasdair's birth is not known, but his father, Coll *ciotach*, was born in Antrim; his mother was an O'Cahan of Dunseverick; and his grandmother was an O'Cahan of the Bann. Coming to Antrim from Islay, probably in 1639, along with three hundred refugees who had refused to accept the Covenant, he took service in a regiment raised by his cousin, the marquis of Antrim, and on the outbreak of the insurrection in 1641 he induced two companies of the regiment to go over to the Irish side. In two successful engagements in county Antrim (Jan. and Feb. 1642) he showed the same capacity for swift movement and decisive action against superior forces that afterwards characterised his campaign in Scotland. The arrival in April of 2,500 Scots under Monroe forced him to withdraw across the Bann to join Sir

[1] Agnes Mure Mackenzie, *The Passing of the Stewarts*, London, 1937.

Phelim O'Neill. In his absence Monroe burned Glenarm, ravaged the Glens, captured Dunluce castle and practically exterminated the inhabitants of Rathlin.

In further campaigning in Ulster Alasdair made a reputation as a leader of men which impressed even that experienced soldier Alexander Leslie, formerly in the service of Gustavus Adolphus, now a leading covenanting general. Leslie had landed at Carrickfergus with 7,500 troops in August 1642. He endeavoured to persuade Alasdair to go over to the side of the Covenant, but without success.

In 1644 the marquis of Antrim and O'Cahan recruited three regiments in Ulster to serve in Scotland in the royalist cause. Chief command was given to Alasdair MacDonnell who had, as subordinate commanders, James MacDonnell, Randal Og MacDonnell and Manus O'Cahan. It would seem that two of the regiments were composed of MacDonnells and their retainers, while the third, O'Cahan's, was of the native[1] Irish. Ormond supplied munitions and ships, and on the feast of the nativity of St. John the Baptist the little army, 1,500 strong, sailed from Waterford. They landed at Ardnamurchan on 8 July 1644 and seized the castles of Mingarry and Lochaline on the Sound of Mull. Their instructions were to join Montrose, who had been commissioned to raise the Highlands for the king. Alasdair sent out the fiery cross to summon the clans, but there was no response. He was unknown in Scotland, and the strength of the Campbells whose territory he had invaded was both known and feared by their neighbours, Macdonalds, Macleods, Macneils and Macleans. Alasdair decided to return to Ireland, but the Campbells burned his ships. With characteristic boldness he made for Huntly, across the breadth of Scotland, where the marquis of Huntly, the catholic head of the Gordon clan, had risen against the Covenant in April. But he arrived too late: the revolt was over.

His position now appeared desperate. To the west the Campbells cut him off from the sea. To the north and east he was threatened by hostile Mackenzies, Grants, Forbes' and Frazers. To the south lay the Covenanting Lowlanders, for whom he was 'the son of Anak' in whose destruction they prayed to be the instruments of God. He sent a messenger to Carlisle where he believed the king's lieutenant, the Marquis of Montrose, was to be found, explaining his position and asking for help. Meanwhile the Irish took the castle of Blair Atholl and were awaiting attack by the resentful Robertsons and Stewarts when Montrose, accompanied by one man and two horses, rode into the camp. The king's commission which he carried, and his own name and personality, won him instant respect, and eight hundred Atholl men joined Alasdair and his Irish under the royal standard. As John Buchan puts it: 'The king's lieutenant had got him an army.'

[1] *Fir na Craoibhe* the Clanranald MS. calls them. *Craoibh* is a district near Coleraine.

It was an army without heavy guns, armour, baggage, horses—even, for the most part, without fire-arms. The broadsword and the dirk (*sgian*) were their weapons as much from choice as from necessity. The cumbrous slow-firing matchlock then in use had no appeal for their impetuous temperament. Their dress was a long coarse linen shirt, dyed in a solution of tar or cow-dung which gave it a saffron colour. Over this they wore a woollen waistcoat and a plaid which when belted resembled a kilt. Going into action they discarded plaid and shoes, tied up the long shirt tails between their legs and raced over the heather. They looked like savages to the douce folk of the Lowlands then, and to historians ever since. One wonders how they appeared to Catherine Manners, widow of George Villiers, duke of Buckingham, when she came to live among them at Dunluce on her marriage to the marquis of Antrim. Whatever their aspect the blue-nebbed, half-starved, psalm-singing tradesmen of Dundee and Perth were to prove no match for these ' well-timbered men, tall and active.' After their courage their greatest asset was their mobility. They were not so much an army as a flying-column.

II

There were three Covenanting armies in the field in Scotland. One lay at Perth, to the south-east, under Lord Elcho ; another was at Aberdeen to the north-east under Lord Burleigh ; and from the west the marquis of Argyll and the formidable clan Campbell were hastening to avenge the raid on Ardnamurchan. Montrose decided to strike at them singly. Sweeping round towards Perth from the west he found Lord Elcho's 7000 foot and 700 horse drawn up at Tippermuir. The forces of the Covenant were jubilant. They knew that the Irish were, as one of the ministers described them, ' naked, weaponless, ammunitionless, cannonless men ' ; besides they were outnumbered three to one. Another minister rashly prophesised : ' If ever God spoke certain truth out of my mouth, in His name I promise you to-day a certain victory.'

To avoid an outflanking movement by the enemy cavalry Montrose extended his line as much as possible, in files only three deep, the three Irish regiments under Alasdair MacDonnell in the centre. Their instructions were to waste no powder and not to fire a single shot until face to face with the enemy. Then after a single discharge they were to fall on with drawn swords or clubbed muskets. When Elcho advanced he was met by a volley of shot and stones ; his troops wavered for a moment, and Montrose hurled his whole line on the enemy. The Irish pressed the charge home so vigorously that the Covenanters broke and were pursued for six or seven miles. It is said that 2,000 were killed between the field and Perth. That city surrendered : Alasdair's treasurer, MacSparran, was ordered to collect from it a fine of £50 along with a large levy of cloth to mend the raggedness of the Irish.

Montrose now turned to attack the second army under Burleigh at Aberdeen. He hoped to receive reinforcements on the march but was joined by only eighty-five horsemen of the Gordons and Ogilvies. On the other hand his infantry had been gravely depleted because the Atholl men, following the Highland custom, had gone home with their booty leaving only the Irish. The little army left Perth on 4 September and arrived before Aberdeen on 12 September. Burleigh awaited them, his 2,000 foot and 500 horse occupying a strong position on a hill and supported by some heavy artillery. Montrose sent an envoy accompanied by a drummer boy under a flag of truce to call on the city to surrender, and as they returned the child was treacherously shot. In a fury Montrose promised Alasdair the sack of the city.

Again the Irish were placed in the centre of the line of battle and the small force of cavalry was divided equally between the two wings. As the infantry advanced up the slope, a dangerous attack developed on their left which drew the cavalry cover from their right flank. Immediately one of Burleigh's commanders, Sir William Forbes, threw his horse against the unprotected wing, but the Irish with perfect coolness ' opened up to receive him and closed again, swallowing up his troopers and himself,' a manoeuvre which those historians who disparage the Irish as raw, untrained levies must find hard to credit. It was the turning-point of the battle, and soon the royalist forces were in the town. No quarter was given to any Covenanter in arms, and in the looting which followed even women and children were not spared. The tale of the sack of Aberdeen, wildly embroidered for propaganda purposes, did irreparable damage to the king's cause in Scotland and brought terrible vengeance on the Irish. It appears all the more hideous because it is the one blot on Montrose's fame as a fair fighter : in the bloody record of a Monroe or a Cromwell it would not excite comment.

Montrose left Aberdeen for the Gordon country to the north-west on 16 September, and three days later Argyll arrived in the city with the third Covenanting army, 4,000 strong. Montrose's overtures to the Gordons were repulsed ; for the marquis of Huntly, remembering how Montrose had imposed the Covenant on his territory in the Bishops' War, refused to cooperate with him. He was forced to retreat to the mountains, Argyll's army lumbering after him. From Badenoch near the head of the Spey he sent Alasdair on a recruiting campaign to his kinsfolk, the Macdonalds of Keppoch and Glencoe, thus reducing his force to about five hundred men nearly all of whom belonged to one Irish regiment under Colonel O'Cathan.[1] This young man was foster-brother to the marquis of Antrim, and his reputation for valour almost equalled that of Alasdair himself.

[1] Wishart's Latin has *O Caenus*, and in the Clanranald MSS. he is referred to sometimes as O Cathan and sometimes as MacCathan. MacCaughan is still a common name in North Antrim.

Now began a 'strange coursing,' the agile Irish playing tag with the clumsy Covenanting army and making a complete circuit of north-eastern Scotland between the Moray Firth and the Firth of Tay, from Badenoch to Blair Atholl and back again to Strathbogie and the Gordon territory. Here at Fyvie castle the chase almost ended in disaster, for Montrose found himself with his back to the sea and Argyll's army between him and the hills. He had little ammunition and less powder. By a fortunate chance a prowling soldier discovered that the castle was well-stocked with lead chamber-pots, so that the army soon had bullets. A raid carried out by O'Cahan and a handful of Irish on the enemy stores supplied them with powder. Thus equipped the little band for two days defied all attempts of Argyll to dislodge them. Finally they withdrew by night to Strathbogie.

Argyll now tried his luck in a form of warfare more congenial to his temperament and endeavoured to bribe or cajole Montrose's officers to desert. November was now well advanced; and, whether through Argyll's craft or because they had no stomach for the hardships facing them in the mountains, most of the Scots officers went home. Argyll dismissed his clansmen and sent his cavalry into winter quarters when Montrose approached his camp at Dunkeld. He himself went first to Edinburgh to give an account of the campaign to the Estates and then retired to his castle at Inverary. Meanwhile Alasdair returned bringing with him five hundred Macdonalds, along with Macleans, Stuarts, Robertsons and Camerons, all burning to fight—not so much for the king as against the Campbells, the hated *siol Diarmaid*.

III

There is little doubt that it was Alasdair MacDonnell who dictated the strategy of the new phase of the campaign which was about to open. An attack by the Irish and the Highlanders on the stronghold of Mac-Chailein *mor* (for that was what was planned) was indeed a continuation of the hereditary clan feud between the Macdonalds and the Campbells. It could also be of indirect assistance to the king's cause. But it was more. We do not know what Alasdair told his kinsmen on that recruiting campaign, or how he had been briefed by his cousin Antrim before being sent out of Ireland. But there are clues as to the inspiration and evidence as to the operation of the campaign which indicate that it was also a direct assault by the forces of catholicism on the spear-head of the Covenant.

The interest of Rome in the marquis of Antrim as a possible leader of the catholic cause is manifest in certain letters preserved in the Vatican archives.[1] One of the most significant is that written by the Roman agent Giorgio Coneo to Cardinal Barberini, dated London, 22 Jan. 1638, which tells of Antrim's willingness to send 10,000 men to Scotland in

[1] Recently catalogued in *Analecta Hibernica*, 1946.

the king's cause and of Coneo's advice to him not to reveal his power just yet. Frequent references to him in Strafford's *Letters* indicate that the English government distrusted him not only as a potential catholic leader but also as a grandson of the great O'Neill. The same distrust inspired Ormond's policy towards the present invasion of Scotland : it accounts for the delays, the hindrances and the final grudging assistance. Most revealing, however, are the accounts of the campaign given by members of the Society of Jesus in letters written from Scotland at the time.[1]

In the letters the definite statement is made that ' the Scots and the Irish catholics who were sent into Scotland fought together, and not unsuccessfully, on behalf of the catholic faith, with perfect harmony and union '. They tell us that each of the three Irish regiments had its own chaplain called *parochus*, and that among the Scottish troops the priests of the Society were allowed ' free and ample scope for the exercise of their functions'. They make frequent reference to the lively faith of the Macdonalds in general : ' nearly all the men of this name and race have a leaning to the orthodox faith, and resemble their forefathers as much in the cultivation of piety as in their hereditary characteristics ; ' and of Alasdair MacDonnell in particular :—

> [He] was conspicuous for respect for priests and piety towards God. He held a high view of the priestly office, such as is commonly held throughout the Christian world, but has wonderfully gone out of fashion among the Calvinists. At table, where he was present by invitation, he publicly desired to have the benediction pronounced in the Catholic manner in Latin. The guests were impressed with this unaccustomed ceremony and the form of the words, and began to murmur among themselves, but hearing the colonels and captains give the response with marked reverence and respect, they said to one another : ' This must be the priest who directs his worship, who uttered this prayer.' Wonder and admiration developed into reverence. It became the custom to ask the intercession of the priest to obtain any favour from the commanding officers of the regiments, or to soften the violence of the soldiers and the terror they occasioned. The poorer classes of the people, at his suggestion, received money for the supplies they furnished to the army, while the richer had to keep the soldiers without receiving any payment in return.

It is to a Jesuit Father, Andrew Leslie, who accompanied the army that we owe the most vivid account of the invasion of Argyll, perhaps the most daring exploit of MacDonnell's career. The Campbells, when retiring to their almost inaccessible homes after one of their predatory raids, were wont to scorn pursuit, saying : ' It's a far cry to Loch Awe.' They regarded their territory as impregnable, and it is said that Argyll used to declare that he would rather lose 100,000 crowns than that an enemy should know the secret passes into his country. Yet it was now proposed to march 3,000 men as well as a host of camp followers, women and children, over some of the most difficult country in Scotland in the middle of winter.

[1] Wm. Forbes Leith, *Memoirs of the Scottish Catholics*, 2 vols., London, 1909.

Montrose thought the scheme crazy when it was first mooted : the army could not be fed ; the boggy hill-tops would be impassable. He was answered by Angus MacAlain, a Glencoe man, who said : ' I know every foot of every farm and half farm under MacCailein *mor* [the Gaelic name for Argyll] ; and if good water, tight houses, and fat cows will do for you, there is plenty to be had ' ; and by Father Leslie who promised hard dry weather so long as the wind held from the east. The army lived on the country and on the whole lived well. A foraging party under John Macdonald of Moidart brought in 1,000 head of cattle. But there was no bread and no salt ; flesh meat was cooked as soon as killed. The water was full of ice. In spite of these hardships Mass was said frequently on the march on a rough altar improvised by placing a few planks on top of sheaves of corn. It was sheltered from the wind by the plaids of the soldiers hung at the back and sides.

Father Leslie must have described the difficulties of the terrain to his colleague, Father Macbreck, S.J., who wrote to his Superior :—

> They were assisted by no fewer than eighty guides who were well acquainted with the footpaths when they were visible. But the nights were as dark as pitch, the air was filled with thick mist like hoar frost, and neither moon nor stars could be seen. At last the guides acknowledged that they did not know which way to go. Added to all this was the utter prostration of strength which, in long journeys among the hills, overtakes men who are not very strong. In this case a draught of water would often restore the exhausted energies. Among the lower slopes of the hills there were streams and pools which they had to enter on one side and emerge from on the other over precipitous rocks. When the heights were scaled, hills beyond hills rose above them, still to be ascended, and almost perpendicular, so that they had to climb them on their hands and feet. The soldiers, as well as they could, administered cold water to the priest in an earthen jar, seeing him out of breath and exhausted with the toil of the ascent.

Rumours of a raiding party operating on the borders of his territory reached Argyll in Inverary, but caused him no alarm. No army could cross the winter passes. But the Macdonalds were not on the fringes of Lorn ; they were at Loch Awe ; they were in Inverary ; and as Argyll fled down Loch Fyne in a fishing boat he could hear the skirl of the pipes of the invaders.

Leaderless and unprepared the clan Campbell offered little resistance, and at Christmas the Irish and Highlanders feasted on the plunder of Inverary. But Argyll was gathering reinforcements, and about the middle of January Montrose thought it wiser to lead his men northwards again. It was a slow march, for the army was laden with booty. The Atholl men and the Clanranald went home with their share, leaving about 1,500 men, mostly Alasdair's Irish. At Kilcumin (now Fort Augustus) Montrose learned that 5,000 Mackenzies barred his way in front, and at the same time a messenger hastened in from Keppoch to say that Argyll with 3,000 men was behind him at Inverlochy. To escape from this

trap he swung his army round in a wide arc to outflank Argyll. Leaving Kilcumin early on 31 January and marching over the pass of Corrieyairack, down by the sources of the Spey, through Glen Roy and Keppoch to the Spean, he came out on the shoulder of Ben Nevis on the evening of Feb. 1st, the feast of St. Brigid, and saw the Campbell host before him.

On the march the army had had neither food nor fire. The passes were choked with snow-drifts and the rocks glazed with ice. The men were famished with cold and hunger, yet that night they had neither sleep nor supper. In the early morning before the battle they breakfasted on a little oatmeal stirred in cold water. When Montrose came to review them after having placed them in order of battle, ' he found the men on their knees . . . fervently repeating the names of St. Patrick, the patron of Ireland, and of St. Brigid.'

Again Argyll discreetly retired from the field leaving his men in command of Sir Duncan Campbell, ' a stout sojer, but a very vitious man.' Again the Irish opened the attack, holding their fire till by their first discharge they fired their enemies' beards. Then, throwing away their muskets, it came ' to push of pike and dint of sword.' In single combat Alasdair's great two-handed sword swept off Sir Duncan Campbell's head. The Campbell clansmen fought gallantly, but could not withstand the Irish. Fifteen hundred of them were slain. Buchan writes : ' Inverlochy was in one respect a decisive victory, for it destroyed the clan power of Argyll. From its terrible toll the Campbells as a fighting force never recovered. Alasdair's policy was justified.'

IV

The victory brought Montrose many recruits, of whom the most important were two hundred horsemen of the Gordons, for without cavalry he could not hope to win battles in the Lowlands. But the power of the Covenant was not yet broken. It put two new armies in the field, one under Sir John Hurry, a professional soldier who had changed sides once and was to change them again ; the other under General Bailie, a soldier who had made a reputation in the Thirty Years War. They almost caught Montrose at Dundee on which, with six hundred men and one hundred and fifty cavalry, he had made a raid for supplies. His troops had captured the town, and exhausted by the morning's march of twenty miles as well as by the day's fighting they were now heavy with fatigue and drink when Bailie's army was reported outside the town. Montrose beat his men off from their plunder, marched them out one gate as the enemy entered by another, led them sixty miles without rest, doubling back on his tracks by night to outwit his pursuers and gain the hills—a feat which ' officers of experience and distinction, not in Britain only but also in Germany and France, prefer . . . to his most famous victories.'

Hurry's army was destroyed at the battle of Auldearn, tactically the most brilliant of Montrose's victories. It was fought on the plan of a weak right forming a hinge on which the rest of the army swung to break the enemy's centre. It was a pattern repeated on a majestic scale at Austerlitz, and was made possible here only because of the magnificent fighting qualities of the hinge, Alasdair and his Irish.

MacDonnell with four hundred foot had been stationed on the right wing, and in order that they might draw the main attack of 3,000 enemy troops thay had been entrusted with the royal standard. They fought desperately. Alasdair's shield was full of pikes and he swung his great sword round to cut off their heads like cabbage stalks. He broke his blade; but a dying comrade, Davidson of Ardnacross, his brother-in-law, reached him another. One of his men, Ranald Mackinnon of Mull, fought swordless against a dozen pikemen with an arrow through both cheeks. Montrose said after the battle that he had witnessed the greatest feats of arms he ever knew performed by Ronald Og MacDonnell. But they paid for their valour. Seventeen of the best officers were killed and all who remained alive were wounded. After the battle Alasdair had to go on another recruiting visit to the west.

There still remained Bailie's army which throughout the month of June was ravaging the Gordon lands and which towards the end of the month prepared to lay siege to the marquis of Huntly's castle in the Bog of Gight. More as a gesture towards the marquis than because the castle was in any real danger Montrose marched to its relief. He found Bailie's army in a strong position, from which it refused to budge although he trailed his coat before it. He then marched off towards Strathdon, hoping that Bailie would follow to prevent an attack on the Lowlands. The news of the absence of Alasdair must have encouraged the Covenanters, for they hastened after Montrose and on 2 July, at Alford, they were caught in the trap he had laid for them. Bailie, realising the danger he was in, would have declined battle, but was overruled by the perambulating committee which supervised his decisions. The principal credit for the victory here goes to the Gordon cavalry, and it is said that O Cahan and the Irish, hanging on to the horses, charged with them. Even the Irish baggage boys, some not fourteen years of age, mounted their ponies and joined in the pursuit.

Shortly after the battle Montrose had news of the grievous defeat suffered by his royal master at Naseby, 14 June 1645. It became more important than ever that he should move towards the Border. Welcome reinforcements came in, brought by Alasdair MacDonnell: 1500 Macdonalds, 700 Macleans from Mull, along with Macphersons, Camerons, Stuarts, Macnabs and Macgregors. Lord Aboyne and Colonel Nathaniel Gordon brought 200 horse, and the earl of Airlie, 70: in all, 4,400 foot and 500 cavalry. It was the largest force Montrose had yet commanded.

A new Covenanting army, 6,000 strong, had assembled at Perth under the command of Bailie, 'assisted' by a committee. Another army of 1,000 foot and 500 horse under Lanark was hastening from Glasgow to join them. Montrose raced to prevent the junction, pursued closely by Bailie. The latter came up with him at Kilsyth, near Glasgow, on the feast of the Assumption. Bailie would have waited till Lanark, now only a few miles away, could join him; but he was overruled by the committee, confident in their superior numbers.

Montrose had taken up his position in a hollow, deliberately leaving some high ground on his left to the north unoccupied. From a ridge before him the Covenanters observed his position and took the bait even more clumsily than he had hoped. Wishing to cut off his escape to the hills, they marched their army across his front. Alasdair launched his regiment against their centre and MacDonnells raced Macleans up the hill. Four regiments were hastily drawn up behind some stone dykes to receive them, but the Highlanders and the Irish jumped the walls with their targes high and their heads down. In a few minutes the Covenanters were in flight. Alasdair had cut their army in two. The cavalry closed in from the wings and soon there were few of the 6,000 left. Argyll fled, as he had fled at Dunkeld, Inverary, Inverlochy and Alford. Glasgow surrendered after the battle. Scarcely a year had elapsed since Montrose had met Alasdair MacDonnell at Blair Atholl. In that year he had won Scotland.

For whom? Montrose would have said for the king. He decided to march into England, but Alasdair demurred. He conferred on him a knighthood in the king's name and appealed to his loyalty. But Alasdair replied that he preferred the cause of his own blood and kindred before even that of the king, and on 3 September he marched for the west with some 600 men. In the usual Highland way the Macdonalds and Macleans went home with their booty. There remained with Montrose only O'Cahan and 500 Irish.

Montrose marched to the south-east hoping to raise the Border clans for a raid on England, but they held aloof. Meanwhile David Leslie with 5,000 cavalry was hastening out of England where he had been besieging Hereford. He surprised Montrose's little force at Philiphaugh near Selkirk on 13 September. After a desperate battle the Irish surrendered on being promised quarter. Next day 400 of them were marched into the courtyard of a neighbouring castle and shot down. O'Cahan and another officer, MacLoughlin, were spared to be hanged at Edinburgh without a trial.

A large number of camp-followers, women and children, shared the fate of the soldiers. Patrick Gordon narrates: 'With the whole baggage and stuff which was exceeding rich, there remained none but boys, cooks and a rabble of rascals, and women with their children in their arms.

All those, without commiseration, were cut in pieces; whereof there were 300 women that, being natives of Ireland, were the married wives of the Irish'[1] The sorrowful tale is completed by the following resolution of parliament: 'The housse ordanes the Irische prissoners takin at and after Philiphaughe, in all the prissons of the kingdome, especially in the prissons of Selkirke, Jedburghe, Glasgou, Dumbartane, and Perth, to be execut without aney assyse or processe, conforme to the trettey betwix both kingdomes, past in acte.' It adds to the horror to recall that the principal instigators of these atrocities were the Covenanting ministers, who preached that the observance of the ordinary decencies of warfare towards papists would be a violation of the oath of the Covenant, and urged their followers to 'go and smite Amalek, and utterly destroy all that they have, and spare them not, but slay both men and women, infant and suckling . . .'

In the western Highlands Sir Alasdair was joined by the marquis of Antrim, who was probably anxious to secure those lands, formerly MacDonnell property and now in the hands of the Campbells, which had been promised to him by the king in reward for his services. Little is recorded of their exploits there. Meanwhile the political scene underwent a startling transformation. Charles I entered into negotiations with the Covenanters and ordered Montrose to lay down his arms. The marquis was allowed to sail for the Continent, but Leslie was ordered to exterminate any Irish who still remained in Scotland. Sir Alasdair returned to Ireland, leaving garrisons in the castles of Dunavertie in Kintyre and Dunyveg in Islay. The defenders of Dunavertie, forced to surrender in July 1647 through lack of water, were hurled over the cliffs into the sea. The Dunyveg garrison, however, was permitted to sail to France, with the exception of Coll MacDonnell, Alasdair's father, who was hanged after a kind of Nuremberg trial before a Campbell judge and jury. The pursuit of the Irish was carried into the island of Mull, and Maclean was forced to hand over fourteen of them to save his own people from the Campbell fury. They were all hanged.

In Ireland Sir Alasdair was nominated lieutenant-general of Munster by the Supreme Council of the Confederates with instructions to serve under Lord Taaffe against Inchiquin. In the late autumn of 1647 the army had gone into winter quarters when, writes Carte, 'the clamour which the slaughter of near twenty priests in the cathedral of Cashel [by Inchiquin's troops] raised among the Irish . . . forced this General [Taaffe] to assemble his army.' Battle was joined at Knocknanoss, near Mallow, on 13 November. MacDonnell's regiment on the right wing, using their old tactics, after firing one round threw down their muskets

[1] The women's characters were also defamed after death in spite of the evidence of Gordon (quoted above) and of Wishart who describes them as *Hibernorum montanorumque conjuges quae caritate conjugali maritos sequebantur.*

and fell on the enemy with their knives ' and drove them two miles before them with considerable slaughter ; and with very little loss to their own side made themselves masters of the cannon and carriages'. When they returned to the field, they found the remainder of the royalist army in flight. But Sir Alasdair was killed. One account of his death says he was murdered by an enemy officer after having received quarter. A MacDonnell manuscript states that his death wound was received while he was watering his horse after having ridden off the field. He is buried in the tomb of a family of O'Callaghans in Clonmeena churchyard in the parish of Kanturk. His sword, which had a sliding steel weight running along a groove on the back, is said to have been preserved in Loughan castle, county Tipperary.

It is perhaps relevant to recall here Montrose's death. He returned to Scotland by way of the Orkneys in 1650 and raised another army for Charles II. It was routed by a much smaller force under one Strachan ' who heretofore was but a driver of kale from Musselburgh into Edinburgh.' Montrose was subsequently captured and executed. His defeat by an inexperienced soldier and by inferior forces is perhaps as good a testimony as any to the fighting qualities of Alasdair and his Irish ; for while they were with him Montrose never lost a battle.

David Kennedy

REVIEWS

Apologetics

THEOLOGY AND SANITY. By F. J. Sheed. London: Sheed and Ward. 1947. 12s. 6d.

Theology and Sanity is a great book and fills a real need. In his foreword the author tells us that he played with the idea of dedicating it to those who know less than he of theology, but abandoned the thought because it might appear flippant. And in this book, Mr. Sheed is in deadly earnest. He wants to give " the indispensable minimum " of theology " that every man needs " ; for " some of the most important elements in the real world can be known only by the revelation of God which it is theology's business to study. Lacking this knowledge the mind must live a half-blind life, trying to cope with a reality most of which it does not know is there."

Catholics generally retain something from their penny Catechism in later life. But if they do not set themselves to the task of deepening the knowledge of religion which they had as children, the terms which they use will be jargon to others, and perhaps even jargon to themselves. Mr. Sheed illustrates the danger from the mystery of the Blessed Trinity as it appears to the average man. The Catholic knows that there are Three distinct Persons in one Nature. But if the ideas *nature* and *person* mean little or nothing to him, he may find himself viewing the mystery " arithmetically". He cannot see why what is One can at the same time be Three, but salves his conscience by saying that the Church says so, and goes no further in his quest. The author insists that we are not excused, because we cannot know a mystery *wholly*, from pursuing our investigation of it as far as we can. The reward of further study is the conviction that the mystery does not imply any contradiction, and this is a valuable achievement. If the layman is to live a full Catholic life, he cannot leave such discussions entirely to the professional theologian.

Mr. Sheed brings to his task not only an unusually clear mind, but also a broad sympathy for the difficulties of the uninitiated. He eschews as far as possible the technical terms of the Schools, translating them into language which should be intelligible to the educated layman. He faces difficulties fearlessly, analyses them and gives the answer. In doing so he must inevitably win the sympathy of even captious readers.

As we might expect in a book of this kind, the going is not always easy : *Theology and Sanity* is not light reading. But I think that it is as light as Mr. Sheed (or anyone else) could make it. And if it were only as an experiment in this *genre*, it merits a cordial welcome and a hearty *prosit* to its author.

In a preliminary section the author stresses the need of *intellectual* study of religion, and indicates the dangers arising from an *imaginative* approach to the study of mysteries. He then deals with the nature of God, and escorts us with all the charm of an accomplished guide over the difficult terrain of the mystery of the Blessed Trinity. In a second part he opens up the vistas which Creation suggests, before going on to the Fall of Man and Redemption. Here he inevitably pauses to give us a picture of Our Redeemer, his Sacrifice, his Kingdom, his Mystical Body, before concluding the section with three valuable chapters on life in the body, life after death and the end of the world.

With so much accomplished, Mr. Sheed brings us back in his third section to the consideration of man, especially in his quality of a rational animal comprising the worlds of spirit and matter within his life. He has a telling chapter on man's frustration apart from God, which naturally leads to a discussion of the sufficiency

of the Church and the life of grace. From the summits thus attained, he pauses to look back on " the landscape of reality " and finishes with a practical note on our own mediocrity and imperfect response to grace. The last section of the book is significantly entitled *Sanity points towards Sanctity*.

We cannot close with any remark other than that with which we began : *Theology and Sanity* is a great book. F. J.

Mysticism and its Doctors

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF ST. TERESA OF JESUS. Translated and edited by Professor E. Allison Peers. Three volumes. London : Sheed and Ward. 1946. 63s.

St. Teresa has been known to recent generations of English readers chiefly through the dignified and scholarly edition of some of her major works made by David Lewis in 1870, which was brought out in a fifth edition by Benedict Zimmerman in 1916. The letters, known in the excellent edition made by the Benedictines of Stanbrooke, appeared in 1924. But the publication of a new critical edition of the complete works of the Saint, based on the best MSS. and furnished with introductions and copious notes by the great Teresian scholar P. Silverio de Santa Teresa, made a good case for a new English translation ; and Professor E. Allison Peers, who had just finished his translation of the works of St. John of the Cross, was without any question the man for the work. In the present three volumes he has translated the Life, the Book of Foundations, the Way of Perfection, the Interior Castle, and her minor works in prose and verse. He has not done the letters, partly in deference to the value of the Stanbrooke translation and partly because he thinks that more of the Saint's letters may yet be found and published in the definitive edition. But it is to be hoped that Professor Allison Peers will translate the letters and thus complete his great undertaking.

His translation has been made on the new Spanish edition and aims first of all at accuracy. But he has aimed at something more elusive—at getting some of the tone and personal accent of this very personal writer. One need not be able to read Spanish in order to feel a certain quality of freshness and naturalness in his work which show that he has achieved a considerable measure of success. He has certainly done a great service to the great number of those who read St. Teresa in English ; and his volumes will become the standard translation. His introduction and his notes, based on those of P. Silverio, are brief and helpful.

These three volumes are a further testimony to the abiding appeal which St. Teresa exercises on English-speaking readers ; and in their turn they will help to deepen and extend that appeal. Among her own people she has been called the most widely read author after Cervantes. We need not, perhaps, wonder much at that. But it is certainly a strange phenomenon that this sixteenth-century Carmelite contemplative and reformer should continue to hold the attention and admiration of peoples and ages that seem sundered from her own by bridgeless abysses. The abiding interest which St. John of the Cross exercises is chiefly scientific or professional. He is read by students of mysticism and by those others, for the most part priests and nuns, who seek guidance for themselves in the ways of the spiritual life. St. Teresa also is certainly read by those who study and who practise mysticism ; though her treatment of the subject is different from that of her great friend and fellow Carmelite. St. John writes as a theologian, scientifically ; he is orderly, methodical, and of course profound. St. Teresa writes of her own adventures in the contemplative way—an autobiography rather than a treatise. While the former maps out and charts the region, she will describe her own course in it.

But St. Teresa is read by great numbers who are not interested in mysticism either theoretically or practically. She is read for the sheer human interest she excites. An attempt to analyse the charm she exerts will give us some of the elements, but will let the essential one escape. She is first of all a born writer—one of those people who can express themselves easily and effortlessly, whose medium of expression takes at once the shape of their thought; who have not to wrestle with thought or word. Her writing is not a bit literary; it is artless, natural, unconscious, unstudied. She wrote as she spoke, with that ease, vivacity, humour, irony, good sense that made her so good a companion.

But the writing has behind it a strong rich personality, a wide experience of life, and an incomparably rarer experience of the ways of God. There have been natures as richly endowed and experiences as wide as hers; but these people have not been writers; and it is that combination of personality and gifts of expression which have given St. Teresa her unique position.

In her lifetime she was the best-known lady in Spain. She was the friend and correspondent of Philip II, who after her death had her MSS. collected and stored in the library of the Esccorial. Her city of Avila is for Spaniards the city of the Saint. The ultimate secret of that appeal was spiritual. Her rich natural endowment, her gifts of head and heart, her experience, her gifts of expression, were acted upon by grace. Under that divine influence what was natural in her was sublimated, refined, purified, and without losing any of its own charm got something else which we feel at once, but cannot analyse. H. K.

ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS: Doctor of Divine Love and Contemplation. By Fr. Gabriel, O.D.C. Translated by a Benedictine of Stanbrook Abbey. Cork: The Mercier Press. 1946. 10s. 6d.

DURING the terrible Gallipoli landing of the Great War it seems that troops in the rear were firing into their own front line. The scale of the topographical map provided was false; small line though it be, its accuracy is of the first importance. In the work before us the scale to the Country of Divine Love is "Contemplation". Half the book and, for practical purposes, the most useful half is taken up with the nature of contemplation, but of contemplation brought within the field of personal activity by the attached epithet "acquired".

In itself the word is inoffensive; but when in France, some thirty years ago, Père Poulain in his *Des Grâces d'Oraison* applied it to Contemplation, the Abbé Saudreau, in *Les Degrés de la Vie Spirituelle*, vigorously entered the lists against him, and partisans ranged themselves round the champions on a field of battle where at most a temporary truce is allowed. Father Gabriel, who is Professor of Ascetical Theology—(why does the translator say "*Spiritual*" Theology?)—in the International College of St. Teresa, Rome, puts the case thus:

"So have arisen the controversies which developed, especially in the post-war years, in Spain and France. It cannot be denied that, considered from the purely scientific side, these disputes have not always been waged with all the competence that could be desired. There have been moments when minds were very disturbed in both camps, and the too numerous writers were not always sufficiently well informed as to the data of what is, in any case, a very delicate question. A certain divergence could be observed even in the actual concept of contemplation which was being attacked or defended, and this want of precision was hardly propitious for a happy conclusion of the controversy. The fact is that, after some years of wrangling, the struggle died down, leaving both parties, however, in their respective

positions. Neither could claim the victory, but both were tired of repeating the same arguments—' et le combat finit faute de combattants ! ' " (pp. 105, 106).

Will Fr. Gabriel's appearance bring them forth again? It is possible. But, like Samuel of old when challenged : " Is thy coming hither peacable ? " he fervently replies : " It is peacable ". He comes from the home of contemplation, the Carmelite Cloister, bearing from the Church's Doctor of Mystical Theology, St. John of the Cross, a message in pursuance of " his task of reconciling the tendencies—in our opinion too sharply opposed—which at the present day are dividing the different schools of spirituality over the so-called modern mystical problem." (p. 91).

The problem is a vital one not only for saints but for the rest of us, sinners. At the end of our lives, with the grace of God, we should all be ready for the Vision of God, a Vision which far surpasses the most exalted experiences of the greatest mystical Saints. If we are not ready, it is because of our own deliberate faults, either consequences of remitted mortal sins, or unrepented venial sins, which must be purified in Purgatory. It is the business of every soul to prepare itself by union with God, here below, for intimate communion with God in Heaven. Apart from the sacraments, prayer is the means of uniting oneself with God : " Watch and pray ". " Hitherto you have not asked anything in my name. Ask and you shall receive that your joy may be full " ; the commands are our divine Master's. Evidently something more is needed than " to glorify God with the lips while the heart is far from Him," (Isaias 29, 13). All authorities admit that without mental prayer little solid purification of the soul can be expected. But does " mental prayer " extend beyond the reasoning work of the understanding, is it presumptuous and idle to aim at entering the Garden of Contemplation? St. Teresa says that " she had been striving after contemplation for twenty years," and she believes that those who are content to jog along the road mapped out by ordinary meditation will never attain true contemplation. We are reminded of the words of St. Ignatius that " all meditation where the understanding works, fatigues the body. There are other forms of meditation equally in the order of God, which are restful for the understanding, without labour for the interior faculties, and which are performed without either physical or interior effort."

Father Gabriel asks is there a form of prayer, described as " active contemplation " to be considered in spiritual direction? His answer is unhesitating : " The writers of the Carmelite Order made a special point of propagating it. This esteem, this love for active contemplation they have acquired and nourished from having experienced the excellent results obtained from it in themselves and those souls under their direction .... In the *Living Flame* St. John of the Cross has insisted upon how important it is for souls and, in particular, for spiritual directors that this state of obscure contemplation should be well known. Without this necessary knowledge, directors are liable to lead souls astray and even to delay them on the road that leads to union with God " (p. 196). Fr. Louis Lallemant, born a few years before St. John's death, in his well-known Spiritual Doctrine is as emphatic " Without contemplation we shall never make much progress in virtue, and we shall never be fitted to make others advance therein."

St. Bernard says that our prayers are bad either because they are timid, tepid, or presumptuous. In the main there is little difficulty in deciding when and why our prayers are tepid. Father Gabriel is attacking the timid front. All good souls suffer from distractions ; if it be true that aridity causing distractions may regularly be due to the timidity of the soul to enter on the way to contemplation, as distinct from discursive prayer, then it is important for the soul and the soul's guide to know how to act and what to expect. The chapter on " The Real Question of Acquired Contemplation " is clear and deserves wide circulation.

There are many beautiful and helpful thoughts in the book about the way of love, the demands of love, the sufferings of love. We have limited our account to one point, " Acquired Contemplation ", because a primary question for the spiritual life of the soul is here concerned. The " Schools " have helped to confuse the issue, and the author has peacefully and, we think, skilfully handled it. G. B.

Economics and Politics

ECONOMICS OF MIGRATION. By Julius Isaac. London: Kegan Paul. 1947. 18s.

In the history of human progress no single factor has probably played a larger part than the mass movements of peoples. The relief of overpopulation, the diffusion of culture, the development of new areas and the redistribution of labour have all depended upon such movements. Until the last few centuries transfers of peoples were the result mainly of invasion, conquest and colonization. In modern times migration, in the strict sense of the term, has tended to replace those other types of transfer. Much migration has been forced: for example refugees from persecution, the labour provided by prisoners of war and by population transfers. But much more of it has consisted of the " movement of free individuals with the intention of effecting a lasting change in residence." It is the problems arising from this free migration that forms the subject of Dr. Isaac's timely addition to the International Library of Sociology and Social Reconstruction.

The adjective " timely " is advisedly chosen because, as Sir Alexander Carr-Saunders states in his Introduction, the world is entering on a new era in international relations in which migration will play a part. During the nineteenth century and up to 1914 freedom of exit and entry of migrants was the general rule. After 1918 restriction on immigration became widespread and many countries imposed restrictions on emigration, with the result that the volume of international migration was greatly reduced. It is unlikely that complete freedom of migration will be restored in the coming age of planning, and it may be assumed that population movements will be regulated by Governments. It is the certainty that such regulation will prevail that justifies the publication of Dr. Isaac's book which examines the demographic, economic and sociological aspects of migration. The many interesting questions of economic theory which arise in the course of the discussion are handled with expert knowledge and original thought. The volume will amply repay careful study by all students of economics.

While the author does not pretend to prophesy, he hazards some tentative conclusions about the probable future of migratory movements. Although there is room for much more migration than took place in the inter-war years, there is no hope that the volume attained in the nineteenth century will be resumed. Conditions are entirely different. The open spaces available for development have been greatly reduced and the type of white migrant suitable for pioneer work has become scarce. The United States will almost certainly continue a restrictive immigration policy, and coloured and oriental immigrants will continue to be refused admission to many countries. Greater reliance will have to be placed on international lending than in migration to relieve the pressure on the overpopulated areas of the world. At the same time international movements of people will take place on a diminished scale. " If we are right in assuming that we are approaching the age of planning and that the breakdown of international cooperation has been overcome, planned migration in the post-war world will play an important part in the promotion of social and economic progress."

No country has been more affected by emigration than Ireland. Dr. Isaac

devotes a few paragraphs to Irish emigration ; but, in most places, British and Irish emigration are included in the one statistical total. He is convinced that the post-Famine emigration was beneficial to the country by its effect in raising the standard of living of those who remained at home. He admits that it may have produced some adverse differential selection in the quality of the population, but concludes that " the advantages of emigration were so overwhelming that its possible disadvantages were of no importance". In regard to present-day emigration to Great Britain, he is doubtful whether it has a favourable effect on the Irish standard of living, but emigrants' remittances have been " a great help ". Those Irish economists who have expressed anxiety at the vast capital expenditure involved in the rearing and education of emigrants will be pleased to learn that Dr. Isaac agrees with their view. He is of opinion that, from the national standpoint, mere economic considerations would justify quantitative and qualitative restriction of emigration, but that " such a policy implies interference with the free mobility of the individual, exerted by his own country, which in a democracy is tolerable only in war conditions". The restrictions on migration, which he regards as inevitable, may therefore be expected to be found in the countries of arrival, and not in those of departure of the migrants.

G. O'B.

MIDWEST AT NOON. By Graham Hutton. London : Harrap. 1946. 18s. net.

Most people, presumably, have some hazy idea of what is meant by the term " Middle West". The films and an abundant output of cheap fiction have made more foreigners conscious of this particular American region than has probably ever been the case with any other region in history. This is a factor which, in spite of talk about " Losangelesisation," we generally manage to discount in considering our own future. For good or ill, leadership in Western culture has passed definitely into American hands by virtue of supreme military and economic power ; and the tribute paid to this leadership has long since taken the form of what Toynbee calls *mimesis*, a sort of imitation which is all the more pervasive for being only half-conscious.

The Midwest is the " heartland " of America, the region which gives American culture its dominant characteristics and which chiefly decides American policies. Yet it is a region remarkably hard to define. In the opening chapter of this charming and very valuable book, Mr. Hutton considers the question of definition, and ultimately concludes that the Midwest comprises the eight States of Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, and Missouri ; but there are marginal regions, such as the Dakotas and Kansas, which at least partially belong to the same group. This great area, from Chicago to St. Louis and from Omaha to Youngstown (Ohio), was " frontier " territory right up to the Civil War, and its phenomenal economic development has been the work of only the last eighty years. More than any other region of the United States, it owes its growth to European immigration : whereas the population of the whole country was not quite trebled between 1840 and 1880, that of the Midwest was almost quadrupled. Now, at almost thirty-six million people, it practically equals that of the twelve Eastern States. From having been the great " farm-belt," the Midwest has in a single generation become the greatest centre of manufacturing industry in the whole world. Mr. Hutton's urbane and objective description of the eight Midwestern States will render an obvious service to all serious students of present-day political and economic tendencies.

Midwest at Noon is far from being a dry statistical compilation intended chiefly for reference. It contains statistics in plenty, but they are very skilfully " humanised " by a writer who knows all about his business, and the book is one of those which are very hard to put down when once started. Though its history has been brief, the development of the Midwest has necessarily been highly complex. As the greatest

racial " melting-pot " the world has ever known, it has undergone in a lifetime changes more far-reaching than older communities have experienced in centuries. Mr. Hutton traces the course of these changes—from " frontier " to " farm-belt " and last of all to great industrial centre—with a wealth of close personal observation and with a warm sympathy which makes one of the chief attractions of his excellently-produced book. All the untravelled reader will perhaps miss is a few really practical maps: the sketches on the inner cover-papers have a certain minimum utility and are nice to look at, but leave out a great deal.

Writing frankly as an Englishman and a little puzzled at the anti-English bias which is one of the chief psychological traits of the Midwest, Mr. Hutton succeeds in completely avoiding any note of superiority or of that captious kind of criticism of all things American now so common in England that it clearly betrays its ideological origin. " The Midwest today " he says " is the greatest single repository in the world of nineteenth-century liberalism and of the individualism which underlay it "; and he leaves no doubt that this is an attribute which he greatly admires. He notes, too, the rather paradoxical strength of tradition in Midwest politics, a strength which he attributes in large part to the influence of the two great political parties. The power of the party machines in both State and Federal politics, the influence of the boss, the lobby and the unofficial organisation of opinion, he attributes to a deep-seated, all-pervading (and healthy) distrust of officials and executives. There are of course dangers on both sides, but at least these strange American institutions have saved the world's greatest democracy from the " tyranny of elected persons " and from the bureaucracy which seems to be busy strangling all liberty elsewhere.

One result of rapid change is that the Midwest has already lost some of the characteristics for which it had won almost legendary fame. All indications show that isolationism is now more at home in the Great Plains to the west. In its original home its place tends to be taken by a kind of moral fervour which springs from youthful self-assurance. This of course has its naive side, and Mr. Hutton does not fail to mark the similarity between present-day Midwest complacency and that of mid-Victorian England. In the present state of the world, however, such naivety is greatly offset by the urgent necessity for a clear and consistent American lead. " Midwesterners," says Mr. Hutton," are proud of America's power. They do not yet realise what it means." The sooner both they and the rest of the world arrive at this realisation, the better for us all. Mr. Hutton, in his final chapter, suggests that the future destiny of the Midwest is closer and closer fusion with the East into a single immense industrial region, to which the Midwest will have a great contribution to make in its abounding energy, individualism, and love of freedom. He ends with a suggestion which, one is glad to note, had already begun to be widely practised long before his book appeared: " If eastern and midwestern millionaires and big businessmen .... could take time to think more than two or three years ahead, they would heavily endow institutions for the liberal arts, the humanities, and other nonmaterial fields of mental training and inquiry." M. T.

Germany: Yesterday and To-day

THE ORIGINS OF MODERN GERMANY. By G. Barraclough. Oxford: Basil Blackwell. 1946. 21s.

Professor Barraclough's book of 465 pages is, if here and there contentious, both interesting and courageous. Though a scholar, he disclaims *The Origins of Modern Germany* as a work of scholarship, partly because, in the press of war and military duties, he had not full access to his sources, but partly also, I have no doubt,

because of the high tension atmosphere in which it was produced and his own urge to get his reading of German history before the public while there was yet time to prevent mistakes in the treatment of Germany as a " case ". It is interesting to note that, for Professor Barraclough, Germany is a problem of disease as for Sir William Beveridge, writing some time ago in an English Sunday paper, it was a " hospital case ". The angles are of course different and the author of the book under review is intent rather on diagnosis, examination of symptoms and uncovering of causes as necessary steps towards a cure than on any detailed suggestions for treatment and final rehabilitation. His concluding chapter, which one might fairly describe as giving the *raison d'être* of the work, is however a powerful and, to a neutral at least, moving plea for the restoration (after due democratization !) of Germany, as a unity and within her historic boundaries, to her place in the full comity of nations.

Professor Barraclough is known to students of history for his work on medieval Europe. That he is here still on his old ground is sufficiently shown by the fact that a good three-fourths of the text deals with the Holy Roman Empire previous to the Protestant Reformation. In those periods, often confused, of struggle between the elective and the hereditary principle ; between an Emperor, often a pawn in the European game, and his feudatories ; between the feudatories and the Free Knights and Cities ; between Church and State for the rights of each—Professor Barraclough finds the beginnings of the frustration of the German people. One could say the history of that frustration is his theme and thesis ; he refuses to identify the people with Guelph or Ghibelline, Hapsburg or Hohenzollern, Weimar Republic or N.S.D.A.P. The processes of that frustration he works out, as it were, in a series of crises, from the struggles of the Empire with the Papacy and later with the Protestant Reformation and the intrigues of the Dynasts within and without the Reich down to the failure in the Transfer of Power in 1918. National Socialism he does not regard as one of these crises. It was, he maintains, the creed of a fanatical minority and had no roots in the German past. It is just one aspect of world chaos, economic and social rather than political in character. It never really had the backing of the German people as a whole ; rather was it for millions of them a counsel of despair. Not a few, scholars and amateurs, will join issue with the Professor on this, especially those who are engaged on a close study of Pan-Germanism—a word which, I note, does not occur in this book—and those also who have heard of the late Führer's affection for Frederick the Great and his transfer of the Insignia of the Holy Roman Empire to Nürnberg.

Like most of us who, defending a thesis dear to us, seek aid and perhaps authority for it in the past, Professor Barraclough is not free from what Jakob Burckhardt calls " the invasion of history by desire". Not only does he not pay sufficient heed to his own warnings against confusing the theories and ideals of universal Christendom in the Middle Ages with the motives and the actions of modern states and statesmen. He comes dangerously near to making scapegoats, which is what he is minded to guard against in the decisions of U.N.O. or Allied Control Councils or whatever else those bodies may be called who seem to have taken over the functions of the ancient fates. His scapegoats—black, not grey—are first last and all the time the Papacy and Rome ; then the Hapsburgs ; whether Maximilian who added the words " of the German Nation " to " The Holy Roman Empire " without doing anything to help that nation to evolve ; or his grandson Charles V who did not follow Luther and so failed to produce German Unity ! Professor Barraclough even thinks he can search the soul of Charles and find in it no other reason than a dynastic one for adhering to his faith ! His whole view of the Hapsburgs is coloured, as so much of the view of British no less than French journalists and statesmen was, so fatefully for Europe, in 1914–1918, by hostility to practical Catholicism. This comes through, not only in his attack on the Dynasty but later

in such references as those to the Centre Party as supporters of Hohenzollern absolutism over against the popular demands. Has Professor Barraclough no Transcendental, no other Absolute than Democracy? Some of the wisest thinkers are beginning to realise that it did not, does not and cannot redeem Humanity, which is now in such sore need of redemption. Over thirty million Germans are Catholic. The Absolute to which so many of them were loyal between 1933 and 1945 and often before that period is in no wise inconsistent with true democracy, nor is it held to be so by the Church to which they belong nor by its Head, to uphold whose authority they have so often suffered joyfully.

Though these apparent commitments of Professor Barraclough to an identification of non-Catholicsim with Liberty and of Catholicism with the reverse are annoying, they do not negate the merits of his book. There is much insight into the difficult Middle Ages in Germany together with often a fine appreciation of Christian ideals; there is order evolved out of the chaos of feudal and imperial quarrels in the centuries between 900 and 1500: there are interesting lights thrown on the character of Otto III, who has been lifted out of the dim ranks of romantic dreamers and placed amongst the representatives of a wise kingship. Despite some of Professor Barraclough's critics and despite an occasional weakness for the individual Hohenzollern over against any and every Hapsburg, I do not think that he swims in the wake of those accommodating professors of the Bismarck era, Droysen or Sybel or Treitschke, whose world has gone to pieces. They were well supported by the literary men—poets and other. I remember when, in my student days in Berlin at the turn of this century, I haunted the theatres and read indiscriminately, one of the dramatists that it was impossible to escape was Ernst von Wildenbruch. He was one of many upholding the Hohenzollern tradition and I remember the —Socialist Democrat, I think he was—Professor of Modern German Literature, Max Hermann, whose lecture hall had to be constantly exchanged for a larger one, so great was the press of students to hear him. I was one woman amongst all those men. He advised us boldly to scrap Freytag and Wildenbruch and, if we wanted food for our leisure hours, to take to Wilhelm Raabe; as for Wildenbruch, his stuff was: *Die reinste Siegesallee* (pure and unadulterated Avenue of Victory). The significance of that simile will be understood fully only by those who knew Berlin prior to its reconstruction under the Führer; the *Siegesallee* was perhaps good dynastic propaganda, but very bad art. I am in the main a student of literature, and Prof. Barraclough may not accept the crowds who thronged to hear Max Herrmann as a proof of anything—least of all of a serious urge for free expression of opinion as one of the moods of democracy. But there it is; I should not be reviewing History. As I implied already, in spite of reservations, I welcome this book and its attempt to establish the perspectives of history as an aid to the solution of the German problem. I welcome it for its clear and vigorous language and style, and I welcome it for its courageous and statesmanlike Conclusion.

MARY M. MACKEN

IN DARKEST GERMANY. By Victor Gollancz. London: Gollancz. 1947. 8s. 6d.

THIS arresting record of a six weeks visit to the British Zone in Germany at the end of 1946 is still topical. Much of it is confirmed by the news items and special articles of the daily papers. They, six months after Mr. Gollancz's visit, still stress the alarming conditions in the Ruhr, the existence of near-famine in this overcrowded and *increasingly* undernourished area—and, as a consequence, not only the fears for Western Democracy but the dangers of a German reaction to forces which the Allied armies went all out to destroy, and to replace which Allied military governments will occupy Germany for decades to come!

Mr. Gollancz's book shows an admirable spirit ; it is edifying as well. This Jew preaches and practises a Christianity by which we could all take pattern. Especially is this the case when he insists on an act of general repentance instead of the self-righteousness that is now so rampant. He asks his public to render good for evil, and he emphasises the love that should be called forth in us at the sight of human suffering. Out of the fulness of such a love, evoked in him during the experiences of this visit, his book was written.

His matter is as concentrated as his manner. He deals mainly with Hamburg, Düsseldorf and the Ruhr towns, though his travels brought him by way of inquiry to other northwest centres. He supplements his facts by figures and supports his descriptions by photographic plates, of which there are 144 in the book. Food, Housing and Health are his main subjects of inquiry. He finds all three shocking, giving details—in calories and vitamins ; in air-raid shelters and bombed-out houses ; in Public Health statistics and hospital charts—of the how and the why. Affecting these pressing questions and especially vital for mental or spiritual health is the question of unemployment and insecurity of labour bound up with the dismantling and destruction of industrial concerns and the exigencies of " reparations". Mr. Gollancz is not the only eye-witness to happenings in the Western Zones. Others are aware of the programme that is being pursued and also of its repercussions. But they ascribe it to " the tension that exists between the security aims and the reconstruction aims " of the Western allies and leave it at that. Mr. Gollancz draws the moral : " If now we choose the path of destruction rather than of reconstruction ; if we fill the German people with despair rather than with hope ; if we make them hate and despise us when they were ready for emotions of a very different kind—then the Nazis, in spite of everything, have won and tomorrow's world will be of their pattern and not of ours."

Those of us who have recently been exchanging letters with German friends have, if not actual visual proof, at least first-hand knowledge of the truth of Mr. Gollancz's statements and of the accuracy of his conclusions. These Germans are (we know them intimately) much too proud to complain of material want except under the sternest pressure of necessity or to ask for help except they see no other way of saving their families. Their sense of complete helplessness and of present and future insecurity cannot be exaggerated. They feel they are being delivered over to slow destruction : " It is not the intention of the Occupation to kill us off ; we are to sicken slowly, waste away and die. We could easily die, were it not that we feel we must strain every nerve for our children's sake." This is not from the mouth of a suspect, ex-member of the N.S.D.A.P. but from one whose answers to the probings were fully adequate and who is " employed". His salary can buy him neither sufficient food nor the most necessary apparel or footwear. There is not enough of either on the " ration".

Mr. Gollancz has other problems which interest us and of which we know from a variety of sources. They are none the less serious because they are of the mind. He touches on the isolation to which the German intellectuals are subjected. More often than not victims of the snubs and sermons which Herrenvölker—there is more than one species of that genus—supply unrationed ; in a bombed-out centre ; without research material of any kind in laboratory or " seminar " ; deprived of those contacts and interchanges of ideas which are so vital for their work ; reduced to a fantastic search for the bare necessities of life ; with no security for the present and no hope for the future ; how can they work ? All they can do is dream of escape out of the vacuum to breathe elsewhere the free and nourished air of the spirit. This is two years after " liberation " ; two grim years of want and hunger and privation of every kind.

Let us hope that Lord Pakenham may succeed in changing the picture. His predecessors have apparently failed dismally. Let us hope, too, that the other Zones have found a Gollancz, Jew or Christian, who will plead the cause of *their* suffering natives and will induce *them* to forget the past, remembering only the future—and that before it is too late not only for the Germans but for the rest of the world. We have *all* sinned ; we *are* all sinners. MARY M. MACKEN

LUBECK DIARY. By A. G. Dickens. London : Victor Gollancz. 1947. 12s. 6d.

I HAVE to say that I took over this book for review in a mood of prejudice, not to say actual sulks. Another Englishman's survey, I thought, of how his cousins German react to defeat, spoliation and starvation—with a suggestion of the surveyor's boredom in the job he had taken on of putting a ruined house in order. For the Germans ? Who can say now for whom ? Some of us who exchange letters with the " inmates " of that unhappy land know that many of them live to dream of escape from the frustration of their daily lives. It is not only the displaced persons from East Prussia and Silesia who would welcome Mr. Dickens' scheme for immigration to the unoccupied spaces of Canada or Australia. Immigration seems the only hope that many residents of the Western and Southern Zones have left of using their abilities for the decent support of their families and for those purposes which human beings in a divinely ordered universe believe they are meant to serve.

But I am allowing my feelings for the German people to run away with my reviewer's pen. I want to say at once that from the first page of this 350 page diary A. G. Dickens held me. He seemed—with, I think, an occasional sop thrown to his Occupation Cerberus—so suited to his difficult and delicate job, so Christian in the full sense of that misused word. His Jewish publisher would seem to understand it better than many of us. This Oxford Don seems to have been an excellent ambassador in his Baltic city sphere ; at least as good, I should say, as the " other ranks " whose fraternisation with the enemy he promoted. Perhaps his donnishness is offset by the good earth and bluff airs of his native Yorkshire which somehow made him feel at home in the home town of Thomas Mann, that lovely Hansa city with the fate and folk of which in the months between May and October 1946 this diary is mainly concerned.

Perhaps Mr. Dickens's very early initiation into the language, the poetry and the music of that one-time country of the fairy tale and the Christmas Tree has its share of responsibility for the humanity of his approach to his special Occupation problem—newspaper editing for the British military government in the Lubeck area. I think it explains much of the charm of this book that its author is a musician as well as a historian. A lover of Bach and Beethoven, of Schubert and Hugo Wolf ; for him Lessing does not exclude Goethe, nor Heine Hölderlin. He cites Rilke with affection and he has himself upon occasion—musical or otherwise, been visited by the shy muse. Some of the most delightful pages of his book record his conversations with musicians or musical critics—quiet men, creatively active in their province, true portraits of the Germany we know and love and weep for. Or such pages tell us of cultural evenings when Bach is played or the poets are read and the pale faces of those fine women secretaries, whom Mr. Dickens so delicately draws for us, glow once again with a joy they had almost thought gone for ever. Thomas Mann is the favourite novelist of the author, and it is surely one of the select tricks of his fate that he passed for publication in his five months of office with the *Lübecker Nachrichtenblatt* a citizen's invitation to the exile to return. That Mann should have refused to exchange the Pacific for the Baltic the author must, as a good European, regret. Did he travel up from Oxford to London on the 20th May to listen to the lecture of the Magician of the Mountain " en route for the Continent " ? The

British will perhaps have given him a plane to the Baltic or the Americans to Munich. That will be an ironical " return of the native ", more ambiguous and infinitely more tragic than the youthful comeback from Munich to Lubeck staged with such craft by Tonio Kroger Mann in that short story whose rhythms Mr. Dickens has, I am sure, by heart.

I am digressing again. It is the fault of Mr. Dickens the diarist. He is nevertheless mindful of his historian's task at this moment of history. It is to enrich by memoir and " day book " the sources from which he and other historians will later draw. He is helping by these pen pictures, " croqués sur le vif," to remove from the happenings of today (which will recede more quickly than we realise into the womb of time) those seven seals which, Faust tells us, keep the past a closed book to us. The city of Lubeck and a busy newspaper office in a period of transition afford him ample opportunity for the study of types and characters, for the sifting of opinions and for the examination and discussion of theories native and foreign on the causes of Germany's downfall and on the bases on which her future fortunes can be built more securely for her and for the world with which she is linked. Mr. Dickens's viewpoint is strongly federalist and equally strongly anti-Prussian. He seems interested in a " Low Saxon " grouping to include Hanover as one link in the federal chain, and he probably found amongst " Nazi " books Langbehn's appraisal of *Das Niedersachsische*. He knows, I am sure, that Langbehn's approach was cultural, not political, and that the later Langbehn, become a Catholic, would have smiled no less than his Low Saxon disciple Momme (afterwards Pater Momme) Nissen did at the use that the National Socialists made of the appraisal of Low Saxon by him. He must be gratified anyhow that Prussia has now—by Article No. so and so of the Allied Council—ceased to exist ! I read recently in a fortnightly German journal published at Freiburg, which came into my hands by a fortunate accident, an interesting and objective " appreciation " of Prussia on the occasion of her elimination by Allied Command. The heading was " Prussia's Exit". The conclusion was a quotation from " Coriolanus " :

> " Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully
> Trail your steel pikes. Though on this city he
> Hath widowed and unchilded many a one
> Which to this hour bewail the injury,
> Yet he shall have a noble memory."

I am sure Mr. Dickens has copies of " Die Gegenwart". He has everything of the sort no doubt. But if he has not, I would pass it on to him, he having once been a journalist himself. Perhaps he would let me have in return the Hofmannsthal article of his literary editress, whose " Austrian form " he so finely appreciates. I would thank for that as sincerely as I thank him for his sensitive diary and above all for its " Conclusion".

MARY M. MACKEN

PHILOSOPHY

THE PRINCIPLES OF MORAL JUDGEMENT. By W. D. Lamont. Oxford : Clarendon Press. London : Cumberlege. 1946. 15s.

THE subject matter of this book is not ethics in the sense in which that term is usually employed. Dr. Lamont tells us that he is enquiring " not about standards which ' ought ' to be used in our judgements of right and wrong but about those standards which ' are in fact ' used by us in our moral judgements ". He regards the question as to what standards ought to be employed as " unanswerable because irrational ". His reason for this is that any moral standard actually employed claims, in the very

nature of the case, to be itself supreme and therefore cannot itself be judged by a further supreme standard. This is an odd type of argument. If it were true, all the historical ethical systems have been engaged in a quite irrational procedure. Men in fact use different standards of moral conduct and while each man's ultimate standard is, of course, at the moment supreme for him, he may abandon it later as a result of deeper insight; and surely the philosopher may, as a matter of ethical theory, consider various suggested standards and perhaps reject some of them as inadequate.

Dr. Lamont does not wish to pursue the usual type of ethical inquiry. For him ethics is or ought to be a social science—" the problems of ethics are susceptible to scientific treatment in precisely the same sense as problems in psychology or economics ". The facts or data of this science are judgements actually passed upon behaviour with respect to its rightness or wrongness. " We shall take these value judgements as our facts or data to be explained, assuming that they will have some kind of relation to each other, and looking for the standards which will make those relations plain." Much might be said in criticism of this as a scientific procedure; nor is it plausible to suggest, as Dr. Lamont does, that this is the method followed by Kant in the First Section of the *Fundamental Principles of the Metaphysic of Morals*. But admittedly it does seem possible to conduct a factual inquiry into the actual moral judgements passed upon conduct, if we are able unambiguously to identify them. And it may even be urged that it is the only inquiry in this matter open to a determinist, as Dr. Lamont in his final chapter confesses himself to be. The trouble is that such an inquiry seems endless; and although Dr. Lamont does in practice narrowly confine the scope of his inquiry, there seems to be no logical reason why he should do so.

Where are we to get the data for such an inquiry as Dr. Lamont wishes to conduct? He suggests a number of sources. First there is Introspection. A person makes the *genuine* assertion " Lying is wrong ". Here we have a moral judgement and we can presumably begin to draw out its implications. But here we either find ourselves adopting the usual ethical procedure or else we just take the judgement at its face value and begin to collect a series of similar judgements *ad infinitum*. " What we are looking for primarily," Dr. Lamont tells us, " is evidence about the real moral convictions which individuals entertain". This is an enterprise which might very well daunt even the most intrepid investigator. The value (for strictly moral inquiry) of Professor Sharp's and Professor Piaget's methods seems very problematical. In any case Dr. Lamont seems to use them rather to complete another method " the examination of systems of social institutions, laws, and customs which have had a more or less continuous development over a considerable period of time". These are of special value " as affording insight into the common moral consciousness ". Of course law and morality do not coincide; they are " intersecting circles ".

" Since, on the one hand, the laws and customs of the society into which a person is born greatly influence his moral ideas of right and wrong; and since, on the other hand, these laws and customs are themselves profoundly influenced by ideals of natural or moral justice; then the contents of our moral consciousness must coincide to a considerable extent with those of the legal system under which we live. Hence, if we wish to know the contents of ' the common moral consciousness ', we shall find a most important clue by the study of the rules of law holding for a given community."

Much of the later discussion in the book is devoted to a study of the moral aspects of the British legal system. The application of this method, if it is to be scientific, is not at all obvious. How precisely do we know where the intersection occurs if we have not already a certain criterion by which what is moral can be unambiguously recognized? The discussion of such problems as " rights " and " duties " becomes

narrowed down to legal categories, and the wider problems e.g. of individual rights, which are of such vital moment at a time when the pretensions of the authoritarian states are so exorbitant, are apt to escape notice. The law, naturally enough, is interested exclusively in purely legal rights. Again, how could we hope to arrive at scientific conclusions about " the common moral consciousness " by the study of any one legal system? And, apart from this, the relation of the British legal system to morality would, no doubt, seem quite different to an Englishman, an Irishman, an inhabitant of India and to a disinterested spectator like an inhabitant of China or Japan. A similar narrowing is evident in the discussion of " duties " and in the problem of the relation of " duties " and " rights ". The purely legal problems will vary from one legal system to another. Ethics is concerned with the critical evaluation of certain actions, not with the varying judgements of individuals or groups. Nor is its subject-matter " the common moral consciousness " any more than the common economic consciousness is the subject-matter of economics.

D. O'K.

Studies in Medieval History

L'ESSOR DE LA LITTERATURE LATINE AU XII^e SIECLE. By J. de Ghellinck, S.J. 2 vols. Louvain: Museum Lessianum. 1946.

More than thirty years ago Father de Ghellinck published a volume on the theologians of the twelfth century which revealed a wide knowledge of all modern research that had, even then, altered so many traditional views and judgments. Since that date he has been lecturing on these topics in Louvain and in Rome, and has never wearied in his effort to keep pace with an ever-widening movement of discovery and re-valuation. These two volumes are themselves a proof of the new life that has come to these studies. Planned as a sub-section of a single volume that was to cover a very much wider field, they appear to-day as two separate volumes for the simple reason that Father de Ghellinck found that he had so much to say—so much that was obviously worth saying in full detail—that he could not bring himself to spoil his notes by wilful compression. What he has attempted is a kind of literary documentation in which French scholars have so often excelled. No period in the whole range of medieval life is more fruitful, more astonishingly vital in every aspect of intellectual life, than the twelfth century. Modern research has thrown a flood of light on almost every corner of this great panorama; but, as so often happens, the industry of modern scholars has defeated its own ends by the impossibility of making contact with so many isolated monographs, articles and new critical editions of texts that are still commonly read in Migne's *Patrologia Latina*, with all its many sins of omission and careless printing.

After a general introduction, which ends with a summary, but most useful bibliography, the first chapter deals with the schools of theology, philosophy and law. The great names here are, of course, Abelard, Hugh and Richard of St. Victor, Bernard and Thierry of Chartres, Gilbert de la Porrée, Peter Lombard and Gratian. This is the group of writers and teachers who formed the central theme of Father de Ghellinck's earlier volume. To-day he is content to give no more than the briefest indication of the part each one of these teachers played in the first phase of medieval scholastic thought, correcting dates and erroneous attributions and bringing the bibliography up to date for each name in turn. No more useful service could well have been rendered to the average student; for there has been such active research on all the work, great and small, of these first schoolmen during the past twenty or thirty years that an intelligent guide such as can be found in these pages will come as a boon to many. The subject is less arid than might at first appear, for we

are here watching all that highly individualistic and exciting fermentation of ideas which accompanied the birth of the Medieval Renaissance.

From the schoolmen Father de Ghellinck passes to the literary personalities of the age, who had themselves shared in the excitement of discovery and new ideas, but whose task was rather to popularise than to create, to criticise persons rather than ideas. John of Salisbury and Gerald of Wales, Walter Map and Peter of Blois are here the most familiar names ; and in this centenary year of the birth of " Giraldus Cambrensis " we may pause to salute a forerunner of modern, self-conscious literary journalism. If Abelard and Héloise still live in the memory of Frenchmen, and indeed of all true Europeans, as the very type of a culture that is at once intensely intellectual and intensely human, Gerald of Wales and John of Salisbury—with their engaging habit of autobiographical reminiscence and their knack of making friendships that are of more than common interest—are as much entitled to our lasting gratitude as are Pepys and Boswell and Horace Walpole in a later age.

From literary journalism we pass to more ascetic traditions : St. Bernard (perhaps the greatest name of them all), Peter the Venerable, St. Norbert, St. Hugh of Lincoln, Joachim of Flora—what an age it was ! And no one who has read the letters that passed between Bernard and Peter in the great controversy as to their rival interpretations of monastic ideals, need have a moment's doubt as to the extent to which the humanism of this most humanistic age had penetrated the cloister as well as the school. Bernard's clash with Abelard and Gilbert de la Porrée, Peter the Venerable offering shelter and a last resting-place to Abelard in his last broken years : these are memorable scenes, and they retain their human interest even to-day. The enigmatic figure of the Abbot Joachim, a counterpart to that trained lawyer Lothario de' Segni, who was to win greater fame as Pope Innocent III, comes at the end of the century. Again, what a contrast ! The reader will find here some very helpful bibliographical notes on this mystical forerunner of what became later the Franciscan Spiritual movement.

From monks and prophets we pass to translators and grammarians, and at once we find ourselves in a different world : a world that is more familiar to students of classical antiquity. Here, for example, are Father de Ghellinck's notes on the frequency with which the various classical authors are cited in the twelfth century—with parallel notes on the frequency of the survival of texts in extant manuscripts of this period or in extant twelfth-century catalogues of libraries that have long since disappeared. Classical scholars have shown increasing interest in such problems, and Father de Ghellinck has made full use of materials that have been collected in some recent editions of the most familiar (and also the least familiar) of our classical authors. The survival of these texts, the zeal with which they were copied, the frequency with which they are quoted by so many writers of the twelfth century, explain the astonishing rebirth of Latin poetry which is one of the glories of this century. But the elegance of twelfth-century Latin prose is perhaps even more remarkable—an elegance that is so often associated with an intensely personal style and an amazing width of range. Hildebert of Mans, Marbod of Rennes, Abelard and Héloise, St. Bernard, Adam of St. Victor, John of Salisbury, William of Malmesbury, Walter Map, Gerald of Wales : here are names that stir memories of sheer joy in all lovers of true literature. And there are masterpieces that still remain anonymous : the *Veni Sancte Spiritus* or the *Iesu Dulcis Memoria* in one field ; the Goliardic poems in another ; the *Gesta Francorum Hierusalem peregrinantium* at the beginning of the century or the *Itinerarium regis Ricardi primi* at its end.

That brings us to the renewal of the historian's art—if I may venture to use that term ! For the chroniclers of the twelfth century are not all so artless as the French crusading knight to whom we owe the *Gesta Francorum*. Indeed the sheer ability

of some of these twelfth-century historians is most impressive. Ordericus Vitalis may be long-winded and too full of digressions, but he has a subject and he has the power of concentrating on a great theme. William of Malmesbury is an even greater name in England, and Germany can claim Otto of Freising a generation later. The century was not lacking in great warriors : the Crusaders, Roger of Sicily, Frederick Barbarossa and Henry the Lion, Henry II of England and his more famous son, Richard Coeur-de-Lion. Need we wonder that men felt the need of chronicles that should record the deeds of warriors such as these ? Yet the power of political thought evident in such writers as Ordericus, William of Malmesbury and Otto of Freising is perhaps more noteworthy than their ability to tell a story well. Elsewhere there is the fatal charm of romantic—too romantic—history. Turn to the *Historia regum Britanniae* of Geoffrey of Monmouth, with its faked authenticity based on a *Liber vetustissimus* that Geoffrey had received from the archdeacon of Oxford. How many modern writers of historical fiction can boast of so astonishing and so permanent a literary success ? And, in the background, there is the growing and impressive series of local, chiefly monastic, chronicles : in Italy, France, Germany, England, in almost every province of Europe. Here and there an outstanding personality becomes, even within his own lifetime, the centre of a half-legendary fame. Bernard of Clairvaux is the most conspicuous name. But the age counts also Norbert of Magdeburg, Hugh of Lincoln, and Thomas of Canterbury. Ireland, here at least, can claim an honoured place, for St. Bernard's *Vita S. Malachiae* is perhaps, as Father de Ghellinck notes, the great orator's most finished literary work. Its nineteenth chapter protrays Malachy of Armagh as the very type of a bishop who is in truth *pastor animarum.*

I have said enough to give some notion of the stimulus that these two volumes can impart to any student of human thought and European culture. One word of criticism, by way of conclusion. The general appearance of these two volumes could hardly be bettered so far as book-production is concerned : Belgium still maintains a fine tradition of the printer's craft, and the paper is excellent. But volumes of this kind need an Index above reproach, and Father de Ghellinck (possibly for reasons of rigorous economy in paper-supply) has given us an Index that is definitely incomplete. However, the Table of Contents is full, and the two volumes are exceedingly well-ordered. So the student need not search too long before he finds what he wants in a work that will, I feel sure, be welcomed in these hard days as a reminder of more spacious years, when scholars of every country and school were collaborating in the task of re-discovering and re-interpreting the movement to which Professor Haskins gave its true title : " The Renaissance of the Twelfth Century ".

A. G.

COLLECTED PAPERS. By R. A. L. Smith. With a Memoir by David Knowles. Longmans. 1947. 8s. 6d.

THREE years ago I reviewed at some length the late R. A. L. Smith's *Canterbury Cathedral Priory* and joined with many others in deploring the loss of so promising a young Catholic scholar. Dr. David Knowles, who knew Smith in the last phase of his short life, has here collected eight essays of varying length and has edited them with a graceful and sympathetic Memoir of their author. Smith died before he had reached his thirtieth year, and there is naturally little enough to tell. The years of childhood were spent in a Kentish country home, near Canterbury and Rochester which were to draw the young scholar's interests in later years. Then came the father's sudden death, some years of straitened circumstances, and education at Brighton College. From Brighton College he passed to Brighton Technical College, where he read for the London B.A. as an extern student. It sounds an unlikely start for

a medievalist, but his Brighton tutor (Dr. A. E. Wilson) was a discerning teacher, and encouraged him to read for a post-graduate scholarship at the Institute of Historical Research. Here he had the good fortune to be admitted to the seminar in English Medieval Economic History, which was conducted jointly by Eileen Power and Mr. M. M. Postan. Eileen Power (whose early death was a sore blow to Smith) showed the liveliest interest in this young student, and was finally responsible for his acceptance as a research fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Meanwhile the young man (he was then only nineteen years of age) had read himself, without any external influence that his friends have been able to trace, into the Catholic Church. Medieval history and Thomist political thought were the avenues of approach.

The joint influence of Eileen Power and Postan gave Smith his life's interest, though his recollections of childhood in Kent may have helped not a little. His first systematic study of medieval monastic farming economy began with work for a thesis on the estates of Pershore Abbey. This, which was completed in 1939, is still unpublished. Pershore lies far from Kent, but Canterbury was already attracting the attention of a scholar who was not afraid to tackle the formidable mass of documentary evidence that has survived from many of the great English Benedictine monasteries. An essay on " The Benedictine Contribution to Medieval English Agriculture ", here printed from an unpublished manuscript found after the author's death, seems to have been written about this time. An article on " Marsh Embankment and Sea-defence in Medieval Kent " was first printed in the *Economic History Review* for February 1940. During the summer of that year, so Dr. Knowles assures us—though the fact seems barely credible—Smith was in Kent working happily on his transcripts of the Canterbury archives, at a time when Hitler's air-force was devastating the countryside. He himself had been eager for war-service, but an early attack of paralysis had robbed him of the use of his right hand and made active service impossible, though he was later able to do work as lecturer to the R.N.V.R. (As a boy he had won success as a left-hand bowler, but the weakness of his right arm made further progress as a cricketer no more than a happy dream). Two essays on " The Central Financial System of Christ Church, Canterbury " and " The Financial System of Rochester Cathedral Priory " were printed in the *English Historical Review* for 1940 and 1941 ; they established his reputation as an expert in such problems. The volume on *Canterbury Cathedral Priory* appeared from the Cambridge University Press in 1943.

It was inevitable that the experiences of England at war should disturb this concentration on medieval economics. An admirable short study of *The Catholic Church and Social Order*, which was published by Longmans in 1943, reveals another aspect of the author's keen interest in human life. Dr. Knowles thinks it improbable that Smith would ever have been drawn far afield from the specialised studies in which he had received his first training ; and this may well be true. But two short essays, here reprinted from the *New Statesman*, suggest yet another line of development. Never free from the necessity of earning money to supplement his fellowship, Smith had " formed a modest connection with the *New Statesman* " during the war-years. In 1943 he was commissioned to write a series of essays on English historians of the nineteenth century. No more than two of these essays were written before death cut short a life that was full of hope and promise. Hallam and Acton, two great Whig names, were chosen as the obvious representatives of a great tradition. Both essays are reprinted in this volume. I have read once more the very penetrating analysis of Acton's principles and prejudices which (when I first read it three years ago) awakened my own interest in a writer who was at that time little more than a great name to me. It is good to think that this admirable essay will now be read by a wider circle. Dr. Knowles has added one most illuminating foot-note. Smith

cites an extraordinary passage from one of Acton's letters in which the great Whig propagandist states, in most deliberate terms, his conviction that the Popes of the post-Tridentine era " had made the principle of assassination a law of the Christian Church and a condition of salvation ". It was that quotation that first opened my eyes to the inner meaning of Lord Acton's later development. Dr. Knowles adds a foot-note to this passage : " Acton himself, so the late F. F. Urquhart told me, professed a daily fear of assassination when in Rome." Urquhart was for years perhaps the best known and best loved tutor in Balliol : he was also a most devout and uncompromising Catholic. His testimony can hardly be challenged. What an odd light it throws on the fallibility of great historians ! And how pitiful to think that one who, like Acton in the 'fifties and 'sixties, had seemed destined to be a foremost champion and interpreter of Catholic thought should end his days under the shadow of so fantastic a delusion ! A. G.

GEOFFREY OF MONMOUTH AND THE LATE LATIN CHRONICLERS, 1300–1500. By Laura Keeler. (University of California Publications in English, Vol. 17). University of California Press. London : Cambridge University Press. 1946. 10s.

MOTHER LAURA KEELER is Professor of English in the San Francisco College for Women ; and this monograph, written under the general direction of Professor J. S. P. Tatlock, shows modern American research at its best. The University of California have been publishing a series of " Studies in the Geoffrey of Monmouth Tradition," of which this volume is the fourth. Mother Keeler has chosen a limited but fruitful field in which to work. Beginning with the chroniclers of the fourteenth century, she has searched through the Latin text of fifty-six Latin chronicles of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and has had the good fortune to come on some unexpected and instructive examples of the way in which these later chroniclers exploited Geoffrey's *Historia regum Britanniae*, not only as an accepted and authoritative source for the history of King Arthur or for the prophecies of Merlin, but also as an inexhaustible mine of picturesque detail and adornment. Perhaps her most curious discovery is a very lively and detailed account of the ceremonies that accompanied the nuptials of Edward I of England and the Princess Margaret of France in 1299. The text is in William Rishanger's contemporary *Annales regum Angliae*, and its editor (in the Rolls Series) asked students to note in particular "this circumstantial and interesting account " of the marriage. Mother Keeler read the text through : " I suddenly realized with amazement that I had before me Geoffrey's account verbatim of the feast which Arthur held during the Pentecostal season to celebrate his triumphs." Rishanger has omitted one or two proper names, has changed the King's name from Arthur to Edward, and has removed the ermine from the seneschal and his assistants : with these few verbal alterations he has succeeded in adorning his narrative with a most convincingly life-like description of the scene at Canterbury in 1299.

Mother Keeler, in one of her very useful notes, cites an apt passage from Chesterton's *Chaucer* to explain the mentality of monks who could be guilty of so naive and yet so successful a literary fraud : " We first find a poem and read it as if it were an original ; and then we are surprised to find that it is a rather close translation. Then we read it as a translation, and are surprised again to find that it contains a great deal that is purely original .... One author did not so much rob as enrich the other .... they patched the old garment, not only with new cloth, but with cloth of gold." In Rishanger's case, the fraud (as we should now call it) was not due to the chronicler's lack of ability to write vivid descriptions of his own observation. A few weeks after her marriage Queen Margaret visited St. Alban's,

where Rishanger was a monk. His account of her visit is as lively and picturesque as one could desire. He does not seem to have been present at the wedding festivities at Canterbury, and yet thought it a pity that so great an occasion should not be commemorated in suitable prose. Why not use a familiar passage from Geoffrey, whose *Historia* was a source from which he had borrowed more than one passage, and many " facts " of doubtful authenticity?

Ralph Higden, a monk of Chester, wrote his enormous *Polychronicon* towards the middle of the fourteenth century. In spite of its great length, the work was exceedingly popular, and gives us perhaps our best notion of what the reading public wanted in the days of Edward III. In his account of the early history of Britain, Higden cites Geoffrey freely and prefers his authority more than once to the very much more careful work written by William of Malmesbury in Geoffrey's lifetime. Medieval chroniclers were blissfully free from the limitations imposed by our modern *Quellenkritik*! William of Malmesbury, for example, had named Julius Caesar as the most probable builder of the Roman baths at Bath. Geoffrey of Monmouth states boldly that the baths were erected by Bladud Nigromanicus, father of Leir. Higden copies Geoffrey, for no better reason than that William had not seen the *Liber vetustus* on which Geoffrey bases his tale, and had in any case written *minus exquisite* than Geoffrey. After that, we need not be surprised to find that Edward I's secretaries, when ordered by the King to provide him with historical arguments in support of the English claim to lordship in Scotland, composed a famous letter to Pope Boniface VIII in which statement after statement is borrowed, with every mark of confidence, from the *Historia regum Britanniae*. Mother Keeler very rightly prints this masterpiece of English officialdom as an Appendix to her volume.

These are only a few of the more interesting points on which this volume throws new light. Mother Keeler has not taken her chroniclers in strict chronological order, but has classified them under four heads: (1) those who draw freely on Geoffrey without questioning his reliability, including the anonymous author of the *Flores Historiarum*; (2) those who draw freely on Geoffrey, but question certain passages that are more obviously suspect—Ralph Higden being the most prominent in this group; (3) those who, though they do not explicitly question Geoffrey's trustworthiness, draw upon him only for some specific purpose, such as the example cited above from Rishanger's *Annales*; and (4) two writers, only two from these two centuries, who are fully conscious of the fictitious quality of the *Historia regum Britanniae* and expose the true nature of Geoffrey's fables. The name of John de Fordun stands first in this small group. His *Scotichronicon*, written towards the end of the fourteenth century, contains an elaborate refutation of all Geoffrey's fables. Fordun, as a Scot, had good reason to suspect Geoffrey. He contrasts him with Bede, who is *fidelis*, and with William of Malmesbury, who is *insuspectus historicus*: an excellent (if rare) example of medieval historical criticism. The second writer of this class is John of Whethamstede, who was twice abbot of the great monastery of St. Alban's (1420–40 and 1451–65). We are here in touch with the growing influence of the contemporary Italian Renaissance; for Benedictine monks (as Dr. Pantin has shown) were among the first to introduce Italian humanism into England. Abbot John dedicated his *Granarium de Viris Illustribus*, in which he criticises Geoffrey, to Duke Humphrey—an English scholar of the Renaissance whose name is familiar to every reader in Bodley's Library. Comparing the rash statements of the *Historia regum Britanniae* with the witness of ancient Roman historians, the abbot dismisses Geoffrey as *poeticus potius quam historicus, opinativusque magis quam realis*. Camden, who cites this passage in his *Britannia* (1590), cannot bring himself to accept so decisive a verdict; and John Stowe, London's patriot historian in the days of Queen Elizabeth, complains of Abbot Whethamstede as an " impugner " of Geoffrey's veracity. Yet Whethamstede's verdict had been anticipated, three

centuries earlier, by Gerald of Wales, for whom the *Historia* was no better than *fabulosa historia*. William of Newburgh, an Augustinian canon of Gerald's generation, was writing his *Historia rerum Anglicarum* in Yorkshire when Geoffrey's *Historia* began its astonishing career as a successful fiction. William, like Gerald of Wales (though without Gerald's special interest in Welsh antiquities), saw through the fraud from the first. *Merlini perspicua fallacia* : there is no hesitation in that judgment, and Geoffrey is no better than an impostor, *ridicula figmenta contexens*. These writers lie outside the period within which Mother Keeler has deliberately limited the scope of her investigation ; but they may be cited here as proof that medieval criticism was not always so naive or so credulous as was suggested by an over-confident school of nineteenth-century historians. Abbot John of Whethamstede had his precursors in the twelfth century. A. G.

The Pope and the War

LE PAPE ET LA GUERRE. Cahiers de la Nouvelle Revue Théologique I. Par J. Levie, S.J. et E. Bergh, S.J. Tournai : Casterman. 1947. 42 francs.

This book of 126 pages is a reprint of three articles which appeared in the first numbers of the *Nouvelle Revue Théologique* (March–July 1945) to be published after the German occupation. The only additions are a commendatory letter from the then Nuncio to Belgium, Mgr. (now Cardinal) Micara, and a valuable appendix in which the present Pope's pronouncements from March 1939 to June 1945 are listed and synopsised.

The authors disclaim any intention of giving doctrinal or historical commentary on the Pope's declarations : their concern, they say, is with the official, public activity of the Holy Father, and not with his intense diplomatic activity which remains still in great part undisclosed and must be reserved for later historians. The contents are sufficiently indicated by the titles of the sections : Action pacificatrice et charitable; Défense de la morale contre le primat de la force ; Directives pour un nouvel ordre social et politique ; Appel aux moyens surnaturels.

Anyone who wishes to write the story of the Papacy in these war years—or indeed the story of Europe—will find in this slender volume a source-book of the greatest value. All the Papal pronouncements of significance are either quoted or referred to. The background of the Pope's declarations is given, and in several places (notably in the sections dealing with his efforts to prevent the war and to keep Italy out of it) there are references to diplomatic *démarches* which, as far as I know, have not appeared elsewhere. The authors, it is true, do not give us their authority for this information, and (as noted already) disclaim in their Introduction all intention of covering this ground. But the seriousness of the review in which the articles appeared, together with the letter of Mgr. Micara, who was Papal Nuncio for over twenty years, are sufficient guarantee that these interesting sidelights of history are based on at least semi-official sources. F. J.

(*The list of books received has been unavoidably held over*).

University College
DUBLIN

A Constituent College of
The National University of Ireland

SESSION 1946-47

THE College provides Courses for the Degrees of the National University of Ireland in the Faculties of Arts, Philosophy, Celtic Studies, Science, Law, Medicine, Engineering and Architecture, and Commerce.

The following Regulations for the College Courses, etc., may be obtained on application:—

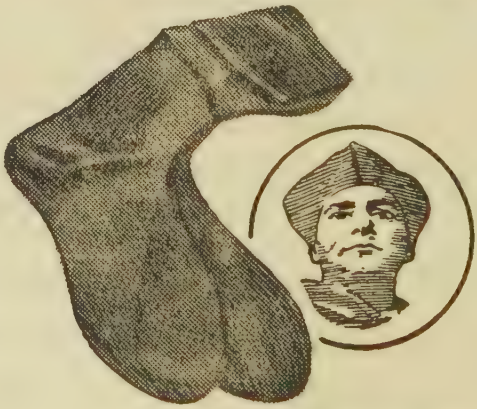
1. General Regulations, Scholarships, Fees.
2. Courses for Degrees in Arts, Philosophy, Celtic Studies.
3. Courses for Degrees in Science.
4. Courses for Degrees in Law.
5. Courses for Degrees in Medicine and Dentistry.
6. Courses for Degrees in Engineering and Architecture.
7. Courses for Degrees in Commerce.

College Scholarships and Prizes to the value of about £3,500 (not including Scholarships provided by the Corporation of Dublin and by the County Councils) are open to competition amongst Student-Members of the College.

Letters in reference to Courses of Study should be addressed to the Registrar of the College, Earlsfort Terrace. All Students' Fees due to the College are to be paid to the SECRETARY, University College, Dublin.

The College Offices at Earlsfort Terrace are open daily.

GIVE HIM *Wolsey* SOCKS



Choice of Ribbed and Plain.
Fine, Medium and Heavy.

Advertisement of *Sunbeam Wolsey Ltd., Cork.*

Telegrams—"HOSIERY, DUBLIN." Telephone No. 21770.

KENNEDY & McSHARRY

Shirt Makers, Hosiers, Hatters
and General Outfitters, :: :.

24 WESTMORELAND STREET,
—— And 3 D'OLIER STREET, DUBLIN

THE NEED STILL EXISTS
TO SOW GOOD SEEDS

ROWANS

"Fulcrop" Seeds are Good Seeds,
and such as will ensure
BOUNTIFUL RESULTS

New Seasons Catalogue of Vegetable and Flower Seeds, and Garden Sundries presented or posted free on request.

M. ROWAN & CO., LTD.,
The "House of Rowan"
SEED GROWERS & SEED MERCHANTS
51-52 CAPEL STREET,
1-2 WESTMORELAND STREET,
DUBLIN

FARRELL'S

Telephone 73426.

FUNERAL AND CARRIAGE ESTABLISHMENT
:: SALOON MOTOR HEARSES and CARS ::

66 MARLBOROUGH STREET

Established over 100 Years. DUBLIN

Too good to waste . . .

★

KENNEDYS *Bread*

Padbury

ALEX. THOM & CO., LTD.

PRINTERS, PUBLISHERS,
BOOKBINDERS, STATIONERS

LARGE RESOURCES FOR PRINTING IN GAELIC

Books, Magazines and Periodicals
produced by Latest Methods.

Try "THOM'S" for your next Printing Order. Our Service and our Prices will please you. "Studies" is a specimen of our work. :: ::

Head Offices: CROW STREET

WORKS :: :: BOTANIC ROAD, GLASNEVIN

CLERYS

NEW POLICY

Mr. Denis Guiney's policy of lower profits and bargain prices always is now in full force in every department of this great store. The same quality you have been used to getting now sells at keenly competitive prices.

Dine in CLERYS RESTAURANT

Popular 4 course Luncheon served from 12.30 to 3.30 p.m. Special teas from 4 p.m.

CLERYS of DUBLIN

CLERY & CO., (1941) LTD. *Managing Director* DENIS GUINEY

McEvoys.

ODEAREST

Sanitized INNERSPRING MATTRESSES

for the rest of your life!

Trade Enquiries to :—
O'DEA & COMPANY, LTD.
Wolfe Tone St. and Capel St.
DUBLIN

ESTABLISHED 1824

T. W. & J. KELLY, LTD.

Oldest House for Pure Altar Wines

Price List on application

Offices and Vaults :—

58 UPPER O'CONNELL STREET, DUBLIN

Telephone No.: 73095 *Telegrams : " Threekays, Dublin "*

No connection with any other firm of the same name

T. & C. MARTIN LTD.

D'Olier House, Dublin

IRISH-MADE

Church and School Furniture

Telephone
Dublin 71571 (P.B.Exch.)

Telegrams
" Martin, Dublin "

Works: **NORTH WALL, DUBLIN**

D. MURPHY LTD.

PROVISION MERCHANTS

Over half a century's reputation

25-26 MARY'S ABBEY, DUBLIN

PHONE: DUBLIN 75171

The best that money can buy

"SWEET AFTON"
CIGARETTES

If you study dietetics . . .

Students of dietetics discovered years ago that, for genuine health-giving nourishment, cheese stands in a class of its own. People more concerned with flavour have discovered that there is no cheese made that can compare with any of the now famous three—Galtee, the cream cheese, Whitethorn, the delicious gruyere, and Three Counties, the new spreadable cheese. Remember *for health* and flavour they are unbeatable.

GALTEE, WHITETHORN
and
THREE COUNTIES

Mitchelstown Creameries, Mitchelstown, Co. Cork

PRINTED BY SEALY, BRYERS & WALKER DUBLIN